

THE
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

AND

H u m o r i s t.

EDITED BY

W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

1 8 4 7.

PART THE SECOND.

L O N D O N :

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. AINSWORTH begs it to be distinctly understood that no Contributions what-
ever sent him, either for the NEW MONTHLY or AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINES
will be returned. All articles are sent at the risk of the writers, who should
invariably keep copies.

TO W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

My dear Sir,—In the March number of the New Monthly Magazine appeared an article by me, entitled “Modern Portugal,” in which the following paragraph occurred ;— “The very cavalier manner with which some of the principal men, when escaping from the rebels at Oporto, were treated by the commander of the British steamer then in the Douro, is spoken of with the severest animadversion by all parties.” *As I could not state what I did not believe to be the case, so am I anxious to make ample amends, should I by chance have injured the officer alluded to in public estimation. The very best vindication I can offer of the character of Captain Robb, of H.M.S. Gladiator, of whom I spoke, both as an officer and a gentleman is, that his conduct, while in the Douro has received the full approval, both of the Commander-in-Chief of H.B.M. squadron in the Tagus, and of the British Ambassador at Lisbon. Every naval man is aware of Captain Robb’s gallantry at Navarino, and no one is more ready than I am to do full justice to his high professional qualities. I regret that I should have been led by the statements I received to write of him as I then wrote.*

Your faithful servant,

WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON.

NOW READY,

THE MAY NUMBER OF
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EDITED BY

W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

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CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE SPIRIT OF DANTE

By L. MARIOTTI.

AUTHOR OF "ITALY, PAST AND PRESENT"



I.

LOFTINESS OF THE SUBJECT.

A POET's life may be written in one page. Not so the history of his after-life. His mortal career, like his mortal remains, occupies but six feet of ground. His genius, like his undying soul, can be circumscribed by no limits of time and space.

The contemplation of the achievements of a supreme intellect gives rise to sensations analogous to the raptures experienced by the Alpine traveller. The presence of a great mind has upon us the same effect as the view of the loftiest prodigies of nature. In both cases we become instinct with the greatness of surrounding objects. Our exaltation is commensurate with our speechless amazement. The air grows keener and lighter as the hills swell threateningly around. Our lungs dilate, our very frame and our whole being expand at every step we climb on that daring flight of heavenward stairs.

The study of Dante brings us to the summit of one of the most towering alps of human intelligence. The insight we obtain of the depth of his conceptions raises us in our own estimation, inspires us with new faith in the vastness and comprehensiveness, in the illimitedness of our human faculties. By the side of him, on the thousand fathoms' pedestal reared up to him by the reverence of after ages, we become, as it were, part of him—one with him.

II.

ITS DIFFICULTIES.

BUT the reading of Dante is an arduous task. To comprehend the spirit of the poet we must lift ourselves up to a level with him. We need climb the mighty peak to perceive its gigantic dimensions. We are to strive and toil through the weary ascent, till we leave behind the gulf of time and space that yawns between us. We must strain all our powers of abstraction till we actually live in him.

To say nothing of its greatness and goodness, the Poem of Dante is the most curious of books. The register of the past, noting down every incident within the compass of man's memory—the Gothic edifice with its hundred niches, every niche a shrine or a pillory, consigning a name to endless futurity. The debating ground for all vital problems, for all futile questions, such as will equally haunt and harass the fancy of an ignorant and superstitious generation, on the first awakening of its almost childish inquisitiveness. The treasury of all learning, human or divine,

visible or invisible. The maze of deep-shrouded allegories, allusions, abstractions, puzzling sybilline riddles. Vast, recondite knowledge, set down in metrical hieroglyphics. Such is Dante: with such views must his spirit be searched in his time-hallowed pages. The annalist, the interpreter, the representative of the middle ages, Dante is especially identified with that most obscure, but most interesting period of human history. A rapid sketch of the leading ideas of mankind during that transitional era is the most natural introduction to the study of Dante.

III:

DANTE'S POLITICAL SPIRIT.

THE formation of human societies began under circumstances analogous to the phenomena of primitive creation. It was night upon the earth, and "darkness was upon the face of the deep." The nations of Europe were slowly emerging from chaos. Wave after wave, the flood of northern barbarism, had settled upon the surface of ancient civilisation, and the subsiding waters had left thick layers of bare and swampy, but, as it proved, not barren, alluvial soil.

The half-smothered plants of the former culture began slowly to struggle through and re-germinate, deriving fresh vigour from the fertility of the superincumbent stratum. The colossal ideas of the Roman world were reproduced on the very outset of mediæval regeneration; among these towered the proud edifice of Roman ambition—universality of dominion.

Nothing more sublime or generous than this same social catholicity—this absorption of all kingdoms into one vast empire, of all human tribes into one family—this concentration of all local resources into one means of common welfare—this uniformity of law, of creed, and language—this organisation of a state without limits, of a community without neighbours or strangers—without friends or foes!

This system of *civilisation by unification*, to which peace, free-trade, and education, are but too late, too slowly, too imperfectly, tending in our own days, the Romans had all but established eighteen centuries ago. Truly, they had achieved it by force of arms. But the law of the strongest was then also the law of the wisest, and civilisation invariably followed close on the steps of conquest.

In the middle ages, though a more difficult, it seemed yet a practicable scheme. The great Roman notion survived the final destinies of Rome. The barbaric chieftains, who had been so busy at the demolition of the empire, aspired now to its reconstruction. Their ambitious spirit caught fire from the smouldering ruins on which they had based their throne. Charlemagne and Otho of Germany had well-nigh laid the world beneath their rule.

Nor was the work of civilisation now to be effected merely by right of might. Universality of dominion was now to be cemented by catholicity of faith and worship. The world was, henceforth, to acknowledge "One God, one Pope, one Emperor."

Now, of this strange triumvirate one was in Heaven; but the Earth was too narrow to harbour the two others at once. Emperor and Pope, Church and State, were, ever after, pitted against each other for pre-eminence.

Truly, Charlemagne and Otho, though crowned at Rome, had their home in the north. Still were they styled Roman emperors; they were by right kings of Italy, and Italy was still the centre of civilised life—Rome, still the metropolis of the Christian world. The centralisation and fusion of mankind into one people, the plenitude of the times—peace and order, could only take place when the successor of the Cæsars should be restored to his natural residence on the capitol. This restoration of the seat of empire at Rome, this return of the Eagle to its native eyrie, was the object of the ardent longings of the noblest spirits. No one dived deeper into that redeeming idea than the clear-sighted patriot, Dante. Only, against the futherance of this scheme, militated the ambition of the pontiffs. The high priest was unwilling to make room for the monarch.

Sovereigns, in the middle ages, reigned, but ruled not. Feudalism in France and Germany, municipal democracy in Italy, had stripped the sceptre of all substantial power. Emperors and popes were, in reality, at the mercy of their vassals. They were but a name and a standard—formidable or contemptible, according as the great tide of opinion set in for or against them. Every petty lord, every mean town had its own weight in that anarchic political scale. Papists, Imperialists—Guelphs, and Ghibelines—the two parties perpetually shifted their ground, blending a thousand local interests with the great cause of mankind.

But parties, in the middle ages, however hostile, were never bent on utter extermination. They loved fighting for its own sake, they warred for the assertion of unmeaning claims, for the vindication of idle privileges, for the enforcement of vain forms of vassalage. The most arrant Guelph, the most inveterate Ghibeline, were equally penetrated with the idea of the necessity of the co-existence of a pope and emperor. The great difficulty arose in the nice definition of their respective powers, in the equitable settlement of their mutual demands. Dante was borne a Guelph, in a city zealous in the support of that cause. After his banishment, he was compelled to take refuge with Ghibelines, and thought to have adopted the maxims of these latter. He has been, therefore, charged with apostacy; the name of "fierce Ghibeline" has been applied as a by-word to him—designating him as a partizan of a foreign despot, a foe to popular freedom.

But Dante never was at heart Guelph or Ghibeline. With views widely above the notions of his brawling contemporaries, he made, as he bravely expressed it, his own party, and aimed at a reconciliation of all parties, under what seemed to him the only practical social system.

The empire was for him an abstract principle. He revered the crown—no matter on what brows it was laid by Providence—as the rallying point for all the factions of distracted Italy. Nothing but the iron hand of a supreme ruler, he urged, could heal the wounds of that bleeding country. He evinced no hostility to popular freedom; but he thought that streams of civil bloodshed, proscriptions, banishments, all the atrocities of intolerance and misrule, were but indifferent symptoms of rational liberty. He beheld all the cities of Romagna and Lombardy fallen from excess of licentiousness into the hands of the most unlimited, galling tyranny. One legitimate master was for him preferable to a hundred despots. Imperial authority never had been, never, by its organic constitution, could be despotic in Italy. An emperor—no matter where he was

born—could be no French or German prince. He was *the emperor*, that is something by virtue of his office essentially Italian and Roman. The estrangement of the crown from Italian heads, the absence of the Caesar from Italy was the result of national degeneracy; it was in its turn the source of all national calamities. On the restoration of the ancient order of things, rested all hopes for future harmony and peace, all hopes for Italian independence, greatness, and happiness in after ages; all hopes for that preponderance which Italy was still destined to exercise for the enlightenment of the human races—for that social and moral ascendancy, for that intellectual dominion which Rome would once more assert on the gratitude, not on the terror, of subdued nations.

Unity of church and state in Italy—peace and civilisation to the world—such were the great, and, at contrary events too fatally averred, prophetic views of Dante's loyal patriotism. Had the stubborn republicans of his own times never lost sight of his awful warning, had they all been Ghibelines, in Dante's own sense of the word; had they all joined under the standard of such men as Frederic II., or Manfred of Puglia—the cup of misery which ages of bondage and abjection have not yet thoroughly drained, might have been suffered to pass from the lips of their guiltless posterity.

IV.

DANTE'S RELIGIOUS SPIRIT.

AGAIN. Dante was a staunch Papist, a believer in one Catholic, apostolical Roman church. He showed everywhere the same instinctive dread of division. He abominated religious sectarianism as he detested political faction. Christianity and unity of faith and worship were indissolubly associated in his mind. He thought the empire itself, originally, eternally intended to body forth the universality of the church. He was for an unlimited centralisation of ecclesiastical hierarchy. There was to be a high priest on earth as there was a Supreme Being in Heaven. No man ever entertained a more overweening sense of the sacredness of pontifical ministry.

And it was precisely this transcendent reverence for the indelible character of the vicar of Christ, that rendered him so implacable against the hideous specimens of papal holiness, whom he beheld seated on the chair of St. Peter. Dante's pope must be a priest, a Levite, a "king of prayers, lord of the sacrifice," far removed from the turmoil of human passions, for the sake of his own dignity, placed beyond reach of the tempests of political life.

V.

LEIGH HUNT ON DANTE.

Few men's works have been more widely and more intensely read than Dante's; and yet no man's character has been more egregiously mis-understood. From Boccaccio to Leigh Hunt, his friends, no less than his adversaries, have dwelt on the poet's "ferocious hates and bigotries," and painted him as a man narrow-minded in his views, implacable in his enmities, blind in his partialities.

Dante was, undoubtedly, a man of strong convictions, of a proud, disdainful spirit, of violent passions; but his uprightness and conscientiousness were always commensurate with the extreme excitability of his feelings. He was a fearless, uncompromising lover of justice and truth; led

into error, maybe, by his passions, or by the passions of his age ; but unshaken in his stern independence, in his unswerving consistency.

The presence of a great criminal, or the recital of any startling enormity leads him to inveigh against a whole city, against a whole people, against all mankind, with an outburst of indiscriminate indignation ; a too close adherence to his social principles makes him visit with the most severe censure, deeds, virtuous in themselves, honest in the motives that dictated them, but fatal in their results upon the cause of humanity ; but no instance occurs of indulgence in personal feeling.

As a warrior, as a citizen, as a magistrate at home, as a lonely and destitute wanderer abroad—as a ruler over a riotous multitude, as a sullen and ungracious courtier in the palace of the great, he was invariably actuated by the same strict conscience of duty, which set him at variance with all existing parties, hastened his downfall at Florence, and aggravated the desolation of his friendless exile. And it was this same keen sense of right, this fast tenacity of opinion, which rendered him bigoted and intolerant, though it may be proved that, even in the hottest ebullition of his withering disdain, the principle, not the person, was the object of his enmity. The Florentine magistrates who signed the iniquitous sentence of his banishment, as well as other relentless persecutors, never obtained the honour of the most passing allusion in that book where no one was forgotten ; and Pope Boniface VIII., himself, to whom the poet justly referred all his public and private grievances, becomes sacred in his eyes the moment the agents of Philip of France lay their hands on his inviolable person—a sacrilege which the pious Catholic stigmatised as tantamount to a re-crucifixion of Christ. So much for Dante's bigotries and personal rancours.

Thus in his age of premature decline, when hope withering after hope, he receded from active struggle, and renounced the expectation of hastening by his own hand the maturity of his momentous designs—when at war with his own generation he drew his cloak around him, and shunned the contaminating intercourse of men—he resolved to refer his own and the world's cause to the judgment of posterity, and to bequeath to a more righteous race the treasure of his redeeming ideas—he determined to write.

VI.

WORKING OF DANTE'S MIND.

FROM his earliest childhood, a deep, an ardent votary of knowledge drawing from the fresh-flowing sources of science with all the idolatrous enthusiasm of a Cimmerian for a new-dawning light, Dante had, as it were, multiplied his existence, to reconcile the genial enjoyments of contemplative life with the arduous duties of his public career. As a poet and a scholar he had already no equal when he only sought rest and relaxation in his intellectual pursuits.

But henceforth his learning must become an instrument—his genius a weapon. His song shall go forth as *the word* among the latest generations.

He sought, then, a subject as unlimited as his own powers—a world-embracing theme, to which no topic could be extraneous ; by a daring abstraction he aspired to fathom the infinite.

Sore beset with the misunderstandings and disappointments of this life,

he looked for redress and justification in another. Dante sought out another world—a world of his own, in which the one he had so long been worried in, should be judged and sentenced.

The ideas of mankind were in those dark ages perpetually revolving upon that *life beyond life*, which the omnipresent religion of that fanatical age loved to people with appalling phantoms and harrowing terrors. Dante determined to anticipate his final doom, and, still in the flesh, to break through the threshold of eternity and explore the kingdom of death.

He would “sweep adown the gulf of time,” sound the great mystery of the hidden world, lay it bare to the gaze of terrified mortals, and startle the earth with the awful tidings of Heaven and Hell.

A minister of retributive justice, he would visit the shades of men anciently or recently departed; he would unmask hypocrisy and restore crushed innocence, chastise arrogance and assuage sorrow, mediate between the helpless dead and the oblivious survivor; above all, reveal the annals of the fast-fading past, and turn its teeming records into a severe lesson for the present, into a threatening warning for the future.

The meeting of illustrious dead, whose very sight would ever after “exalt him in his own conceit,” the interview with lately departed, long-lamented friends, whose undying love would soothe the wounds of his sensitive heart, the exultation of the righteous, the confusion of the reprobate, the impartial dealing of God’s eternal justice, which would reconcile him to the temporary prevalence of human iniquity—all throughout his unearthly progress enabled him to indulge in a ceaseless outpouring of his over-wrought feelings.

His political theories respecting the equitable distribution of secular and spiritual powers, his views of a total reformation of Church and State, on which the destinies of his ill-fated country so virtually depended—his cosmographic notion of earth and firmament—his conjectures as to the essence, the attributes, and the eternal activity of the Deity—all his opinions, the result of deep thought and unwearied research, should now receive the sanction of super-human testimony. His doctrines should flow from the unerring lips of ancient sages, of the apostles and doctors of the church. The most abstruse problems should find a solution; the most controverted truths should be tested by the arguments of heavenly doctrine, in that transparent etherial region where is the end of all doubt. Angels and saints should now become his authority.

And Dante, be it remembered, had his own saint in Heaven, a guardian saint praying for, watching over him. Beatrice, the love-dream of his childhood—the vaguely worshipped idol of his untried heart—the sacred torch of truth and virtue treasured up in his bosom with the pious vigilance of a vestal—Beatrice, now guiding his star, the fairest flower of Paradise, the purest angel of God.

That same Beatrice allegorically invested with the sublime character of divine knowledge, commiserating the grievous errors of her ancient adorer, led astray by the violence of earthly passions, bewildered by the din of political factions, will now solicit from the eternal court permission to escort her beloved into Heaven. She will be his Mentor and teacher as soon as the Latin poet, Virgil—also an allegorical character personifying human reason—shall have led him through the circles of the gulf of darkness and up the steps of Purgatory—as soon as purified of human

frailty, and freed from mortal error, as soon as regenerated by immersion in the waters of oblivion, he shall be worthy to gaze upon her beaming countenance, and to steal one of her looks from the entrancing contemplation of the beatific vision.

VII.

H E L L.

No poet ever struck upon a subject to which every fibre in the heart of his contemporaries more readily responded than Dante, when he undertook to write his *Universal Gazetteer* of the kingdom of death,—his hand-book for travellers to Heaven and Hell.

Soldiers and priests, in modern times, alternately govern the world. A peal of the organ is antiphonal to a flourish of trumpets. To an age of brawling and blustering, a period of fasting and psalm-singing succeeds—a palmy era of tract societies and evangelical alliances. A procession of monks treads on the footsteps of invading hosts. Abbeys rise on battlefields, and cowed or surpliced foxes snatch up the prey for which lions and tigers are bleeding to death.

But in the age of Dante praying and fighting went side by side. The ark of the covenant rose in the midst of martial encampments. The priesthood of Christ gloried in the name of church-militant. The bishop said mass in his coat-of-arms, and rival fraternities knocked each other down with their crucifixes. The whole system of faith and worship was made to fit an age of outrage and violence. Christianity ruled by terror. Religion was then indeed the *fear* of God. Fear of the devil had been a more appropriate expression. Human laws had no hold on the guilty besides the gallows. The gospel had no argument stronger than Hell.

Consequently, priests and friars did not fail to make the most of that awful bugbear. Souls in temporary or in everlasting penance, met the sinner at every corner of the streets: hideous daubs on the walls, dismal carvings on the doors. Such bristling hair, such staring eyes as might haunt the most unimaginative man throughout life, and startle him from his slumbers. Their pangs and groans, their appalling curses were daily rehearsed on the pulpit.

The very games and sports of the people had something of a diabolical character. The Arno at Florence was often tricked out into a fancied representation of the bottomless pit. The populace on the bridge feasted on the half-grotesque, half-terrible drama, till the crazy structure sunk beneath the weight of the thronging multitude, and the gulf beneath, crammed with the dead and dying, presented in good earnest the scene it had been made to resemble in frolic.

The most immediate effect of this gloomy religion had been to turn almost all Europe into one vast monkery. Nor were friars, white, black, and grey, deemed sufficient; but the world teemed with lay fraternities without number, a set of amateur monks, a kind of militia and yeomanry, subsidiary to the regular host. The roads swarmed with long trains of pilgrims in white hoods, black hoods, sacks, shrouds, and other masquerade costumes in every variety, arousing the astounded population with the mad freaks of their noisy piety. Jubilees, revivals, all the worst revels of religion run mad, hand-in-hand with murder, arson, all the horrors of ceaseless, objectless war, anarchy, utter moral and social disorganisation. New relics brought forth every day to turn the tide of devotion.

The holy coat set up in opposition to the crown of thorns ; the winding-sheet puffed up to the disparagement of the swaddling-clothes. Holy images eternally turning up their eyes, eternally nodding their heads from their canvasses, crucifixes slinking down from their crosses and roaming about like uneasy ghosts ; Madonnas shifting their quarters across seas and mountains, with goods and chattels, like tortoises with their shells on their back.

Such was Catholicism for full ten centuries ; such is it, to a great extent, even at the present day, in most parts of Italy ; such it was especially in the age of Dante. The reformation of the militant orders, the proclamation of the first jubilee, the *déménagement* of the house of Loretto, the exhibition of the St. Veronica, and other momentous transactions and portents of the same nature, occurred within the brief period of Dante's career.

The bigotry and fanaticism of the age was, of course, proportionate to this display of ranting devotion. Fire and sword were never busier in the work of amputation and cauterisation of the rotten members of the church. Roasting of heretics, under the name of Paterini and Cathari, the Methodists and Puritans of the middle ages, had become, in the Lombard cities, an almost daily ceremony. In his hellish pictures, surely the poet needed no better models than such as priest-ridden society exhibited everywhere around him.

And Dante's stern genius was undoubtedly affected by the barbarism of his age, and imbibed with its ferocious spirit. Undertaken, as it was, with religious and political views, widely in advance of his benighted contemporaries, his work was, in its material parts, consonant with the wild notions prevailing around him. Dante's Hell is a monkish Hell in good earnest, with all its howling and gnashing of teeth. His demons are *bonâ fide* devils, long-horned, long-tailed, black as they ever were painted. Melted pitch and brimstone, serpents, dragons, fire, and ice, are the ingredients of the awful mess he sets before his readers. Nay more, all such horrors are served up with such a terrible earnestness, that any honest believer of those times could sup full of them, and labour with nightmares ever afterwards.

Mr. Leigh Hunt, and other modern critics, may justly object to so very hot and ungentelemanly a place of punishment ; but Dante, it should be remembered, was either himself a true believer in the church of the thirteenth century, such as it was, or, knowing that he was writing for its votaries, blindly adopted the only language they were able to understand.

To many of the followers of a more enlightened and rational Christianity, which has almost altogether shamed or laughed the devil out of countenance, the framework of Dante's Hell must certainly appear *baroque* and exaggerate. By the side of the proud and almost sublime Pluto of Tasso, and Satan of Milton, Dante's Alichinos and Farfarellos are poor devils, indeed.

Strange to say, and in conformity, perhaps, with the title of "Comedy," so quaintly prefixed to the poem, the "Inferno" has its humorous passages. Dante's devils are, some of them, droll fellows, who will crack their jokes with their victims, banter and argue with them ; they are rude customers more often, blackguards up to the meanest tricks, the very fathers of lies.

Spite of their frolics, however, and spite of their hideous grins, it is im-

possible to mistake the tragic tone that pervades the poet's mind, all along its dolorous progress ; among the vainest sports of his unruly fancy, no less than in its gloomiest inspiration, the oddity or wildness of conception is always set forth with terrible earnestness of diction. The powers of utterance are always in keeping with the depth and vastness of thought. There is a life-like palpableness in every object brought before us, which can be accounted for by nothing short of the actual evidence of the senses. "Verily, this man," as the old women at Verona observed, "has seen and touched the horrors he depicts." An eloquence impressive, efficient in the same measure as it disdains all attempts at effect—a fancy that casts and moulds not—creates, and never stoops to mere description—an inventiveness that fears no weariness, knows no exhaustion ; startling, revolting, wringing our heart, rending it fibre from fibre—a phantasmagory of loathsome, dire suffering, never stopping at any climax of horror, of agony, but always seeking, "beyond the deepest hell a deeper still," till it revels on the misery of beings, "whose very tears choke up all utterance of woe, clustering on the lids from intense cold, and closing the outlet against the following heart-drops, which are thus driven inwards with unspeakable accumulation of anguish."

VIII.

PURGATORY.

BUT Dante's stern genius could no less dwell and luxuriate on softer and tenderer images. What effort of human fancy ever equalled the ineffable calm, rapture, and abandonment which pervades his rhymes, when finally emerging from that blind abyss of all sorrows, he breathes again the vital air, and descries from afar "the tremulous glitter of the ocean wave."

It is not for me to test the soundness of the Roman Catholic doctrine of Purgatory, or to inquire which of the holy fathers first dreamt of its existence. It was, however, a sublime contrivance, unscriptural though it may be ; a conception full of love and charity, in so far as it seemed to arrest the dead on the threshold of eternity, and by making his final welfare partly dependent on the pious exertions of those who were left behind, established a lasting interchange of tender feelings, embalmed the memory of the departed, and, by a posthumous tie, wedded him to the mourning survivor.

There is order and method in the most grievous errors, in the most arrant follies of mankind. The finger of Providence is traceable throughout man's history upon earth. Popery and monkhood—nay, even purgatory—had their own great purpose to work out. Woe to the man, in Dante's age, who sunk in his grave without bequeathing a heritage of love ; on whose sod no refreshing dew of sorrowing affection descended. Lonely as his relics in his sepulchre, his spirit wandered in the dreaded region of probation ; alone he was left, defenceless, prayerless, friendless, to settle his awful scores with unmitigated justice !

It is this feeling, unrivalled for poetic beauty in Christian religion, that gives colour and tone to the second division of Dante's poem. The five or six cantos, at the opening, have all the milk of human nature that entered into the composition of that miscalled saturnine mind. With little more than two words, the poet makes us aware that we have come

into happier latitudes. Every shade we meet breathes love and forgiveness. The strange visitor is only charged with tidings of joy to the living, and messages of good-will. The heart lightens and brightens at every new stratum of the atmosphere in that rising region; the ascent is easy and light, like the gliding of a boat down stream. The angels we become familiar with are creatures of light, such as human imagination never before or afterwards conceived. They come from afar across the waves, piloting the barge that conveys the chosen spirits to Heaven, balancing themselves on their wide-spread wings, using them as sails, disdaining the aid of all mortal contrivance, and relying on their inexhaustible strength; red and rayless, at first, from the distance, as the planet Mars, when he appears struggling through the mist of the horizon, but growing brighter and brighter with amazing swiftmess. They stand at the gate of Purgatory, they guard the entrance of each of the seven steps of its mountain,—some with green vesture, vivid as new-budding leaves, gracefully waving and floating in ample drapery, fanned by their wings; bearing in their hands flaming swords broken at the point; others, in ash-coloured garments; others, again, in flashing armour, but all beaming with so intense, so overwhelming a light, that dizziness overcomes all mortal ken whenever directed to their countenance.

The friends of the poet's youth one by one arrest his march and engage him in tender converse. The very laws of immutable fate seem for a few instants suspended to allow full scope for the interchange of affectionate sentiments. The overawing consciousness of the place he is in for a moment forsakes the mortal visitor so miraculously admitted into the world of spirits. He throws his arms round the neck of the beloved shade, and it is only by the smile irradiating its countenance that he is reminded of the intangibility of its ethereal substance. The episodes of the Purgatory are mostly of this sad and tender description. The historical personages introduced seem to have lost their own identity, and to have merged into a blessed calmness, the characterising medium of the region they are all travelling through.

But the Purgatory, and still more the Paradise of Dante are terra incognita to most of his readers, strange to say, to most of his warmest eulogists. They sink deep into the circles of Hell till they stick fast to it, forgetting that the poet's mind towers loftier and loftier with powers commensurate to the progress of his subject.

IX.

PARADISE.

THERE are forty days in Italy to the season of Lent, and every day has its sermon. Out of the numberless legion of priests and monks swarming on that genial soil, hardly three hundred are preachers. Sacred orators there are rare birds, and as such also migratory; they wander from place to place like strolling players. A bag of forty sermons will last throughout a man's life. Written among his school prize essays, learnt by heart by long usage, the same discourses will affect, charm, or terrify a hundred audiences. Success in the pulpit depends on the look of the person, his tone of voice, and impassioned delivery. Monks, Franciscans most of all, are, generally speaking, the darlings; with the coquetry of their shaven crown, with the picturesqueness of their flowing costume. Friar Jeromes and Friar Eustaces are as notorious characters as Grisi the singer, and Cerito the dancer.

Of the forty sermons comprising his Lent stock, or *quaresimale*, the

choice of subjects lies with the preacher himself; of four only the theme is given. These are delivered on appointed days. They are the test of the orator's abilities. The result of these four days' begging establishes for ever, or demolishes his reputation. The subject of these four benefit days called the *Novissimi* are the Last Judgment, Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise.

The first, second, and third discourse are generally impressive enough. But the stumbling-block lies on the gate of Paradise. Mental and bodily pain surround us so incessantly in this our earthly abode, that it requires no extraordinary stretch of imagination to make a good hell or a plausible purgatory of it. But where is our pattern for the home of the elected? What do we know of pleasure on earth save only sensualities, that are neither unalloyed nor enduring? The poor Italian preachers dare not draw a picture of Pagan or Mohametan Paradise; they cannot cram their auditors with ambrosia and nectar, or allure them with a *tableau vivant* of ever-vernal Hours. Aware of the partiality of their countrymen for music, they paint the heavenly court as a never-ending concert; an orchestra of angels and doctors fiddling and strumming to eternity!

Dante, who was their authority for the realms of sorrow had, however, supplied them with a nobler element of celestial enjoyment. The most ardent longing of the human soul whilst imprisoned in clay, he argued, is thirst for knowledge—the highest reward to the enfranchised spirit, must therefore be inexhaustible, unlimited, unquenchable knowledge.

Paradise is, therefore, a long exposition of what mortals can and cannot know. Familiar with all the learning of his own times, Dante, a phoenix of geniuses, groped in the dark in pursuit of hidden truths; he toiled, he fretted, struggling to force his way through the iron limits of human understanding, he aspired beyond, beyond! and by the aid of daring assumptions and sweeping conclusions, by the daily practice of bewildering abstraction, he often hit the mark with wondrous accuracy, and vaguely, instinctively forestalled the more inert and plodding march of common intelligence.

Every branch of learning, in those singular times had for its ultimate object and subject—God. Colleges were almost exclusively divinity schools. All the classical lore that began slowly to emerge from the still smouldering ruins of ancient civilisation, all the arguments of the subtle and cavilling pseudo-Aristotelian philosophy, then on its utmost ascendancy, were brought to bear on the most arduous points of theology. It was at the best an idle, impertinent, unprofitable divinity; it busied itself with inextricable niceties of abstruse definitions, it sought the solution or rather the tangible representation, the materialisation of the most awful mysteries; it inquired into the age, the rank, the attributes of the complicated hierarchy of spirits, it dived into fathomless metaphysical subtleties to account for the essence, the influence, the working of the Deity. The deluded enthusiasts; they forgot to love and to serve while they strove to know God!

And Dante was warm in the pursuit of this forbidden knowledge, as wild as any of the *angelic* or *seraphic* doctors that preceded him. He had explored all creation; but this glorified, without explaining, the Creator. He sought God in Heaven—saw him—and all the problems that harassed him before that terrible journey, became as simple, as obvious as every spot in the valley or the hill-side is laid bare to the gaze of him who looks down from the summit.

From that dizzy altitude the poet assumed the tone of an oracle: all that men sought he had found. A great deal of this superhuman knowledge was, indeed, lost to him, for so utterly absorbed were all his faculties in that intense contemplation, that they could hardly recover all consciousness, and render an account of the overpowering sensation. Still enough remained of the recollection, of the reflection of the ocean of light that but for an instant encompassed, engulfed him—to enable him to amaze with its revelation the startled fancies of his benighted fellow mortals.

Dante's Heaven is indeed, heavenly. Angels' smiles beam through his verses. The progress from planet to planet, otherwise imperceptible is made manifest to him by successive changes in the countenance of his eternal guide, Beatrice. The increased effulgence of her heavenly loveliness makes him aware he is basking in the rays of a region of purer light. Her cheeks radiate with roseate smiles in the genial sphere of Venus; they glow with a phosphorescent light in the ruddy orbit of Mars; they fade in the silvery whiteness of the planet Jupiter, as a maiden's blush from which the crimson of sudden emotion is as suddenly seen to evanesce—and after thus passing successively through all phases of entrancing beauty, they are, all at once, bereft of their ineffable smile. Her face becomes a blank to her lover, lest the brilliancy of that smile should prove fatal to his unprotected eyes, burn and consume him—even as Semele was turned into ashes; for at every step in those eternal palace stairs, beauty kindles as it climbs, so that, but for the interference of a tempering medium, but for a partial eclipse, mortal ken would shrink from it, even as a leaf parched and withered by a thunder blast.

As in the region of eternal doom the souls of the reprobate were oftentimes deformed by their turpitudes so as to become indiscernible to all knowledge; so are now the chosen ones beautified beyond recognition. They have, at least, to the eyes of their mortal visitor, lost all shape and semblance to human beings. They assume the appearance of blazing lights, moving incessantly round with unutterable harmony, and sparkling with redoubled refulgency when they wish to address the earthly stranger; for every word conveyed through their lips is a message of love and joy—and joy shows itself in Heaven by increase of light, and every smile is a flash.

There is something wild, vague, overpowering in the strange phantasmagory of all these myriads of lights. They revolve around us as we read, like the undefinable splendours that, some of us may recollect, haunted our cradles in childhood, when a whole canopy, as if of coloured dots of vivid flame, glittered above our heads in an apparently boundless vastness of space, and rolled slowly and steadily about, till it seemed to set beneath us, and we hung upon it, at the height of many thousand fathoms, as if ready to plunge, cradle and all, into the luminous abyss, when we started up half in wonder, half in dismay, and roused the whole household with our infantine screams.

From the moment the poet is raised into the orbit of the moon, it seems as if a cloud encompassed him, translucent, solid, and high polished, even as adamant on which the sunbeams smite. Within the bosom of this ever-lasting pearl he glides, as a ray of light pierces through water, without dividing its substance: and through the faint dimness of the circumambient gem many faces are seen eagerly gazing at the new comer, even as human features appear faintly reflected in the still waves of a

shallow stream. As he soars up to the sphere of Mercury, the blessed souls come forth in many thousands to greet him like fish glancing through the waters of a quiet, clear lake ; their eyes sparkle with celestial joy, and the more they feel their joy, the brighter they grow, till excess of light makes them utterly undistinguishable. Further up, in the orbit of Venus, they move in a mazy dance like sparks in fire, and with all the melody of voices chanting in chorus. They range themselves in the ruddy light of Mars in the shape of a cross of immense dimensions, through which they move like motes in the sunbeam, emitting an indistinct but exquisite melody entrancing the soul beyond all human comprehension. They swarm and sparkle like innumerable dazzling essences in the planet of Jupiter, warbling as they fly, and winging their course hither and thither, like flocks of birds when they wheel slowly round and round, hovering lovingly on the banks of a stream ; till, after various transformations, they assume the shape of an immense eagle, and from the beak of the flaming bird their common mind is uttered, even as a multitude of glowing embers emits but one condensed heat. They flash upwards and downwards in the crystal sphere of Saturn, moving along an immense ladder, the summit of which is reared to the uppermost Heaven ; but here both light and sound are equally lost to the sense of a living being—and he advances among them in awful silence and solitude, as his mortal clay can endure no further till inured to the whelming sensation by bathing his eyelids in the streams of pure light eternally flowing from the all-embracing empyrean.

X.

DANTE'S MORAL AIM.

YET it is neither his inventive nor his descriptive powers, unmatched as they are, that men most unanimously admire in the genius of Dante. It is the great moral, religious idea, one and indivisible, ever consistent, which prompted, directed, achieved the work wherein Heaven and Earth had equal shares ; the transcendent, never-lost-sight-of allegory of a human soul redeemed through the ordeal of an intense contemplation of eternity, reclaimed from worldly passions, and political rancours, by the purifying agency of love, and from this again raised to the still higher pursuit of recondite religious inquiry. The work of a whole existence, the Divine Comedy exhibits the various stages of a mind rising superior to itself by virtue of successive efforts, overcoming, step by step, the whole distance that separates the most imperfect of creatures from the perfection of the Creator. It is indeed the comedy—or say, the Sacred Drama of Life : exhibiting in the first act the tumultuous passions, in the second the gentle affections, in the third the noble yearnings of a man's heart on its heavenward progress.

I have said ever-consistent idea ; for the earthly feelings of the high-minded partizan, mellowed and softened though they be by the soothing influence of the ethereal region he is lifted into, are not only not extinct or dormant in Heaven, but they seem to have sunk deeper and deeper into his soul, and to have assumed the character of unshaken religious convictions.

That mysterious journey is the fulfilment of a great mission of justice and truth. There is rest for the relics of man in his tomb, but there is none for his memory. Posterity, as an immense jury, sits round his death-bed for his trial, but its sessions are adjourned to infinity. History

issues no sentence that history may not repeal. A generous dispenser of praise and blame, it delights in visiting guilt within the silent sanctuary of the grave, in laying at rest oppressed innocence, still smarting and writhing under the lash of human injustice. This sublime office of supreme reviser of human judgments had Dante taken upon himself. He never swerved, never compromised with the awful responsibility of this sacred duty : "For," he reasoned, "if I am too timid a friend to truth, I apprehend my name will not go down among the remote generations to whom the present times shall be the times of yore." Truly was Dante, even in the heaven of his own fancy, a mortal, and therefore an erring judge. But, we contend, a conscientious judge. And when hurling the souls of Brutus and Cassius amongst traitors and murderers, in the lowest circle of Hell, he certainly suffered his religious and political system to get the better of his moral sense ; but we cannot agree with those critics who attribute these and similar aberrations of judgment to violence of temper, or indulgence in morbid feelings ; they were the result of stern, deep-grounded principles, the working of irresistible fatality. God ruled over the political, no less than over the material world, with eternal, immutable laws. Mortals who, either from error or malice, opposed these laws—who wrestled with God, must be crushed in the attempt, even as he who would turn the course of the spheres, or disturb the balance of worlds.

No man ever steered clear of rocks who followed up his system to the widest extent of its generalisation. Dante's catholicity of church and state too often led him to monstrous absurdities ; and as his own views are uttered as the revealings of unerring, imperishable knowledge ; as his own mind breathes through the eternal lips of prophets and apostles ; as Heaven itself speaks through him—every paradox startles and revolts us as sheer blasphemy and impiety. For all the misconceptions of this daring mortal, God himself is made responsible !

With all these intrinsic and inevitable blemishes, however, the Divine Comedy is, perhaps, the most moral of books. No man ever rose from a deep, careful perusal of the whole work without feeling himself, in every respect, a nobler and a purer being. The religious tone of the poem works upon us with irresistible awe. There is a God in him, and the terror of his presence gradually creeps upon us. There is nothing mean or gross, or impertinently minute and circumstantial in the Heaven of Dante. A pure idealisation ; it may not be God's own ; but it is man's sublimest conception of Heaven. The progress of the Reformation and the prevalence of scepticism on merely divine subjects, have done away with the prestige of such sublime abstractions. Mortals, in our own days, read Dante's notions of Paradise with as little enthusiasm as they would feel for Hesiod's Theogony. They are struck with the poet's ingenuity ; but the belief which could invest such conceptions with the sanctity of revealed truth is, for ever, extinct in their bosoms.

It is only as a poet, not as a prophet, that Dante is known. Yet the notion that his strain would go down to posterity as a second Apocalypse seems to lurk in every one of his verses. His own images worked upon his brains till they became inspired truth in his own eyes. The long contemplation of his subject had led to an actual apotheosis of his own mind. He had soared so far upwards that the most ethereal substance of his spirit never found its way back again. The most earnest of all poetic minds, he saw and touched what other poets could only invent. His con-

tact with God was *trans-humanating*. In that instantaneous glimpse, his thought was so thoroughly absorbed in its principle, that it never quitted it to eternity.

XI.

DANTE'S MANNER.

SUCH is Dante, and such will he appear to all who can read. Only men do not all read with the same eyes. Poetical beauty must work upon us by instinct. We must have it in our souls. Genius and taste are more indivisible faculties than fond critics would lead us to imagine.

There are intellectual antipathies, invincible, inexplicable. Walter Scott flung aside Cary's Dante with something of the scorn of the wild Indian for the "dumb" Book of God's Revelation. He had not a particle of Dante-ism in his composition. What wonder if less-gifted souls remain untouched by the spirit of Dante! Our taste for the bards of antiquity is an acquired one. The images that sprang fresh and heaven-born from their heart sound common-place, from long use and abuse. The crudeness of primitive conception ill agrees with the daintiness of our over-refined æsthetics. Modern tinsel too easily out-dazzles the pure gold of antiquity. The beauties of Dante will dawn upon us as we gaze; they will rivet our attention as we meditate, they will test the gentleness and exquisiteness of our organisation by the very depth to which we feel their impression.

No poet requires more careful reading than Dante. His rapidity and conciseness are truly bewildering. His episodes are often told in one line; his similes are expressed in three words. The "Inferno" alone introduces no less than three or four hundred personages to our notice. They all stand up before us, like so many statues on their pedestals, they say their word, make their short appeal to our sympathy, or awaken our horror and hatred, then fade suddenly, irrevocably away. The conjuror lifts them from their depth of oblivion, holds them but one instant suspended over the abyss, and then drops them to eternity. Little more than the name—often not the name itself—is said. Yet the vague allusion creates in our heart a longing curiosity which the obscure traditions of the times can but imperfectly gratify.

My name is Pia,
I was born at Sienna,
Died in the marshes,—
My husband knows all.

This is one of Dante's most renowned, most touching episodes. So much for Pia. All the rest is matter for endless speculation. Long poems have been written, fine pictures painted, to illustrate that fleeting allusion. Novelists have been lost in vague conjectures. A sad tragedy is here hinted at. Guilty or innocent, the lady of Nello della Pietra died in the marshes in some terrible manner. But of this we have no other testimony than those four lines in which Dante stereotyped it.

XII.

TRANSLATORS OF DANTE—CARY, LEIGH HUNT, WRIGHT, BYRON, &c.

POETRY like this can only be studied, not read; far less does it admit of translation. The truisms that "there are no two expressions to one idea; no synonymes, either in the same or in different tongues," apply

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most forcibly here. Dante's thought is incarnate with, lives through, the word. With him translation is murder. His pen is a strong chisel by a few bold strokes marking profound, indelible features, giving life to the marble wherever it touches, but abandoning the block unfinished, half-carved, half-polished, rude in its sublimity, grand in its disorder.

To decompose one of his thoughts would be to attempt to melt the adamant. His very harshness and ruggedness, his very quaintness and abruptness are sacred in our eyes. The things he has told could only be so told. The words he has spoken can only be spoken in his own words.

Nor is it by mere strength and concision that Dante's style can be successfully emulated. Cary's Dante is justly considered as a fine model of manly English versification. In many passages his strain assumes a loftiness bordering on sublimity, and he even clothes with an easy majesty some of the less dignified images of his semi-barbarous original. His translation, however, is any thing but a re-production of Dante's mind. Aware of the unmatched energy of the primitive poet he strove to cope with, the translator sought it in strained inversions and artificial structures which convey the most erroneous impression of a style than which nothing was ever more logically plain, more spontaneously flowing, more naturally graceful, supple, and elegant.

No poet, perhaps, exhibited a more astonishing variety of styles than the author of the Comedy. The peculiar tone of his mind, the impression of the moment, glances through every one of his lines. That plainness and terseness, straightforwardness and almost disdainfulness of diction—the immediate result of inspiration—were never equalled in after ages by any writer in the tongue of which he alone was the originator and perfecter.

Much of Dante's manner resides in the peculiarity of his verse. The *Terza Rima* is his inalienable property. Even in Italy his best imitators never produced any thing besides a mere rhapsody, a mosaic-work of Dantesque phraseology. Without his characteristic *terzine*, Dante is no longer himself. Each triplet comprehends and circumscribes its own idea, fitting it as closely as a gem in its casket; whilst the happy linking of each couplet in an uninterrupted chain gives his discourse a perennial and harmonious flow, combining uniformity with pliability, ease with majesty. Much of the vividness of the poet's graphic manner is the result of those very limits in which he was pleased to confine—to set—his thought.

In the utter despair of overcoming the difficulties of that dreaded un-English measure, Cary took refuge in a blank verse. It was, perhaps, more advisable to throw off all shackles at once, and give us his version in prose.

The English have an unaccountable dread of a prose translation. There is a doggerel blank-verse, much easier, less responsible, and generally far meaner than prose, in which every dabbler in criticism is at liberty to execute a foreign poet. And yet in no language does prose assume a loftier strain than in English. In none can thought better spare the almost childish assonance of verse, and the semi-barbarous assonance of the rhyme. It is the rational tongue of the most sensible race in existence; and, not being equally distinguished for melody, it should lay no great stress on mere rhythmical resources.

For our own part we are anxious to see Dante turned into literal but eloquent prose, though such an achievement, we are aware, would require

pens tempered somewhat after the fashion of the old biblical translators. We long for a version which may follow the poet's strain passively, though discriminately, as far as the nature of the two languages will allow, without the additional attention which the fetters of metre and rhyme must imperiously demand, without any of those untoward hemistichs, impertinent epithets, and other pitiful shifts and expedients to which the soberest versifier will occasionally be driven by the exigencies of metrical tyranny.

A prose translator lays before us a mere pencil-drawing of his original. The vividness of colouring, the flesh and blood of his model are gone, but we are at least spared the tinsel and tawdriness of an imitative dauber. Better by far the plain outlines, which leave us to shadow forth the beauties of the master-piece in our own imagination, than even the most imperceptible touch of the copyist's brush. In a translation of Dante, let us have as much of Dante as we can; but, at least, nothing but Dante.

Such a translator, we were led to expect, England would find in Mr. Leigh Hunt. The magnitude of the work, however, deterred him. The specimens of his version, known before the publication of his "Italian Pilgrim's Progress," were cold but chaste. His heart never was with Dante's. He went to work with the listlessness of a mere essayist. Dante's sternness and ruggedness disagreed with him. He seems nowhere impressed with that veneration which can alone make a translator. He is constantly deploring, when he does not anathematise, Dante's "bigotries." His gentle soul is ruffled by the violence of the poet's temper. He is uneasy, unhappy in his work—a work which should be one of love, nevertheless. He is fond of Dante, doubtless, but his tenderness partakes of the awe of a nervous husband under the sway of a termagant.

No wonder, under such circumstances, if Mr. Leigh Hunt left his task unachieved. It was only a "Pilgrim's Progress," a better or an inferior kind of Bunyan, he presented his readers with. The very little was disrespectful; and although some passages, especially in the "Journey through Paradise," are, in our estimation, beaming with all the brightness of true Dantesque imagery, still Mr. Leigh Hunt's readers will not rise with the most favourable ideas of the extent and manifoldness of the poet's conception.

Till some writer of equal abilities assumes the task in a better spirit, we must put up with poetic versions. And even admitting the *Terza Rima* to be all but impracticable in English, we shall not hesitate to assert that a worse choice than Cary's blank verse could hardly be made. Nothing is more unfit to represent the tracery and fretwork of that Gothic and Mediæval structure of the "Comedy" than the staid, bare metre by which modern languages have attempted to reproduce the majestic strain of antique *épopée*—that artificial blank verse which borrows its cold stateliness from elaborate inversion and mannerism—that prosæbewitched in which flow and spontaneousness so readily degenerate into languor and atony, and melody into sameness and dulness.

Certainly the world could hardly have expected any thing more singular than to see a language in which Homer and Virgil appeared to the best advantage in a rhymed version—reproduce the "Divine Comedy" in what the Italians so happily call the *poltroneria del verso sciolto*, so that the people of these islands should have no other medium

through which to obtain an insight into the great poet's mind, than a style which presents no bad idea of a Dante walking on stilts.

Sensible of the inadequacy of a rhymeless version, and deterred from grappling with the arduousness of the complicate rhyme of the original, Mr. Wright hit upon a *mezzo termine* which does great credit to his ingenuity. He adopted a loose *terzina*, not gracefully interlaced with the endless alternation of rhymes after the manner of Dante, but joining each triplet to the following by a middle rhyme, somewhat after the arrangement of the two tercets at the close of a sonnet. The effect is not quite the same. Each triplet in itself sounds like the Dantesque stanza, but the chain is broken at every link, and the middle rhyme, which was intended to supply the deficiency of connexion, coming as it does at the fourth line, is not quite distinctly audible.

With all these imperfections, however, Mr. Wright's contrivance is a great improvement on Cary's intricate and unwieldy blank verse; and so great is the result of these merely material advantages, that we feel disposed to look upon Mr. Wright's performance as a more faithful representation of the manner of the Italian; and especially where the poet's fancy descends to the delineation of gentler objects, especially during the ineffable calmness that pervades the first circles of Purgatory, the smoothness and evenness of Wright's unpretending strain, humouring Dante in his own ways, and closing the sentence with the line, or at least with the stanza, have more of that air of dignity and repose, of that innate grandeur and stillness, which characterise art no less than poetry in the middle ages, and which breathes from the somewhat stiff but solemn specimens of early painting and sculpture in Italy.

Other attempts at translation of Dante in all possible measure, were made before and after the two above-named *literateurs* brought their labours to a close. But even the fragments by such poets as Byron and Merivale are not certainly above, and the specimens by Shannon, Dayman, Parsons, and twenty others, are greatly below the standard of the two more industrious and persevering translators.

Several of them have, indeed, striven hard to naturalise Dante's metre in their language; and no one flattered himself to have more fully overcome its horrors than the author of the "Prophecy of Dante." Byron, however, has nothing of Dante, except the three rhymes. His "asthmatic language," as it has been more wittily than reverentially characterised, his frequent breaks and dashes, cutting short every line in the middle, as if he were labouring under a fit of the hiccough, have even less to do with Dante's smooth and equal manner than the "Hebrew Melodies" with the plainness and earnestness of biblical style.

Once more in man's frail world! which I have left
So long that 'twas forgotten; and I feel
The weight of clay again—too soon bereft
Of the immortal vision—

And so on, to the end of the chapter, without one stanza, without one line to be read at one breath.

But it was not, we suppose, with a view to give their countrymen an adequate idea of the Italian poet, not with a hope to nationalise Dante that the translators have toiled. Literature is the inalienable property of a nation; no poet, perhaps, will admit of a foreign disguise with more reluctance than Dante; for such alone as are willing to look for Dante's

spirit in Dante's own verse, are these translations available ; the one by Wright especially, on account of its superior terseness and correctness. With such a guidance to bear him through his studies, the Italian scholar will more confidently approach a book which he has hitherto looked upon with no unjustifiable dread : for the reading of Dante is, as we have often repeated, a laborious undertaking ; and the " Divine Comedy " is made rather too free with at every young lady's boarding-school : the notes which both translators have judiciously selected, the eloquent introductory discourses by Mr. Wright, and the biographical sketch by Mr. Cary, will contribute to smooth down difficulties even more efficiently than all the lumber of commentaries under which most Italian editions of Dante are groaning.

The difficulties of the study of Dante are rarely of a philological cast. Obsolete words are not of more frequent occurrence than in Shakespeare's plays. The expression is always lucid enough where the thought is : and the clearness and obviousness of the thought itself is always commensurate to the degree of information on the part of the reader.

XIII.

CONCLUSION.

MEANWHILE, though foreign nations have vied with each other in their eagerness to do honour to the " first of the moderns," though Dante, like Homer, is the man of all ages and countries, yet nowhere is his name an object of more profound worship than in his own native land. The Italians have learned to look upon their calamities as the result of their long disregard of the vital lessons conveyed in his inspired strain ; they now acknowledge in him a regenerator, a prophet, too long unheeded in time of prosperity, but now hailed as the pyramid, the monumental tower, the land-mark of Italian nationality in ages to come.

The outbursts of his patriotic feelings, the episodes of Sordello, of Cacciaguida, and the like, have hallowed the poet's memory in the heart of his countrymen. From the height of prosperity which Italy had reached in the fourteenth century, Dante's boding spirit beheld the abyss of misery into which civil dissensions were ready to plunge her. He anticipated the result of those dire enmities which did not suffer brethren to " abide at peace within the compass of the same walls." He looked forward to the day when republican licentiousness would lead to domestic tyranny ; and this again prepare the way for foreign dominion. He mourned over the long period of sorrow in which French and German invaders were to ride rough-shod over a degenerate race, when half-a-score crowned stewards of a foreign despot, were to crush and fetter all thought ; and monks and Jesuits to pervert and contaminate it at its very sources—when, as a climax of misery, a mere smile of papal clemency would be hailed as the dawn of a new era, when the patriot victims would stoop to look for redress or regeneration from a power, the very name of which implies enmity to truth and progress, the contrivance of which is the foulest blot on modern civilisation.

MARGARET GRAHAM.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "DARNLEY," "RICHELIEU," &c.

PART THE THIRD.

THE LAST TRIAL.

CHAP. XI.

THE RESOURCE FOR DISAPPOINTMENT.

WITH the reader's good leave and permission, I will turn awhile to one of whom I have not spoken for some time; namely, Allan Fairfax. I cannot take up his history exactly where I left it, though there is one scene in that history of deep interest, which I should much wish to write even here. The construction of my tale will not let me; but I promise to return to it hereafter, and give its details. I must therefore pass over about a fortnight in silence, and, for the moment, leave the reader's imagination to fill up the interval as it will.

It was barely gray daylight, on the morning after the murder of Doctor Kenmore, when some one knocked at the door of Ben Halliday's cottage, and the little boy Charlie, who was already up, opened it, and beheld Mr. Fairfax, with one of the porters of the "White Lion" inn behind him. The young gentleman's face was pale and haggard, his dress not so neat as usual, and there was a look of melancholy wildness about the eyes, which struck even the little boy very much.

"Is your father gone to work?" asked Fairfax, as soon as he saw him; "I have come to get my portmanteau, Charlie, and to bid him good-bye, for I am going far over the seas, to the land of lions and tigers."

"Oh! no, father is not gone to work," replied the boy; "he can't go. He's been very ill; and was dying, like, till Dr. Kenmore blooded him."

Something almost approaching a groan broke from the lips of Fairfax; but at the same moment Ben Halliday raised his voice, saying in a feeble tone, interrupted by a cough, "Won't you come in, sir?—my wife will be here in a moment;" and Fairfax entered the cottage, and walked up to the sick man's bed-side without saying a word. For a few moments he remained in silence, gazing at Ben Halliday with an absent look; but then rousing himself, as if by a great effort, he said,

"So you are ill, Halliday—what has been the matter?"

"Oh! dear, sir, I am glad to see you," said Mrs. Halliday, entering the cottage; "my poor husband has been at death's door, with inflammation of the lungs the doctor says. But he's a deal better now, only the cough is troublesome. All the pain is gone, and he can breathe easy."

"It is unfortunate," said Fairfax; "he will be out of work for some time, I am afraid, Mrs. Halliday," and he mused for a minute or two.

"Take up that portmanteau, my man," he continued, speaking to the porter, "and carry it down. Let it be put upon the coach with the other things. I will be down almost as soon as you."

The man charged his shoulder with the load, and walked away; and then Fairfax sat down for a moment, saying,

"I cannot stay now, my good people; but I am very sorry for you, and would willingly do what I can to assist you. Here, Mrs. Halliday; here are five sovereigns to help you through your husband's illness. I am somewhat richer than I was, Halliday, so you must not mind taking it."

"Oh! Mr. Fairfax, I cannot indeed," said Ben Halliday; but Fairfax beckoned to the wife, and she, like a wise woman, suffered him to put the money into her hand, thanking him a thousand times for his goodness.

Fairfax stayed a few minutes longer, almost all the time plunged in deep thought, and then rose suddenly to depart.

"God bless you, sir!" said Ben Halliday, as the young gentleman shook hands with him; and Mrs. Halliday also said "God bless you!" and the boy and girl looked earnestly in his face, as if they would have said the same, but for shyness. But, at the same moment, a head was thrust in at the other door, and a face grinned at him maliciously, while the voice of Tommy Hicks cried,

"You have sent away my seat, and I'll spite you if I catch you."

Fairfax shook his fist at him; and, bidding the cottagers adieu, took his way back towards the town with hasty strides.

"How ill Mr. Fairfax looks," said Mrs. Halliday, speaking to her husband, "and so sad, too."

Ben Halliday shook his head, gloomily, and answered,

"Ay, 'Bella, there's many a bitter story amongst the rich and the great, as well as among the poor and the lowly. A fine coat often covers a sad heart; and I am afraid Mr. Fairfax has cause to regret that he ever came down to Brownswick. Well, he is a fine, noble gentleman, God bless him!"

In the meanwhile, the person they spoke of proceeded on his way till he reached the town of Brownswick, and walked through the streets to the door of the "White Lion," at which was standing the morning coach for London, with the horses being put to. Fairfax saw, though he hardly noticed, a number of groups of the town's-people standing at the corners of the streets, and talking eagerly together. The guard and the coachman, too, as they bustled about round the coach, and in and out of the office, exchanged a number of sentences with a party of idlers who were standing near; but Fairfax heard not a word of what they said; and pausing for an instant at the inn-door, he called for his bill, and paid it without going in, gave waiters, and chambermaid, and boots, the usual fee, and, putting on a thick great coat, which was officiously held for him by several of the people of the inn, he inquired if his luggage had been put up, and then took his place upon the coach-box. In a minute or two the coachman was by his side; two fat, elderly ladies rolled out of the office and into the vehicle; a dull-looking man got upon the top; and away the coach went for London as fast as the four greys could carry it.

Nothing of any kind occurred on the journey which would interest the reader in the slightest manner to repeat. Allan Fairfax arrived in safety, about three o'clock on the following day, at an inn in the giant of cities.

He instantly set out for the chambers of a lawyer in Gray's Inn, gave a number of directions, signed several papers, and then said,

"Now, Mr. Tindle, you must manage all the rest of my affairs yourself, for I shall set out to-morrow morning early for Plymouth. I shall there catch the *John Green* East-Indiaman—at least, I hope so—and I trust to be in India and with my regiment in a few months."

"Dear me, sir, you surprise me," cried the solicitor; "why, when you left London, you intended to sell out; and I can't act in this business, or any other, without a power-of-attorney."

"It does not matter, Mr. Tindle," said Fairfax, "all my views are changed. If a power-of-attorney is necessary, you must get it ready directly, and let me have it to-night at the inn where I am staying in the city; I will sign it immediately."

"But will you not see your brothers, sir?" asked the solicitor; "I am sure they have acted very handsomely in this business."

"When they could not do otherwise," answered Fairfax, bitterly; "you will say, probably, that they might have protracted the affair by a suit-at-law; but I must ever feel, Mr. Tindle, that by affecting to believe there was some ground for my father's wild—I must call it insane notion regarding my birth, and taking advantage of that to deprive me for so long of even an equal share of his property, they dissolved every tie between us. I wish not, in the slightest degree, to have any dispute with them; and trust that, if ever I return from India, we shall live on amicable terms; but I cannot forget the past, and therefore shall go away without seeing them. You may say any thing civil on my part that you like, when you come to wind up the whole affair, but it would be better for me not to see them at present."

"But will you not want money, my dear sir?" inquired the lawyer; "money, without which, as you have lately found, nothing is to be done on this earth. I am sure if, under present circumstances, I can be of any service—"

"No, no," answered Fairfax, "I have enough for the moment. Many thanks to you, however. When the whole is finished, you may pay a thousand pounds into the hands of my agent, as I shall want to buy some horses and other things when I get to Calcutta; and now, pray get the papers ready directly, that there may be no delay, for, signed or not signed, I go at five o'clock to-morrow."

And Allan Fairfax went. At Plymouth he caught the vessel he expected to find, embarked, and reached Calcutta in safety. His fellow-passengers remarked how cold, and grave, and disagreeable he was, and his brother-officers, when he rejoined his regiment, observed that Fairfax was sadly changed. The gay, light spirit was gone; the brilliant fancy that played round all things, no longer enlivened his conversation; but stern thought seemed to have taken possession of him, and to hold him bound as in a chain. Always famous for his gallantry, Fairfax was now rash; and in the despatches from one of the many fields which have lately been fought in India, his name was twice marked—once as deserving public thanks for his services against the enemy, and once as severely wounded.

There was an eye which read the despatch in England, and a cheek that glowed warmly at the account of his chivalrous daring. But when the list of killed and wounded was read over, and Margaret Graham came

to the words, "Captain Allan Fairfax, severely," there were tears dropped upon the paper, and she laid it down with a heavy sigh.

Two years had passed since Fairfax was at Brownswick, and Margaret had laid by her widow's weeds. Young, beautiful, graceful, excellent, and bright, who, with free heart and hand would not have sought her? But the life she lived was so retired that no one had any opportunity of pleading love. She came upon the people in the neighbourhood by glimpses. Some persons were necessarily admitted on business. The Rector of Allenchurch, and the Vicar of Allerdale, dined with her often, with their wives, bringing the daughter of the latter: the former had no children. But Margaret had made a hard bargain with them, that they were never to ask her in return. There was only one other person of whom she saw much; and that was a Miss Harding, who had acted as bridesmaid on her marriage to Dr. Kenmore. She was the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman, who, at his death, had left her in great poverty: but she had received a very good education, and sang beautifully. Without hesitation, she had instantly applied herself to earn her own bread by teaching music, and she had been Margaret's first instructor. Her conduct had been praiseworthy in every respect; her manners were graceful and ladylike; and though she was fifteen or sixteen years older than her pupil, a friendship had arisen between them, which Mr. Graham had always encouraged, though his wife had not appeared to approve of it. In the day of their adversity, Miss Harding had been of service in many respects; and now she was Margaret's frequent companion during her solitude, taking part in her pleasures, and, with a gentle cheerfulness, brightening a house into which melancholy thoughts would still intrude frequently.

One day, when she was sitting with her friend, shortly after the news of the battle which I have mentioned had arrived in England, she looked up from the part of the newspaper she was reading, asking,

"Did you not once know a Mr. Fairfax, Margaret?"

"Yes," answered Margaret, with a sudden start. "Is there any thing about him there?—I did not see it."

"It is about some relation of his, I suppose" replied Miss Harding. "See here— 'Death of Sir William Fairfax.—We regret to announce that Sir William Fairfax, Member for the Western Division of the County of —, departed this life on Tuesday last, at his house in Portland Place. He is succeeded in his title and the family estates by his cousin, Captain Allan Fairfax, who lately distinguished himself so much in India, the late baronet having only left daughters. Sir Allan is expected daily in England.' "

Margaret was drawing; and she continued to draw; but, after a few minutes, she rose and left the room; and when she returned, Miss Harding thought she had been weeping. From that moment the latter never mentioned the name of Fairfax in Margaret's hearing. Two more months passed over without any event, and Margaret Graham reached her four-and-twentieth birth-day. Miss Harding passed the day with her, and Margaret would fain have engaged her to stay several more; but her friend replied,

"I cannot, Margaret. I am engaged to-morrow evening to Sir Wild Clerk's, to sing, you know," she added, with a smile, "and I have still to gain my bread."

"You need not unless you like, Eliza," replied Margaret.

"What, change the friend for the dependant, Margaret?" said Miss Harding; "no, no; it is better as it is. At all events, I must go to these good people, for I have promised; but, if you like, I will come back the next morning."

"I do like, very much," answered Margaret, with a smile: and so it was settled.

CHAP. XII.

A COUNTRY ROUT.

THE party at Sir Wild Clerk's was as large as the neighbourhood of Brownswick would furnish. He was a wealthy man, a man of ancient family in the county, and in fact a very good sort of person; but he had been seized with a desire of seeing his eldest son, a raw lad from college, represent a borough in parliament, and therefore he crammed his house full once or twice a month. Something had delayed Miss Harding till more than one-half of the guests had arrived. She expected no very great attention; she knew that she was invited for her voice, and as she had no vote, that if she had not been able to sing and amuse others she would not have been invited at all. She was accustomed to the thing—had made her mind up to it, and therefore was not at all surprised that, with the exception of two or three of her pupils, who, in the simple kindness of a young girl's heart, greeted her warmly—nobody took much notice of her till Lady Clerk asked her to sit down to the piano, and she sang a little ballad of which she was very fond and Margaret also. At the end of the first stanza she raised her eyes, and saw a gentleman standing beside the lady of the house (who seemed to be paying him very great attention), with his face turned towards her, gazing at her steadfastly. She thought him remarkably handsome, and certainly there was something in his air and manner which distinguished him from every one else in the room. He was a young man, too, tall and spare in form with a face very pale, and an air of thoughtful gravity which always has something of dignity in it. The moment that her eyes met his, he averted his glance, and continued with his head bent as if to hear what Lady Clerk was saying, but yet there was a look of abstraction on his face which did not seem to show any great attention. When her song was done, the lady, to her surprise, moved up to thank her and to express her pleasure, and she was followed by the stranger, who was introduced to her by a name which she did not hear; for a patronising connoisseur young lady—they are a class—came up to declare she was enchanted, and to beg that the next thing she sang might be "So-and-so."

Miss Harding sang it at once, though she disliked it very much, and then retiring quietly took a seat in the next room, till she should be called upon again. There was a vacant chair on one side of her and a deaf old lady on the other, who asked her why she did not sing that night; and while she was explaining, as well as she could to one who could not hear, that she had just been singing, the gentleman to whom she had been introduced came and sat down beside her.

"That is a delightful ballad, Miss Harding," he said; "I mean the first one you sang, not the second, which did not please me as much. Can

it be procured? I have heard it once before, and to hear it again has the effect of the poet's spice winds in the Indian seas, which bear over the wide waters the perfumes of bright lands left far away. It calls back happy days that never will return."

"I do not know that any one has a copy of it but myself and one friend," replied Miss Harding; "the music was composed by my father, who is dead, the words by a young friend who is dead also," and she sighed.

"May I ask who is fortunate enough to possess the other copy?" asked the stranger.

"Oh, yes," she answered, "it is Mrs. Kenmore, formerly Miss Graham. Perhaps you may have heard her sing it."

The stranger's cheek flushed for a moment as if the sudden blaze of a fire had flashed upon it, and then turned deadly pale again, but he made no answer for several moments. When he did speak, he asked somewhat abruptly,

"Is she still living in this neighbourhood?"

"Oh, yes," replied Miss Harding, "she is living at her house at Nutley, about two miles from this place. Indeed she never quits it."

"I have just heard," said the stranger, in the same abrupt manner, "that her husband is dead."

Miss Harding gazed at him for an instant, for she thought his tone was very strange; and she saw that his eyes were fixed upon a spot on the floor, while his lip was quivering as if with strong emotion.

"Yes," she replied, coldly, "he has been dead for more than two years. He was murdered on his wedding-day."

The stranger started as if she had struck him; but for several minutes he uttered not a word, and thinking him both odd and disagreeable, she was going to cross the room to some people whom she knew and saw at the other side, when he renewed the conversation with a very much altered manner.

"You must think me very strange," he said; "but first your song, and then your conversation, recall times long past and persons long gone. I must not make you think me quite a savage, however, although I have lived long in very uncivilised places, which must plead my excuse for all that you see odd. The sight of white people thronging the roads and thoroughfares does not always bring back our European notions at once."

"Have you lived, then, so many years amongst blacks?" demanded Miss Harding; "I should think you had hardly had time to forget the customs of your own land; but I certainly do not mean to imply that you have done so, although some of your questions were abrupt enough."

"Time to forget!" repeated her companion, "it does not depend upon time, my dear lady. Time slowly grinds out the characters of the past: there are events that efface them in an instant. Long habits, cherished ideas, feelings that we think engrafted in our very nature, will sometimes give way under bitter sorrows, or severe disappointments, or acts which sweep the world of the heart like a hurricane, and leave nothing to be remembered but themselves."

"I know it," replied Miss Harding.

"Do you?" inquired the stranger; "I am sorry for it; for none can know and comprehend such things but those who have suffered them."

"Women often suffer more than men know," replied his companion,

"but they have greater powers of submission, if I may use the term. They have an instinct that they are born to endure, and they endure more patiently than men."

"Or perhaps than men can conceive," replied he.

"Assuredly," answered the lady; "we have an instance of it very near. I do not believe that any man could imagine, unless he had seen and known it all step by step, how much has been endured with un murmuring patience and high resolution by Margaret Graham—for I must still call her so. She is ever Margaret Graham to me."

"Oh, yes, call her so, call her so," said the stranger, earnestly, so earnestly that the lady gazed at him, but no longer with surprise.

"You must have known her well," she said.

The stranger did not reply for a moment, and then answered in a low tone,

"I thought so."

"Then you did," replied Miss Harding, warmly, "for no one can ever be deceived in Margaret Graham."

"Did you ever watch the clouds," asked the stranger, "when on a calm autumnal day they float slowly along the verge of the evening sky, changing their forms as they pass along, and showing us, now snowy mountains and towering alps, now castles and palaces, king's thrones and heads of giants; now wolves, or lions, or crocodiles, or sometimes a mighty eye looking out in radiance upon us from the midst of a thick veil? Who can say how much of all we see is the work of our own fancy, how much in reality the forms presented to us?"

"I have," she answered, "and have often thought those cloudy shapes are true images of the objects of man's desires. But Margaret is not one of those shapes. The finest essences exist in the most solid substances. Though her imagination may be as varied as the clouds you have spoken of, the beauty of her character is in its reality."

"I applied my illustration to myself, not to her," replied her companion, "I may have fancied what does not exist—I have often done so with inanimate objects, why not with a thinking being, without that being having any share in the deceit?"

"I cannot answer your 'why not,'" said the lady, "and yet I do not believe it. There is a convincingness in Margaret's truth which makes me feel that it is almost impossible to mistake her."

"And does she live quite alone?" demanded the other, suddenly changing to another part of the subject.

"I am often with her," said Miss Harding, "but at other times she does live quite alone."

"And is she happy?" asked the stranger.

"Nay! what a question," exclaimed Miss Harding, with a smile; "if you will define happiness, perhaps I may be able to answer you."

"That is impossible," he said, "it is one of those simple objects which, like the great facts of an abstract science, are felt though undefinable. We know what they are, we admit them to our minds at once. They are truths—to man's moral consciousness what an axiom is to his intellectual faculties. We do not doubt them though they cannot be explained to us, nor by us to others. I have known what happiness is in myself. I have seen it; but, alas! it is rarely that those who deserve it best find it in this world—but there is another."

Miss Harding was about to reply, but at the moment one of the daughters of the house approached to ask her to sing again, and the conversation dropped.

"Who is that gentleman?" she inquired, as she walked towards the piano with her young companion; "I did not hear the name when Lady Clerk introduced him."

"Oh, don't you know?" replied the girl, "that is the Indian hero, Sir Allan Fairfax."

Miss Harding mused, but made no reply.

CHAP. XIII.

RE-UNITED LOVERS.

"COME, Eliza, put on your bonnet, and go with me to Halliday's cottage," said Margaret, the morning after the party at Sir Wild Clerk's.

"Oh, stay a little while till I have finished copying this song," replied her friend, "you will have plenty of time afterwards."

Margaret stayed; but Miss Harding was very long in copying the song, longer than Margaret had ever seen her at a similar task. When it was done, she had some other little matter to do, and she was very slow over that, too. Margaret wondered what could be the matter with her, till at length her companion rose with a sigh, and looked out of the drawing-room window.

"Do you think it will continue fine?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," replied Margaret, "there is not a cloud in the sky. Come, Eliza, you are idle this morning, or tired with that party last night. The air will do you good," and Miss Harding went to put on her bonnet and shawl, saying to herself, "now he will come while we are out. I do believe there is a fatality in these things."

She did not hurry herself, however, but nevertheless, she was dressed for her walk and out of the garden gate with her friend without any visitor making his appearance. Passing on their way they proceeded through some rich, green lanes, the paths sometimes winding on between high banks which shut out the scenery around, sometimes mounting up and affording a view, over the hedge and between the trees, of the sweeping lines of the lower ground, with hill and moor rising purple behind. How beautifully nature often frames her pictures, and how much more they gain by that frame-work of green boughs, or gray rocks, or old church window, or heavy-browed arch than by all the carving and gilding in the world. It was a fine summer's day, bright, yet no longer without a cloud, for a few masses of vapour low down in the sky, white at the edges and fleecy brown at the centre, were moving slowly along through the air and sweeping the earth with their blue shadows. Margaret often paused to gaze, for, to use a curiously constructed phrase, she had much of the poetry of the painter in her nature. Miss Harding had less. She had more of the ear than the eye; her imagination revelled in sounds, and she was fond of shutting her eyes, not as some people do to see undisturbed the pictures of Fancy, but to hear her songs. Besides, she was anxious to get back again as soon as possible, so that she often called Margaret forward when her fair companion, all unconscious of what was pass-

ing in her bosom, would fain have stayed to gaze and meditate, and, with sad memories softened, to dream sweet dreams of what might have been.

Four-and-twenty, it is no unpleasant age. There is nothing like decay in it; the flower has grown and expanded, but not the very edge of a leaf has withered, the perfume of hope must still be in its breast, unless it be blighted indeed by some terrible storm. She was looking very lovely that morning, more so indeed than ever. Whether it was that like the chameleon she took her hues from that which surrounded her, and that the loveliness of the day made her more lovely, or that some mysterious sympathy told her, a change was coming, and brightened her looks with hope and expectation, I cannot tell, but certainly she was very beautiful.

They had gone on for nearly a mile, and were within a couple of furlongs of Ben Halliday's comfortable house, when suddenly dropping down the bank from the side of a tall ash tree appeared the broad but stunted figure and disagreeable countenance, with its wide mouth and slightly squinting eyes, of the idiot, Tommy Hicks. He stood right in the way before them, and Miss Harding suddenly stopped saying "Ah; there is that frightful man. He always alarms me. Really they should shut him up."

"Oh, he will do us no harm," answered Margaret, with a smile. "He is a little inclined to mischief, but more I believe in a spirit of fun than any thing else; but come on, and do not seem frightened at him for that always provokes him."

In the meanwhile Tommy Hicks was himself approaching, talking all the way he came in a low and muttering tone, sometimes laughing and sometimes swearing, for he was not at all times very choice in his language.

"Ah, my pretty girl," he said, coming up to Margaret, "so you are out walking."

"Yes," answered Margaret, trying to pass him, "it is a fine day you see."

"For birds to look for their mates," answered Tommy; "but you shan't have him. I won't give my consent—it's no use talking, though he were the sun, and the moon, and the stars, you shan't have him, and to prevent it you shall marry me; so come along."

"I am afraid I can't this morning, Tommy," answered Margaret, mildly, "you must let me pass, my good man, for I am going on business."

"No, I won't," answered the idiot, "my business first; you shall marry me, here under the green tree. Then you can't have two husbands in one day, and I am determined that fellow shall not have pretty Meg of Allerdale. May he be ——" and the idiot began to curse and swear most fearfully. "You can't have two husbands in one day, I tell you, it is against the law. King George would have done the same if he could, but they would not let him, for though King David had nine wives, and his sons increased and multiplied, yet that was a long time ago."

"Let me pass, sir," said Margaret, somewhat sternly fixing her eye firmly upon him. "Stand out of the way directly."

But idiots and madmen have an extraordinary power of divining whether those who attempt to command them are really frightened at them or not, and Tommy Hicks perceived at once that, notwithstanding her assumed calmness, Margaret was alarmed.

"I won't," he cried with a loud laugh, "you shall be my wife this

minute. I take you for my wedded wife," and at the same moment he stretched out his hand and grasped her tight by the arm.

Margaret did not scream, but Miss Harding did loud and fearfully.

"Hold your tongue," shouted the idiot, without letting go Margaret's arm; "hold your tongue, or I will dash your brains out. Is that the way that bride's maids scream at a wedding?"

As he spoke, the sounds of a horse's feet galloping hard were heard, and turning round to look in the direction from which they had come, Miss Harding saw a gentleman on horseback followed by a servant, advancing at full speed, apparently alarmed by her cries. He was up in a moment and off his horse, and the next instant his horsewhip went round and round the shoulders of Tommy Hicks, applied with a right good will and a powerful arm in a manner which soon sent the idiot howling down the lane.

Margaret Graham turned as pale as death; but the gentleman withdrew his left arm from his rein, gave his horse to the servant, and holding out his hand to the lady said, in a low tone, "Margaret, do you not know me?"

The blood rushed back again into poor Margaret's face, writing the glowing tale of the heart, on cheek, and forehead, and temples, "Oh, yes, I know you," she answered, giving him her hand, "but I have been alarmed, and am agitated still, and faint."

"Lean upon me," said Fairfax, drawing her arm through his, and gazing at her tenderly. Then recollecting that there were others present he turned to Miss Harding with a smile, and held out his hand saying, "I must claim acquaintance here, too."

"Willingly acknowledged," replied Miss Harding, shaking hands with him, "but I really think, Sir Allan, that we had better get home again as soon as possible, for Margaret has been very much frightened, and so have I, too."

"It is the best plan we can pursue," answered Fairfax, "if she is able to walk so far. I have been to your house," he continued, turning to the beautiful girl on his arm, "and most fortunately inquired which way you had gone when the servant told me you were out. Can you walk, Margaret, or shall I send for a carriage?"

"I can walk," she answered, with a faltering voice, "I can walk quite well. I shall very soon be better. I was going to Halliday's cottage to speak of some matters to be done at the farm; but perhaps it will be better to go home now."

"Much," answered Fairfax, and leading her towards her own house, he told his servant to follow with the horses, and for full five minutes walked on by Margaret's side in perfect silence. It was upon his left arm she leaned however; and she felt his heart beating in a way which told how agitated he was. Oh, what a host of feelings were there in the bosom of Fairfax at that moment! and poor Margaret, too, what were her sensations! Between those two no word of love had ever been spoken; but there are languages which have no words, and she knew that she was loved. When she had last seen him he had called her "Miss Graham," and now three times he had said "Margaret." How did she read it? That she had always been Margaret Graham in his thoughts—that she had been his "Margaret" still, in absence, in danger, in suffering, throughout five long years. She forgave him for calling her so; she felt, she comprehended that he could give her no other name, and so they went on in silence.

Poor Miss Harding would have given all she had to be anywhere else ; but wisely and prudently, as soon as she could think of what was wise and prudent, she determined to seem not to see what she could not help seeing ; and, therefore, at last she began to talk herself, as no one else was likely to renew the conversation. " It is a frightful thing, Sir Allan," she said, " that such a dangerous creature as that should be suffered to roam about the country unrestrained. I am sure some terrible accident will happen before the magistrates see the folly of their conduct."

" I will endeavour to have something done in the matter," said Fairfax ; " for the idiot's own sake he ought to be taken care of. Do you remember, Margaret, that strange and almost ludicrous scene which took place with him at Brugh ?"

" It is a day I can never forget," answered Margaret, " the least circumstance that took place rests as vividly on my memory, as if all had occurred yesterday."

" And on mine," replied Fairfax, sadly. " It was an ominous day : so bright in the beginning, so full of joy, and hope, and expectation ; so stormy in the close, so dark and joyless and despairing."

" You left the party very early last night," said Miss Harding, abruptly, " at least, I did not see you after my third song was done."

" I went to bed," replied Fairfax, " I was fatigued, and thought I might as well lie down to rest, if not to sleep ; and to say the truth, as I despaired of getting near you again, I anticipated no great pleasure from the curious crowd assembled."

" Then it was at Sir Wild Clerk's that you met?" said Margaret, looking to her friend, " and yet, Eliza, you never told me he was there."

" I felt very sure Sir Allan would come to tell you himself," replied Miss Harding, " and I did not wish to play Marplot, and spoil an agreeable surprise."

" That was really kind," said Fairfax, gazing at her with a beaming smile, " besides, what could she have told ?" he continued, turning to his fair companion, " only that she met a strange, abrupt, unpleasant man, who treated her for half an hour to conversation which was never heard at rout or ball before."

" I certainly did think, for at least ten minutes," Miss Harding answered, laughing, " that you were the most disagreeable man I ever had met with."

Margaret gazed at her with an expression of astonishment which amused her, but Fairfax replied, " And she was quite right, too, Margaret ; for I felt that my conversation was very strange. I have seen thirsty men in India, coming near a well, dash every person and thing rudely aside to get one draught of the water ; and so was I yesterday. She spoke of that which I was athirst to hear of, and I forgot all else, courtesies and common forms, and questioned her most rudely."

Margaret cast down her eyes till the silken fringes rested on her cheek, but she asked not what was the subject they had spoken of. The conversation, however, became more easy, and continued so till they came within sight of the house. Margaret's spirits returned, her timidity diminished in a degree, and she could even smile gaily as she asked Fairfax to come into what she called her humble dwelling. What was the deep-seated cause of the smile, she alone could tell—perhaps not even she—but it was certainly a trusting, a confiding one. She meant it pro-

bably as a welcome to an old friend ; Miss Harding read it as a promise to a lover ; and the moment they had entered the drawing-room the latter went away to take off her bonnet and shawl.

The room, though not large, was well-proportioned and lightsome. There was nothing sad or gloomy about it ; yet when Margaret, with a face which had become pale again, had seated herself in her usual chair, Fairfax stood beside her and gazed at her with an expression not without its melancholy, till, powerful as she was to command herself, the agitation she felt would have some external influence, and the hand which rested on the arm of the chair began to shake, so that she was forced to withdraw it and let it fall more easily upon her knee. That movement recalled her lover to himself, for it showed him how much emotion she felt, and bringing a chair to her side, he took the hand she had withdrawn in his, and pressed his lips upon it.

"Margaret," he said, "do you think me over-confident ? Do you think me too bold to treat you as I do, after an absence of five years ? Yet listen to me before you reply. Hear first how and why I do so. You cannot, I am sure you will not doubt, when I tell you that I loved you better than all else on earth, with the first, deep, sincere, ardent love of a heart which had loved none other. That love seemed not displeasing to you ; and I treat you now as if only a few days had passed since we met and parted, because the time which has gone by, though it has worked a change upon my outward form, though it and the things it brought with it have crushed and bent the light spirit which once mocked at adversity, have touched not in the least my heart or its love for Margaret Graham. I feel as if not an hour had passed since I lifted you from your horse at the gates of Allerdale, as if it were impossible that there could be any other sensations towards each other in your breast and mine than there were at that now distant hour. Nay, more, Margaret, though circumstances occurred, on which I must not dwell, to make me mistake you, though you yourself, unwittingly I do believe, confirmed my error, nay, crushed my heart, and made me seek death in the battle-field as the only boon I sought at Fortune's hands—"

"Oh Fairfax ! oh Allan !" cried Margaret, laying her hand on his, "do not, for Heaven's sake, do not say that ! Miserable as I was, I should have died had that thought been added to my misery ;" and she burst into tears.

Fairfax threw his arms around her, and pressed his lips on hers. "Dear, dear girl !" he cried, "I am answered. * And yet," he added, "how could you, Margaret, think it would be otherwise ? Did you not see I loved you ? Did you not know it ? Could you doubt after what I wrote that my love was not of a kind to bear life and disappointment easily together ?"

"Wrote !" said Margaret, "wrote to me of love ? I never received but one short note from you, now not quite two years and a half ago ; and there was no word of love."

"I wrote to you two days after I left Allerdale, and though my letter remained unanswered, I hoped still. But it matters not. I can easily conceive from your mother's conduct to myself, that the letter never reached your hands. I wrote not Margaret to ask you to do aught that was wrong. I simply told you my love, and tried to show you its intensity, and I besought you, if you felt that you could return it, to appeal to your excellent father, as soon as he was well enough to hear you, from the

decision of your mother, which I felt sure had been pronounced without his knowledge or consent. I thought I had taken means to ensure that it should reach you safely, but it seems it never did."

"Never!" answered Margaret, eagerly, "never, Fairfax. Had I ever seen it I should have been saved much wretchedness; for I had such confidence in your honour, that in all the difficulties and sorrows that beset me soon after, I would have written to you without hesitation or doubt, to beg aid, or consolation, or advice. I thought you loved me, Fairfax—nay, I felt sure you did; but you had never told me so; and love, I had heard say, was with men in general a fleeting and changeable passion. I believed that it might be so in your case, when for more than two long years I heard nothing of you."

"I was far away," answered Allan Fairfax. "I waited for a month in hopes of a reply; and then, still not without hope, I went to seek honour and fortune, if they were to be obtained, in the pursuit of my profession, for I fancied that you might be restrained by others. Then again I never heard of aught that had happened to bring adversity to your door till I returned two years ago—as poor as ever, Margaret. I came back, indeed, on leave, hardly obtained, to transact some business of importance; for I had received in India a letter from an old and roguish clerk of my father's, informing me that he could put me in possession of papers which would at once remedy the injustice my father had done me, under a terrible delusion, by showing that the delusion was removed before his death, and that he had taken steps to make reparation. My father's conduct to me is a long story, which I will tell you another time. At present only let me say, that when I arrived in London I found that this clerk was a prisoner for debt, and that he required the sum of one hundred pounds for the papers he possessed. The thought of Margaret Graham had brought me back; the thought of Margaret Graham made me resolve to obtain these papers by any means; but I had come away in haste, almost all I had in ready money was gone in the expenses of my voyage home; my noble old uncle was dead, and I had not a hundred pounds in all the world. At the same time, the villain threatened if he did not receive the sum within ten days to put the papers in the hands of others or destroy them. I determined to sell my commission to raise the amount, but just then I heard by accident of all that had occurred to your father and yourself. No, not all, but a part. I hastened down hither, leaving my lawyer to transact the business in London for me, and here I heard a report which stunned and stupified me. I inquired further, I found the report vary in different mouths. I wrote to you—I had nothing, indeed, as yet to offer but hopes; yet I resolved I would offer those, and if they failed, beg you still to unite your fate to mine, and let me labour for the support of your father and yourself. You know the answer I received. Oh, Margaret, it almost drove me mad."

"I could not help it," exclaimed Margaret, "indeed, indeed, Fairfax, I could not help it! I will tell you all by and by; but now go on. You will forgive me—you will find excuse for me when you hear. What did you do then?"

"I hardly know," answered Fairfax, "I set off for London like a mad man; but by a strange accident which I cannot now relate, I suddenly became possessed of the sum required. I went away to the King's Bench, obtained the papers, and found amongst them one written entirely in my

father's own hand, acknowledging that he had deceived himself—that his idea of my being a changeling was a hallucination, and leaving me an equal share of his large property with my two brothers. They could not resist, and yielded to my claims; my agent advanced money at once; I fancied I should be in time; but I was too late—Margaret had given her hand to another, and all the world was a blank to me.”

He paused in bitter thought, and Margaret gazed at him with tears in her eyes.

“Now hear me, Fairfax,” she answered, “I think you know that I will tell you the plain truth.”

“I do—I am sure of it, dear Margaret,” he replied. “Indeed, it is hardly necessary that you should, for I have heard much of the truth since I came down hither, and should have heard it long ago, had I not hurried away from a scene where I thought all my hopes were blasted, to seek any fate which would afford relief from thought. Yet speak of that letter, for, alas Margaret, it certainly was very cold.”

“If you had known how it wrung my heart to make it so, Fairfax,” replied Margaret, “you would have pitied and not been angry with me. We must, however, speak of painful subjects, and, therefore, I will do it at once. My father was reduced to beggary—yes, that is the term. He was ill, incapable of moving or helping himself in any way; he depended upon me for every thing. I could not leave him to go out as a governess, it would have broken his heart, it would have broken mine. I could not even be absent all day teaching, for he had no one who could aid him but myself. We had but thirty pounds a-year to live upon—an annuity upon the life of a man younger than himself, and a cottage which was lent us furnished by a kind old friend, a surgeon, who had been his school-fellow. It was all that my father would accept from any one—the loan of that small cottage. I did what I could by selling my drawings to increase our pittance, but suddenly the annuity failed. There was nought before us but the union workhouse, when that kind old man, whom I had known from infancy, who had received me in his arms when first I saw the light, after endeavouring to conceal the fact of the failure of the annuity; after having attempted every thing in vain to induce my father to receive aid, proposed to me as the only resource, to give my dying parent a home and comfort, by marrying him. Had he been a young man, Fairfax—strange as it may seem—my heart would have revolted more than it did. He was the best, the kindest, the most generous of men.”

Fairfax turned very pale, Margaret remarked it and hurried on, not to pain him more than necessary.

“He asked me not for love—simple regard was all he required, or I must have said no. It was to save my father: I knew not I was loved by him I loved; and I said yes. Once having said it I could never unsay it. For no consideration upon earth would I have broken that promise; you could not have loved me—you could not have respected me, Fairfax, if I had. But then came your letter. Its tone was that of friendship, but not of love, yet how it agitated me, how it shook me, none has ever known or can know. I determined to trample over hesitations, hopes, affections, which I believed it would be criminal to indulge, though I crushed my own heart with them; but, oh, Fairfax, I knew not I was crushing yours also, or I believe that hour would have killed me. You

know the rest, I think, and I will not dwell upon it—that terrible wedding-day and its awful termination. Now tell me, could I have done otherwise than I did?—should I have been worthy of an honest man's regard if I had acted otherwise?"

Fairfax had buried his eyes in his hands, but now he raised his head suddenly, saying, "No, Margaret, no! You are an angel. Oh let me hope, dear, excellent girl, that it may be my lot to make you forget, or to soften the remembrance of all you have suffered. Margaret, are you mine?"

"Can you ask?" she replied. "I have shown you my whole heart."

Fairfax pressed her to his heart, and Margaret rested there, with her face hid upon his bosom, and the warm tears of many mingled emotions in her eyes.

Miss Harding gave them more than an hour; and when she came down at length, Margaret's hand was clasped in his, and she did not attempt to withdraw it.

CHAP. XIV.

THE HOPES FULFILLED.

IT was now that Margaret found how much she had loved. Hers was not a character to encourage and cultivate feelings dangerous to her own peace or obstructive of the full performance of her duties to others, and she had not done so in this instance. On the contrary, she had steadily and firmly striven to keep her thoughts from resting upon her affection for Allan Fairfax—I do not say she had altogether succeeded, but she had tried—memory would recall his image, fancy would sometimes dwell upon the past, and strive to extract from it hopes for the future; but whenever she found her mind so engaged—whenever she detected the heart in thus endeavouring to betray her peace, she had always made a great effort to recall her wandering thoughts, and give them employment in other things. She had always felt that she loved him, but she knew not how much—she knew not even how much she was capable of loving till love was happy. Oh then how it overpowered her! how she dwelt upon every look and tone! how she gave up heart and mind to the one deep and tender affection. Never in the whole course of her long sorrows and adversities had Margaret wept so much as on that night after Fairfax had left her. But it was a clearing shower, that flood of tears; and after it had passed, all was bright and smiling.

Towards dinner-time, on the first day of their meeting again, Fairfax felt himself bound in courtesy to tear himself away from her and return to the house of Sir Wild Clerk, but ere he went he made her promise to fix the day of their union when they saw each other on the morrow, and he added,

"I think, my beloved, it may be as well to inform my worthy host at once of the situation in which we are placed, that neither he nor Lady Clerk may think my continued absence strange or rude. We have nothing to conceal, and therefore it will be best mentioned at once. I am too proud of my Margaret and of my love for her not to be well pleased to have it known that she returns my affection, and is about to be mine."

Margaret's eyes filled with tears.

"Surely I have cause to be proud, too," she said; "do as you please,

Fairfax, whatever you do will be pleasing to me. The family of the Clerks have been very kind, have called often, and asked me more than once to their house, but I know not why all society was unpleasant to me but that of this dear friend," and she turned her kindly eyes to Miss Harding. Fairfax took that lady's hand in his, and thanked her with peculiar grace for all that she had done for Margaret.

"I trust I am not ungrateful," he said, "towards those who show kindness to myself, but their services to me, my dear Miss Harding, would seem of little value in my eyes when compared with acts of friendship to this dear girl. I trust that I shall have ample opportunity of showing my gratitude, and in other ways than in words, and in proving to you that 'the most disagreeable man in the world' is not altogether the most insensible one."

He smiled gaily as he repeated Miss Harding's expression regarding himself, and then, mounting his horse, rode back to Sir Wild Clerk's.

During dinner every one remarked that although Sir Allan Fairfax often fell into fits of thought, yet that when he did converse he was infinitely more cheerful and gay than on the preceding day. One of the daughters of his host, a light-hearted, familiar, merry girl rallied him on his happy looks, declared that she was sure he had met with some delightful adventure in his morning's ride, and insisted upon knowing what it was.

"Let us have a truce till after dinner," said Fairfax, in reply, "and then I'll tell you, upon my honour, when we have not so many eyes and ears upon us."

"Oh, then, it is a love adventure," said the young lady.

"What, is there nothing but love that requires discretion?" said Fairfax, "but mind, you must be very secret whatever it is;" and after dinner he told her as a matter of strict confidence that he was going to be married to his first and only love, and who the person was. This may seem a strange proceeding, but Fairfax calculated justly, and before the party broke up the secret was known to every body in the room without his taking any more trouble about it.

Day after day he now spent with Margaret Graham, and when the period which he had promised to remain with Lady Clerk was over, he removed to his own quarters at the White Lion, where he could be more at liberty. Margaret was very happy, and Fairfax was all in all to her. He was a good deal changed, it was true, since the time when she had first known him; he was graver, almost sadder. It seemed as if present happiness effaced with difficulty the traces which past sorrow had left upon his heart. She remarked, too, and so did others, that he never mentioned the word Kenmore, and Miss Harding noticed, almost amused, that her friend's lover never referred in any manner to the period or the circumstances of Margaret's marriage to the old surgeon.

"What jealous creatures these men are," she thought; "it is evident he cannot bear to think of her having been even nominally the wife of another."

It cost Fairfax some trouble, it is true, to avoid pronouncing the name he seemed to hate, but he did it pertinaciously. His bride was always named as "Margaret," to herself and to Miss Harding, of course; but when he had to speak of her to others it often caused a good deal of circumlocution. He called her "the lady formerly Miss Graham," "Mr. Graham's daughter, of Allerdale," and to her servants it was always "your mistress." It

pained Margaret a little, for she could not help remarking it, and her own feelings towards poor Doctor Kenmore were those of gratitude and esteem. She did not suffer it, however, to interrupt her happiness much, for she thought when once they were married the cause of such conduct would be removed, and she named as early a day as possible for her union with him she loved, for Margaret had no affectations.

All the neighbours became amazingly kind when they found that Mistress Kenmore was about to be married to Sir Allan Fairfax, and she suffered herself, though with a feeling of timidity from long seclusion, to be persuaded to mingle with society. She took more pleasure in it, too, for every one was loud in praise of her promised husband, and only on one occasion did she meet with, or remark, one of those little touches of malevolence which are often brought forth in the breasts of the discontented by the sight of happiness in others.

"How strange it is, my dear Mrs. Kenmore," said Lady Clerk, "that Sir Allan never mentions you by your present name, and never speaks a word of your first husband—it is quite remarkable."

Margaret felt all the rudeness and the unkindness of the speech, but she answered mildly,

"His mind reverts more pleasantly to former and more happy days, my dear madam. Indeed it is much more agreeable to us both to think as little as possible of a period of adversity, sorrow, and suffering, and to let memory rest on those brighter hours when I was Margaret Graham, and he was simply Allan Fairfax."

But Margaret did not go back to Lady Clerk's any more. In the meantime all arrangements were made, the marriage-day approached rapidly, and the agitation which Margaret felt—the bright, happy, thrilling agitation, made her feel all the difference between love and friendship. A brother officer of Sir Allan's came down from London to be present at the ceremony; Margaret chose only one bridesmaid, the same who had accompanied her to the altar before; and when Fairfax was about to take leave of her on the day preceding that which was to unite them for ever, he turned to Miss Harding, and taking up a packet which had lain on the table since the morning, he said,

"Dear Miss Harding, you must show Margaret and myself that you are not proud with two dear friends, and accept this little testimony of our united regard and affection."

"I must know what it is, Sir Allan," said Miss Harding; "proud you shall not find me; but still there are things, there are feelings which I am sure you would not wish me to give up even for your sakes."

"I should wish you to accept that packet," said Fairfax, with a smile, "it is Margaret's wish, too, and I am sure you will not refuse her on the eve of her wedding-day."

"But what is it?" said Miss Harding, a little agitated, though she was usually very much composed.

"Open it and see, Eliza," said Margaret; "all I can say is that Fairfax and I have done our best during the last month to make it what we could wish for you, and if you refuse it you will inflict great pain upon us."

With a hand which trembled a good deal, Miss Harding opened the thick envelope, but found nothing within but some old and new parchments, and a slip of paper apparently a catalogue of the rest. At the head was

written, "Conveyance of the Mount Cottage Estate, Adam Brown, Esquire, to Elizabeth Harding, Spinster." Then followed, "Fine and recovery," &c. &c. &c., not one word of which did Miss Harding comprehend.

"I do not understand it at all," she said, gazing bewildered in the faces of her two friends.

"They are the title-deeds, dear Eliza," said Margaret, "of the cottage you have always so much admired just coming out of Brownswick, and the grounds about it. They are from me and him I love, in our day of prosperity and happiness, to her who was a friend to me in the time of adversity and sorrow. You must not refuse the gift."

"I will not, Margaret," said Miss Harding, throwing her arm round her friend's neck and kissing her. "I can bear gratitude, for that is very different from dependance."

But when at an after period Miss Harding came to inquire of what the gift consisted, she found that the beautiful little cottage was accompanied by furniture as beautiful, and that the grounds Margaret spoke of were not the gardens alone but the fields around, which rendered her, moderate as she was, independent of the world altogether.

The marriage-day dawned brightly; the church was fuller of people than either Margaret or her bridegroom wished, and the ceremony was performed, making Margaret and Fairfax man and wife. With a heart thrilling with joy and gratitude to heaven—none the less because some solemn memories mingled with present happiness—Margaret was led from the vestry to the carriage which was in waiting, and left her native county for a time with him she had loved long and well. At the end of the honeymoon, as it is called, they were to return and spend a short time at her house near Brownswick till the old mansion of her husband's family could be made completely ready, for it had been somewhat neglected of late; and we must pass over all that followed the marriage ceremony till they came back. Suffice it that when they did return, and when Miss Harding met them in the hall, she looked in Margaret's eyes to read there the tale of her friend's heart, and found pure, unmingled joy in every look. Would that we could stop here where such histories generally come to an end; but Margaret's sorrows were not yet altogether over, and we must trace her course yet a little further.

FACES THAT BUT ONCE WE MEET.

BY MRS. PONSONBY.

Faces that but once we meet,
As river-sparkles, bright, and fleet
Evermore—at dead of night
Cross our sleep like gleams of light.—
Voices for a moment heard,
And thrilling with their slightest word,
Then—amid life's sullen roar—
Lost, lost, lost, for evermore.

There the wayward memory
Will keep with idle constancy,
Turning, with remembrance fond,
From all the joy that lies beyond,

Casting from the heart away,
All that should make glad to-day,
All the soul's deep love to pour
On phantoms that return no more.

Many a face and many a tone,
Sweet as those of days bygone,
Unheeded smile, and sparkle near,
And fall unheeded on the ear.
Would that we could break the chain!
Would that we were free again!
Or these wild heart-yearnings o'er,
Hush'd in death for evermore.

A GRAYBEARD'S GOSSIP ABOUT HIS LITERARY ACQUAINTANCE.

No. III.

Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

Notice of Richard Cumberland continued—The *London Review*—Names of the principal Contributors—Its Want of Success—Anecdotes of Cumberland, and Summary of his Character—Thomas Hill, the Literary Drysalter—My first Interview with George Colman the Younger—Hill's Proneness to Exaggeration, and the Dilemmas in which it involved him.

NOTWITHSTANDING the total failure of Cumberland's project for securing a more equal distribution of profits between publishers and authors, he was not discouraged from attempting the reform of another literary abuse, which, though it might not be equally beneficial to the former, was scarcely less detrimental to the latter class. Enlightened and impartial criticism, rare enough in our own days, could hardly be said to have existed at the period of which I am writing. Under the insanifying influence produced by the horrors of the French Revolution, and the angry excitement of the war then raging, every Review was perverted into an instrument of political animosity and religious, or rather of irreligious, hatred. Not writings but writers were criticised, the verdict being solely guided by the party or sect to which they were known, or suspected to belong. Partiality of the critical judges on one side generated reaction on the other; both were equally culpable; both seemed to exult in that which formed their joint condemnation, their success in dashing the scales out of the hands of justice.

From this abuse we have been gradually emancipating ourselves, but there existed another, perhaps equally injurious, and, certainly more insidious, which, even now, has only received a partial remedy. All the Reviews were the property of booksellers, some of whom had notoriously established them for the express purpose of puffing their own publications, and vilipending those of their competitors. Thus was criticism doubly corrupted at its very source, subjected to every evil influence that could pervert, degrade, and taint it. That Cumberland wished to cleanse this Augean stable, for the general purification of literature, there is no reason to doubt; but we may fairly presume that he was not altogether uninfluenced by personal considerations. Too thin-skinned not to wince under the critical lash, however leniently applied, he made no secret of his hostility to their system, when the Edinburgh Reviewers, combining unprecedented vigour and talent with more copious and artistical critiques than had hitherto appeared, acted up to the severe spirit of their motto—"The judge is condemned when the offender escapes." The unfavourable notice of his memoirs, in their number for April, 1806, in which they charged him with an exorbitant appetite for praise, and jealousy of censure, was little calculated to reconcile him, either to the Aristarchi of Edinburgh, or to the general condition of criticism as it was then conducted. Whatever might have been his motives, he resolved to attempt a remedy for a manifest evil by establishing a Review totally independent of bibliopolitan

influences, and guarded against all abuse of the judicial functions on the part of the contributors, by the stipulation that their names should be prefixed. On these conditions he succeeded in engaging associates, few of whom, however, could be deemed men of sufficient literary eminence to promise success to the enterprise; and in May, 1809, appeared the first number of—"The *London Review*, conducted by Richard Cumberland, Esq." The introductory address explains, in the figurative and overwrought style to which I have alluded, his reasons for the undertaking. "It is by no means my disposition to censure indiscriminately a whole body of gentlemen concerned in the like labours with my own, merely because they carry on their operations under casemates, or by ambuscade, while I work in the open field; yet I am free to own that I should like to see their faces that I might have a better chance of understanding their manœuvres. When the enemy veiled himself in a cloud, honest Ajax only prayed for light. * * * * Every one must confess that there is a dangerous temptation, an unmanly security, an unfair advantage in concealment; why then should any man who seeks not to injure but to benefit his contemporaries resort to it? A piece of crape may be a convenient mask for a highwayman; but a man that goes upon an honest errand does not want it, and will disdain to wear it. * * * * If critics aim to raise themselves by sinking others, there is a marvellous great bathos in their ambition. But what is it they wish to do? Is it to make men brighter that they persuade them they are blockheads; or do they aspire to erect a throne for themselves upon the ruins of genius, and be approached like black barbarians through an avenue of skulls erected upon poles, as the trophies of their cruelty? * * * * Let me then wonder at the bad policy of those who waste their pains in watering a dead plant, from which they can expect no produce, and neglect a living one which bursting into bloom if duly fostered, may delight them with its beauty, and regale them with its odour."

Diametrically opposed to this doctrine, is the present opinion of one of the contributors to the *Review*, who, rendered wiser by a long experience, thus sings his psalmode:—

"If concealment affords a strong and often an irresistible temptation to the gratification of malice, and the splenetic effusions of envy, an avowal of the critic's name must inevitably blunt or misdirect the sword of justice; thus seducing him into an opposite extreme, and affording a fresh proof that the reverse of wrong is not always right. Absolute impartiality is hardly attainable; for almost every man, without being conscious of the fact, has his little prejudices and prepossessions; but the fearlessness and independence possessed by an anonymous writer are calculated to make a much nearer approach to fair criticism, than the fettering responsibility imposed by the reviewer's signature. The man who is hampered and disarmed by publicity, will only exercise a portion of the critic's functions; avoiding all notice of those whom he is afraid to attack, however manifest may be their demerits; overlauding the objects of his favour; and attempting to neutralise the conscious excess of these encomiums by an undue severity towards the humbler aspirants whom he thinks he may victimise with impunity."*

Few, except raw recruits, had been enlisted by the editor for an enter-

prise that demanded a much more vigorous and practised band. His own name, much as it deserved respect, was no longer the tower of strength that it had been. Mr. Pye, indeed, had been enrolled, but, alas! his prose was little better than his odes; and when Mr. Pybus published his fulsome eulogy on the Russian emperor, the laureate, becoming unluckily incorporated with him and Peter Pindar in a malicious Latin epigram,—

Poetis Anglia gaudet tribus,
Peter Pindar, Pye, et Pybus,—

was doomed to experience the truth of Pope's well-known lines,—

Whoe'er offends at some unlucky time
Slides in a verse, or hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burden of some merry song.

The appropriate subjects selected by the laureate were Scott's edition of Dryden, and Elton's translation of Hesiod. The two Smiths, not having yet drawn their lottery-prize of the "Rejected Addresses," chose frivolous works for review; the elder brother levelling his ridicule at "A New System of Domestic Cookery," in which Cumberland inserted a few Greek quotations; the junior shooting his light shafts at "The New and Old Joe Miller," a butt scarcely worth the cost of a single arrow. Horace Twiss came forward as the vindicator of Mr. Malthus, whose population doctrine it had been found much more easy to vituperate than to refute. With the single exception of Mr. G. W. Crowe, who has since become advantageously known to the public, the remaining names belong to the class of the illustrious obscure, and I will not disturb their repose.

In the preface to the first number, the editor had said:—"Every body knows the pain and peril of a first approach. Our pledged associates are aware of that, and wisely post themselves in the reserve. The wary and sagacious will not be eager to push off in the first adventurous boat, till they have proof that she is seaworthy." If any such reserve ever existed it was never called into action, or never responded to the call, for, after the second number, the *London Review*, finding no favour with the public, and presenting (let the reader mark the candour of a contributor!) no very prominent claims to its patronage, was discontinued. It was free, however, from the injustice with which Bishop Warburton upbraids the world, when he says,—“The public is a malicious monster, which cares not what it affords to dead merit, so it can but depress the living.”

Prone to the belief that he had been ill-used by the world, and in his diplomatic capacity he had certainly received ungenerous treatment, Cumberland's habitual mood was querulous; but I still recollect the delight with which he told me that his *Observer*, a series of essays in six volumes, had been incorporated with the great edition of the "British Essayists," so that he considered that work as fairly enrolled among the standard classics of the British language.

The *London Review* was the last occasion on which I had the honour of seeing my name associated with that of Mr. Cumberland, whose life, indeed, was not much longer spared, as he died on the 7th of May, 1811, at the house of his friend, Mr. Henry Fry, in Bedford-place. When I last saw him, I found him much altered and attenuated, his white hair hanging over his ears in thin flakes, his figure stooping, his countenance

haggard. Not long before he had asked permission to appoint me one of his executors, to which I gave my consent; but he never altered his will, and I thus escaped all the trouble and responsibility of the office. The publication or suppression of his voluminous papers was intrusted to his friends, Mr. Sharpe, Mr. Rogers, and Sir James Bland Burges. In 1813, his "*Posthumous Dramatic Works*," were published, in two volumes, by subscription, under the superintendence of his daughter, Mrs. Jansen.

Before I conclude this retrospect, let me recall a few notabilia connected with the name of Cumberland, that still linger in my memory. More than once have I heard him relate an anecdote, illustrating the reckless and impulsive character of the lower class of Irish, which is thus repeated in his memoirs:—

"Amongst the labourers in my father's garden, there were three brothers of the name of O'Rourke, regularly descended from the kings of Connaught, if they were exactly to be credited for their genealogy. One of the younger brothers was upon crutches in consequence of a contusion on his hip, which he literally acquired as follows: when my father came down to Clonfert from Dublin, it was announced to him that the bishop was arrived; the poor fellow was then in the act of lopping a tree in the garden; transported at the tidings, he exclaimed,—'Is my lord come? Then I'll throw myself out of this same tree for joy.' He exactly fulfilled his word, and laid himself up for months."

Cumberland was in the habit of adopting some subject of favour and patronage whom he would cry up, somewhat injudiciously, as a prodigy. At one time a young performer, named Alexander Rae, was pronounced to be a puerile wonder, who was to eclipse Garrick, and he importuned every one to go to the Haymarket, and see him in the character of Mortimer in the "*Iron Chest*." At another period, I myself was the object of an equally unmeasured predilection. At a literary party where the conversation turned upon the comedy of "*Love for Love*," some one happening to say,—"*When will the days of Congreve return?*" Cumberland pointed to me, and exclaimed with an air of perfect conviction,—"*When that boy writes a play*." On that hint I wrote; what boy would have disbelieved the prophecy? My comedy met a cold reception, lingered for a few nights, was then withdrawn, and is now utterly forgotten. Humbled, but not quite discouraged, I attempted a farce, which was condemned on the first night. So much for the new Congreve!

The first new piece exhibited after the rebuilding of Drury Lane Theatre, was Cumberland's comedy of the "*Jew*," referring to which he says, in his memoirs, "*The benevolence of the audience assisted me in rescuing a forlorn and persecuted character, which till then had only been brought upon the stage for the unmanly purpose of being made a spectacle of contempt, and a butt for ridicule*." In consequence of the service thus rendered to their class, it was rumoured that the Jews had presented a piece of plate to him, but on my asking whether the report were true, he replied, with a look of disappointment, and in a sneering tone,—"*No, not they! and if they had, I should have been half afraid to receive it, lest I should be indicted as a receiver of stolen goods*;" an answer characteristic enough of the speaker, but hardly in accordance with the spirit and professed object of his play.

Of his occasional happiness in malicious pleasantry, I remember another

instance. While residing at Ramsgate, he had two sister neighbours, whose censorious tongues had rendered them rather unpopular. At some public meeting, he happened to be seated next to one of them, and, on her rising to depart, offered to put on her shawl, observing, at the same time, for he rarely lost an opportunity of paying a compliment, that it was almost a sin to hide such shoulders.

"Oh!" said the lady, with a smirk; "my sister and I, you know, are famous for the beauty of our backs."

"Ha! that is the reason, I suppose, why your friends are always so glad to see them," sneered the dramatist, as soon as the party was out of ear-shot.

At an early period of my acquaintance with Cumberland, I had written a romance, which, in accordance with the prevalent taste, abounded in monks, monsters, horrors, thunderings, ghosts, and trap-doors. This farrago I requested him to peruse, and give me his opinion as to the propriety of its publication. He took the manuscript to Ramsgate, where he told me that his daughter, Lady Edward Bentinck, should read it to him, and in a few days it was returned to me with an unfavourable verdict, softened by compliments and many encouragements to new and better efforts. On my telling him, at our next interview, that I had immediately burnt it, he paid me the equivocal talent of saying; "You showed talent, my dear boy, in writing that work, but you have evinced much more in committing it to the flames." One of the charges against my unfortunate novel having been its diffuseness, I remember that in writing to a friend, I retaliated upon my censor by maliciously quoting his own wire-drawing of the *expende Hannibalem*, in one of his minor poems, entitled "Pride." The following is the passage:

Man, man thou little grovelling elf,
Turn thine eyes inward, view thyself;
Draw out thy balance, hang it forth,
Weigh every atom thou art worth,
Thy peerage, pedigree, estate,
(The pains that Fortune took to make thee great),
Toss them all in—stars, garters, strings,
The whole regalia of kings—
Now watch the beam, and fairly say
How much does all this trumpery weigh?
Give in the total, let the scale be just,
And own, proud mortal, own thou art but dust.

Surely the old Roman said as much in a single line, when he told us that the greatest hero must one day be comprised in a small urn.

Cumberland never received fair treatment from his contemporaries. Why he should be so universally considered as the Sir Fretful Plagiary of Sheridan's "Critic," I never could discover. The former name might in some degree be applicable, for he was a disappointed man, and belonged to the irritable race; but for the second, it would be difficult to show any valid ground, notwithstanding the great variety of his voluminous writings. In the criticisms on Grecian literature which appeared in the *Observer*, he has frankly acknowledged how much he was indebted to Dr. Bentley's MSS., and it is fair, therefore, to conclude, that if he had consciously borrowed from others, he would have been equally candid in confessing his obligations. In appreciating his personal character, one of his biographers, after admitting his great conversational powers,

says that he would have been more estimable had he been more sincere in his compliments to those who were present, or less bitter in his sarcasms on them, after they had taken their leave. To the former charge it must be confessed that he was occasionally amenable, the habits acquired as a courtier rendering him somewhat fulsome in his compliments. What he says of the Abbé Hussey, in his memoirs, might almost be taken for a portraiture of himself. "He wore upon his countenance a smile sufficiently seductive for common purposes and cursory acquaintance; his address was smooth, obsequious, studiously obliging, and at times glowingly heightened into an impassioned show of friendship and affection. But he could not help colouring his attentions sometimes with such a florid hue, as gave an air of irony and ridicule, that did not always escape detection; and thus it came to pass that he was little credited, and, perhaps, even less than he deserved to be, for sincerity in his warmest professions, or politeness in his best attempts to please."

Of his occasional sarcasms, proof has been afforded in the present paper, but as his blandness and adulation were rather the result of courtly and diplomatic habits than of any intentional hypocrisy, so do I firmly believe that his bitterness—I would rather call it his malicious pleasantry—was indulged rather to point a jest than to vent any splenetic feeling; an offence only amounting to the old charge against men of wit, that they are apt to love their joke better than their friend. That he was capable of a sincere, firm, and disinterested attachment, I myself can testify; and for my own part, whether I contemplate Richard Cumberland as a scholar and an eminent man of letters, as a gentleman, and as a friend whose good offices were unremitted from the time of our first acquaintance until the day of his death, I can never recall his name without a feeling of almost filial regard and reverence.

THOMAS HILL.

When I first became acquainted with this gentleman, he was proprietor of the *Monthly Mirror Magazine*, and was carrying on business as a drysalter in Queenhithe, in which ultra-civic locality, but much more frequently in his cottage at Sydenham, it was his pride to collect around his hospitable board the literati, artists, wits, and actors of the day. He seems fully to have shared the ambition of Monsieur d'Olive, in Chapman's old comedy of that name.—"I will have my chamber the rendezvous of all good jests, an ordinary of fine discourse; critics, essayists, linguists, poets, and other professors of that faculty of wit, shall, at certain hours i' th' day resort thither: it shall be a second Sorbonne, where all doubts or differences of learning, honour, duellism, criticism, and poetry, shall be disputed."

To compare the Sydenham merry meetings, to which I have alluded, with the Sorbonne, sounds, indeed, somewhat absurd and presumptuous, since they were neither more nor less than friendly symposia, at which the Amphitryon sought to assemble a few of the "men of wit and pleasure about town," and to allow them a boundless latitude for the display of their respective talents and humours. That our worthy host should assume the character of a literary patron, and of a dramatic critic, for his magazine was chiefly noted for its theatrical articles, evinced an ambition which, however honourable, was little in accordance with his qualifications for the office, since he was a man of narrow education, of no literary attainments, of somewhat inelegant manners, and even of no

real predilection for the arts in any of their higher departments. But he was cordial, convivial, proud of the novel reputation attached to the name of a civic Mæcenas, and rich enough, at that time, to indulge his fancy, which, indeed, did not involve any serious expense, for his entertainments, though always abundant, were never costly.

The ground-floor of the house of business in Queenhithe being used as a warehouse, I passed through a whole wilderness of casks and carboys, bales, boxes, and other recipients, containing the multifarious stock of a drysalter, and ascending the stairs, was ushered into the room where I first had the honour of being introduced to the celebrated George Colman, the younger, whom I so rarely encountered afterwards, that I may say, almost literally, "*Virgilium tantum vidi.*" The exact year of this occurrence I cannot recall. His appearance disappointed me, for the addition to his name had led me to expect a person with some pretensions to juvenility, whereas I beheld a man beyond the middle age, of stout figure, and heavy aspect, lolling in his elbow-chair, with the aspect of one whose energies, both bodily and mental, had lost more of their elasticity than his years would warrant. For some minutes after my entrance, he sat silent, gazing from the window, which looked out upon a small wharf and stairs on the river bank, until his eyes began to twinkle, and his grave features to relax as he said in substance, for I do not pretend to remember his precise words,

"Hill! I have long thought of it, and I have now determined to do it. 'From this moment the very firstlings of my heart shall be the firstlings of my hand.' I will write a comedy, of which you shall be the principal character, and it shall be called, 'The Literary Drysalter; or, The Mæcenas of Queenhithe.' Nay, don't get so red in the gills. It will immortalise you. You shall be embalmed and dried in your own salt, as a drysalter ought to be. You will make a capital character; I mean dramatically of course; nobody will suspect me of speaking in any other sense."

"Pooh, pooh!" exclaimed the hoarse guttural voice of our host, whose round, ruddy, full-blown face assumed a deeper purple, while his gray eye betrayed a feeling of alarm, "How can you talk such nonsense?"

Perceiving the effect his menace had produced, the dramatist followed up the blow by gravely suggesting a variety of scenes which might be rendered highly effective in the contemplated comedy, inquiring whether he might bring the hero on the stage in civic robes, as Alderman Mæcenas; and finally asking, with an air of the most serious interest, whether he sold spirits of turpentine?

"Sir, I have at this moment one hundred and eighty-seven carboys of spirits of turpentine in my warehouse," was the reply.

"Good, good; and they are highly inflammable, I believe?"

"Nothing more so."

"Better and better! Now, Hill, you are short-sighted, you know. You shall drop your spectacles in the warehouse; in groping for them you shall drop the candle; the whole warehouse shall be presently in a blaze; our last scene shall beat that of 'Lodoiska,' you shall make your escape after your garments have caught fire, like those of poor Mrs. Crouch, and you shall be extinguished by throwing yourself into the Thames. But stay, that will never do. How can we represent a drysalter in the water?"

Poor as was the jest, we all laughed heartily, for its utterer was an acknowledged wag, and a rich man's tinsel will always pass current for genuine gold.

"Hill," resumed the dramatist, still gazing from the window, "you can never be dull here! plenty of society, eh? watermen and carmen, *Arcades omnes*, ever exchanging, in the same gentle strains that I now hear Amœbean lays worthy to be immortalised with the piscatory eclogues of the poet. How pastoral, too, the river's bank when the tide is out, and primroses and violets give their odours to the air in the form of drowned puppies and kittens! On a summer's evening I suppose you wander occasionally among yonder sugar hogsheads on the quay, singing aloud 'through circling sweets I freely rove,' or listening for the musical pattens of some housemaid Amaryllis. Well, well, don't look sheepfaced. *Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori*. Queenhithe is altogether a scene for lovers; and hark! don't I hear the feathered choir, the voice of birds?"

"Birds, sir, we have no birds here; the sound that you hear is the creaking of the cranes."

"Well, my good friend, and cranes are birds, arn't they?"

The wag was now the first to set the example of the laugh, in which we all heartily joined, and ere it had subsided dinner was announced.

In addition to Hill's besetting sin of imagining all his own geese, and all the geese of all his friends to be swans, he was an inexhaustible Quidnunc and gossip, delighting more especially to startle his hearers by the marvellous nature of his intelligence, not troubling his head about its veracity, for he was a great economist of truth; and striving to beat down and crush every doubt by ever-increasing vehemence of manner and extravagance of assertion. If you strained at a gnat he would instantly give you a camel to swallow; if you boggled at an improbability he would endeavour to force an impossibility down your throat, rising with the conscious necessity for exertion, for he was wonderfully demonstrative, until his veins swelled, his grey eyes goggled, his husky voice became inarticulate, his hands were stretched out with widely disparted fingers, and the first joint of each thumb was actually drawn backwards in the muscular tension occasioned by his excitement. Embody this description in the figure of a fat, florid, round little man, like a retired elderly Cupid, and you will see Hill maintaining a hyperbole, not to say a catachresis, with as much convulsive energy as if he believed it! And yet it is difficult to suppose that, deceived by his own excitement, and mistaking assertion for conviction, he did not sometimes succeed in imposing upon himself, however he might fail with his hearers; otherwise he would hardly wind up, as I have more than once heard him, by exclaiming,

"Sir, I affirm it with all the solemnity of a death-bed utterance, of a sacramental oath."

Blinded by agitation and vehemence he could no longer see the truth, and went on asseverating until he fancied that he believed what he was saying. This, however, was in the more rampant stage of the disorder: there was a previous one, in which he would look you sternly in the face, and in a tone that was meant to be conclusive, and to inflict a death-blow upon all incredulity, would emphatically ejaculate,

"Sir, I happen to *know* it!"

If this failed, if his hearer still looked sceptical, he would immediately play at double or quits with his first assertion, adding a hundred per cent. to it, and making the same addition to the positiveness with which he supported it, until he gradually reached the rabid state, in which he would not condescend to affirm any thing short of an impossibility, or to pledge any thing short of his existence to its literal veracity.

This would seem to involve a *reductio ad absurdum* from which it was impossible to escape; but our Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was an adroit dodger, and when he saw that his position, spite of his most solemn averments, was no longer tenable, he would abandon it without beat of drum, take up some other which no one had ever disputed, and begin to defend it with an assumed ardour, as if the new ground had been all along the sole object of controversy. It was a standing joke with Hill's friends to decoy him into some extravagant statement which "he happened to know;" to see him lash himself into fury as he attempted to flounder and bluster out of the meshes in which he became every moment more deeply entangled; and to mark the quietude with which he would finally desert the falsehood for which he had battled so fiercely, and entrench himself in some totally irrelevant truism which he knew to be unassailable.

An opportunity of playing upon this foible soon occurred, and Colman was not the man to suffer it to escape. After dinner our host placed upon the table some *Vin de Jurançon*, introducing it with his usual flourish of blatant trumpets, as the growth of a small district on the northern frontiers of Spain, of impossible obtainment, and of a most exquisite flavour. After tasting it, universal assent, a very rare sequence to one of Hill's averments, was instantly granted to the latter clause, and the dramatist, whose potent Bacchanalian sympathies were instantly aroused, exclaimed, as he smacked his lips and refilled his glass,

"Hill, this is really capital stuff! where can I get some of it?"

"Nowhere, sir! it's not to be had for love or money, sir; they have none of it in Carlton House; the prince would give his ears for a bottle, but there's not one, not a pint of it to be had in all England, for I bought up the whole of the only lot that was imported."

"Glad to hear it, Hill, for I suppose you possess a good quantity."

"Sir, I have twenty-seven dozen, and eight bottles in that closet."

"Indeed! I should not have thought it would hold so many. Are you quite pellucid, quite clear as to the quantity; sure you have made no mistake?"

"You're right, you're right! I recollect now, I have made a mistake, it was *forty-seven* dozen and eight bottles."

"What in that small closet? Impossible, my dear Hill!"

Two or three of the company, anxious to see the maximum to which these glass-men in buckram might be multiplied, maintained that the quantity mentioned might easily be stowed away in the closet, small as it undoubtedly was; whereupon our Amphitryon, with a brow-beating air, and a tone that were meant to challenge further doubt, exclaimed—

"This is not a matter for discussion, it is a question of fact, and what I have asserted I happen to *know*, d'ye hear me, sir, I *know* it, for I counted the bottles twice over this very morning, twice, I tell you. Is that evidence, and does it, or does it not establish the fact?"

A menacing look was cast around the room to see who would dare to pick up the gauntlet, but we all waited for Colman, who quietly asked,—

"Have you altered, or put any additional shelves in that closet since you showed me your scarce books in it last week?"

"No; I have only taken out the books and put in the wine."

"Then, if you will produce the key and open the door of the closet, which you cannot refuse to do, I will not only pledge myself to show that you have not more than *four* dozen and eight bottles, but I will prove by measurement, the physical impossibility of its containing more than that quantity."

Numeration of bottles and measurement of shelves were so little congenial to Hill's frame of mind, that he saw the necessity for changing the *venue*, as the lawyers say, and instantly exclaimed, with an air of indignant surprise,—

"Well, sir, and would you deny that four dozen and eight bottles of *Vin de Jurançon*, is a capital stock? Will you name me the wine-merchant in all London that can supply you such another stock? Pooh, pooh! don't tell me. I know what I'm talking about. Do *you* know such a wine-merchant in all England, do *you*, or *you*, or *you*? No, not one of you. I was quite sure of it. *That* is all that I ever maintained, and you now admit it. Ah! I was quite sure you would end by acknowledging all that I have ever asserted. Pooh! pooh! I happened to know it."

A general laugh attested our sense of this Protean substitution, and the butt of our merriment, notwithstanding the large reduction we had already effected in his nominal stock of wine, thought it wise to propitiate us by fresh and frequent extracts from the measurement four dozen and eight.

The lion of the night now betook himself so sedulously to his potations that he had no leisure to roar for our amusement, and at a later hour our host, knowing his habits, plied him with hot brandy-and-water, under the influence of which he finally fell fast asleep in his arm-chair. While Homer was thus nodding, the Mæcenas of Queenhithe entertained us with a partial recapitulation of the "many hundreds" of literati, artists, actors, and scholars, particularly and proudly specifying Professor Porson, who had dined with him at different times; or, to use his own words, who had had their *legs under his mahogany*, rather a homely version of Horace's *sub iisdem trabibus*.

Some weeks after this dinner-party, I accompanied Hill in a morning visit to Colman at Melina Place, in the rules of the Bench, in which locality his pecuniary embarrassments had long compelled him to reside. He invited us to return and sup with him, but an engagement unfortunately prevented my compliance, and I never afterwards had an opportunity of personally encountering George Colman, the younger.

Pleasant and kind-hearted as he was, Colman was by no means free from the petulance of the irritable race, an impeachment which will be admitted by any of my readers (alas! they *can* be but few!), who may recollect the first appearance of the "Iron Chest," in 1796. The audience were put out of humour by the prosy character of Old Adam Winterton, personated by Mr. Dodd; but the author, imagining that the partial failure of the first night was attributable to the tame acting of John Kemble, rashly penned a most sarcastic and illiberal attack upon him, which he published in a preface to the play. His cooler judgment, however, induced him to suppress it, a confession of its injustice, which induced a "candid and discerning public" to pay thirty and even forty shillings for the first edition! Some years afterwards, I remember telling Hill that I wanted a copy for a friend, and had been unable to find one.

"Not find one! no, of course you can't. Why didn't you come to me? I happen to have scores, hundreds."

I took *one* copy, and left the remaining hundreds *in nubibus*.

Colman afforded another instance of his touchiness, by his furious onslaught on the reviewers, who, in noticing his poems, entitled "My Night Gown and Slippers," had justly condemned the ribaldry which polluted the writer's wit, and referring to his mature years, had applied to him the reproach addressed to Falstaff, "How ill gray hairs become a fool and jester!" Here he had not only a bad, but an indefensible case, and his anger and vituperation of his judges only served to confirm the justice of their sentence. Strange! that the man who, as a writer of harmless farces had sheltered himself under the *nom de guerre* of Arthur Griffinhoof, should not only avow, but attempt to defend an objectionable volume of poems. Stranger still, that the same writer who had allowed himself so very broad a latitude in his own plays should, when he became dramatic licenser, exercise a squeamish fastidiousness in supervising the works of others, which could hardly have been surpassed by a Puritan Mawworm. As if for the purpose of illustrating Swift's position, that a nice man is a man of nasty ideas, his prurient delicacy discovered inmodest meanings where none were dreamt of by the writers; the name of the deity, however reverently introduced, was instantly expunged; and all sorts of swearing, even where conventional usage sanctioned it as a venial expletive, was blotted out by the sanctimonious censor. *Apropos* to this rigour, I remember an anecdote of my friend Tom Dibdin, some one talking to him about his forthcoming play, asked him where the scene was laid, "At Rotter," was the reply.

"Rotter! where's that? I never heard of such a place."

"Nor I either," resumed the playwright, "it *was* Rotter-dam, but Colman has struck out the *dam*."

Though I saw so little of Colman himself I was well acquainted with the majority of his dramatic works, having been present on the first night's performance of the "Iron Chest," in 1796; of "Bluebeard," in 1798; of the "Poor Gentleman," in 1802; of "John Bull," in 1805; of the "Heir-at-Law," "Blue Devils," the "Review," and "Love laughs at Locksmiths." For a long term of years, indeed, I was never absent from a first night's performance at either of the patent theatres. *Heu! quantum mutatus ab illo Hectore!* I, who in those days always had an admission-ticket for the season, and by an annual retaining fee generally secured the best seat in the best box, now suffer many a year to elapse without ever entering a theatre!

Before I close this brief and slight notice of George Colman, the younger, let me communicate to my readers the pleasure that I myself feel in recording that his widow, the once beautiful and fascinating actress, Mrs. Gibbs, is still living in good health, at one of our fashionable watering-places. If I cannot say in the inflated language applied by Dr. Johnson to Garrick, that her retirement from the stage "diminished the public stock of harmless pleasure and eclipsed the gaiety of nations," I venture to predict that she, whose rare histrionic talent afforded so much delight to playgoers in her youth and maturity, will receive their cordial and unanimous wishes for the extension of her old age, in the enjoyment of health and happiness.

ADRIEN ROUX;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A COURIER.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO, ESQ.

CHAP. XII.

I LEAVE SIR JOHN CHUBB'S SERVICE—MONSIEUR CHASSEPOT BECOMES MY FRIEND—HIS MÉNAGE IN THE RUE DU TABOURG.

THE excitement caused by this adventure was very great throughout Orleans on the following day; indeed, it may be questioned whether any thing so stirring had befallen the city since its capture by the Pucelle. The attempted robbery was an affair common enough, but combined with abduction it assumed a highly romantic aspect. The delinquents, moreover, were gentlemen who had figured conspicuously but disadvantageously in the criminal annals of their country, and their capture was looked upon as a remarkable event. The police swaggered immediately, and Felix Chassepot—talkative on all subjects—had an amazing deal to say on this, but I was in point of fact the real hero of the story, and for four-and-twenty hours my promptitude and acuteness were the theme of universal discussion at the Hôtel de la Poste. Meanwhile a *procès-verbal* was drawn up, and Messieurs Binoche and Durastel were sent to prison to await their trial at the next assize.

Sir John Chubb was, to use his own expression, in a decided "fix." His share in the affair was such as reflected no credit either on his sagacity or his dignity. Had he exercised the commonest discretion he would not have been the dupe of two *fripons*, and if he had kept himself sober, he might, even at the eleventh hour, have availed himself of my warning. People whom you serve in spite of themselves are seldom the most grateful in return, especially if their vanity be wounded in the act. This was the case with Sir John, and his mortification at the *exposé* which, if he had listened to me, he might have avoided, completely outbalanced his recognition of my services at Montl'héry. Besides, with a feeling common to vulgar minds, he considered that he had settled that question by the money which he gave me, and I soon perceived that his friendly feeling had abated. For my own part, when I came to think over the matter, I could perceive nothing very alluring in the perspective. There was "confusion in the camp of King Agramant." Miss Eliza Chubb, the victim of parental severity on one hand, and of betrayed affections on the other, was in a state bordering on despair and almost dissolved in tears; her confidante, Miss Maddox, louder in her sorrow, was no less demonstrative in the denunciation of "perfidious man," counts, colonels, valet de chambres, and "whipper snapper boys of fifteen," being specially designated in her commination; and from the moment Sir John woke on the morning after the discovery, he had done nothing but quarrel with Lady Chubb, whose temper, never of the best, was by no means improved in consequence.

It was, therefore, little to my surprise or regret—under the circum-

stances—that I received an intimation from my master of his intention to dispense with my services.

“I was a pretty fool,” said he, in his habitual soliloquising manner, “to come here at all—but catch me going any further ; no ! back to England do I go the very moment I’ve done with these johnny darms and commissaries. A parcel of swindling rascals ! There’s not a man in France that doesn’t deserve to be flogged at the cart’s tail ; if I had ’em in the city I’d give it ’em. As for you, Roo, as I’m going to leave off travelling and couriering altogether, I shan’t want you any more. Here’s twenty frongs for your wages since I hired you three days ago, and now you may take yourself off as fast as you please !”

This was sufficiently cavalier treatment, and I felt my cheeks glow at the summary way in which I was dismissed. For the moment I half repented me of having prevented the confederates from executing their project, and I believe if the situation could have occurred again I should have allowed matters to take their course. I would not, however, accept Sir John’s money.

“Gardez votre argent,” said I, in a contemptuous tone, “ce n’est pas avec de l’or qu’on recompense les gens qui vous ont conservé l’honneur !”

I was too much irritated to remember that this indignant sentiment, being uttered in French, would be entirely thrown away upon him, though he could be at no loss to understand my actions.

“What the d—l is the fellow chattering about ? why don’t you speak English ? How do I know what you mean with your ‘arjong’ and ‘honnor.’ D—n me, if a Frenchman can open his mouth without bringing them in. I take it they’ve about as much of one as they have of the other ! Why, the fellow’s as red in the face as a turkey-cock. Curst if he hasn’t walked off without his wages. Here, Roo, come back and take your twenty frongs.”

But I had turned on my heel and left the apartment, though I could hear his voice still growling after me in vain.

Let me here put an end to the episode of Sir John Chubb and his family—at least for the present. He fulfilled his threat, for as soon as the depositions were completed, he once more betook himself to the *Manuel du Voyageur* and the *Livre de Poste*, and departed homewards a sadder if not a wiser man than when he first set out. I was amongst the crowd assembled to witness his departure, but I did not put myself prominently forward, being content merely to catch the eye of Mademoiselle Caroline, who nodded to me in a friendly manner in return for the deep obeisance which I made with my hand pressed on my heart.

There was some cheering as Sir John got into his carriage, but still more when he drove off, though as the gentlemen who figured most in the charivari were the repulsed *ciceroni* of Orleans, it may be questioned whether their voices were raised in his honour ; indeed, whoever listened attentively, might at once have satisfied his mind on the subject, for the national salutation which is generally given to Englishmen in France, formed an unmistakeable part of the valediction.

I was thus, within the brief space of three days, once more my own master. I was too young to feel the burden of the world on my shoulders, and all things were so new to me that every change seemed pleasant. Still I was aware that something must necessarily be done,

that the residue of my fifty francs was not a provision for life, and that unless I procured an *état*, the acquaintance which I had already formed with the *marechaussé* might ripen into an intimacy more close than agreeable.

I was pondering on the matter in the basse cour of the Hôtel de la Poste, on the same bench where I had discovered Felix Chassepot, when I told him of the conspiracy against Sir John Chubb, when my attention was roused by the appearance of that worthy at an open window just beside where I was sitting.

"What is the matter, Adrien?" said the good-natured cook, "what are you doing there in that thoughtful attitude? I thought Sare Chobb was already gone."

"It is precisely for that reason, monsieur," returned I, "that you see me here. I am no longer in the Englishman's service."

"Not in his service!" exclaimed Chassepot, with astonishment; "how comes that about? I should have fancied you had established a claim upon him for ever. What has happened?"

There seemed to be so much real interest shown by Monsieur Felix, that I did not hesitate to tell him all that had occurred, from the hour of my abrupt departure from Bourg la Reine up to that time, and on his questioning me still further, I added all I knew of my history from the earliest period of my recollection.

The worthy old cook listened with attention to my narrative, interrupting its course only to make an occasional exclamation, accompanied by a strange grimace, or an appeal to his snuff-box. When I had made an end he shrugged up his shoulders, compressed his lips closely, puckered his forehead into a thousand wrinkles, and gazed at me fixedly for a minute or two without speaking.

At length he broke silence.

"Eh bien, mon pauvre garçon, qu'est-ce-que tu vas faire à present?"

"I don't know," I replied.

"Sais-tu faire la cuisine?"

I shook my head.

"Tant soit peu?" he suggested.

"Not the least in the world," I answered. "The only skill I have is in being able to groom and physic a horse, bring him to life when he is dying, and ride him to death when well. I can also clip and trim a poodle, sing a few songs, repeat the 'contes bleues' by heart, read and write, speak English, and swear—when I am vexed—like a postilion."

Monsieur Chassepot laughed, as much perhaps, at the energy with which I detailed my accomplishments as at the nature of them.

"Et l'amour?" he asked; "you have forgotten Mam'selle Maddoc."

"Oh, nonsense," I replied, but blushing, no doubt, as I spoke; "besides, I am satisfied I made no conquest there."

"Well," returned Monsieur Chassepot, "of all the things which you have enumerated, though the list is not a very long one, none of them belong to my *metier*—except," he added, correcting himself, "the two last. There are many contretemps that befall the science of the *cuisine* which justify the use of language not to be found in the dictionary of the academy, or in the sermons preached at Lent, but except any thing goes wrong with my art my oaths are very innocent ones. As to love," he continued, with a grave smile,—"See, I am fifty years of age and up-

wards, and Madame Chassepot being gone"—here there was a comical sort of sigh—"I am still single. Judge, then, what must have been my career ! He who marries when he is young exhausts the tender passion before he knows its value. It is like roasting a leveret only a week old—it disappears at the first mouthful, and leaves no flavour behind. Mais l'homme sage," he pursued, slowly savouring a profound pinch of snuff, "the wise man husband his resources, he kills his game in season, and nêver fails to enjoy a dinner fit for the gods !"

Here he paused in a meditative mood, in which he remained absorbed for a few moments. Then rubbing his chin with energy, he resumed,

"But this is not your affair, Adrien—at least not yet. If you had known ever so little of cookery I think I could have done something for you under my own eye. But to make you a mere *marmiton* when your genius lies another way ! No ! the world shall acknowledge that a cook knew how to be disinterested ! You are right ; your vocation calls you to the saddle and the coach-box. Nature has designed you for a courier, and a courier you will become."

"I have not the least doubt of it," I observed, "provided the opportunity offers."

"Yes, opportunity is necessary. One can't make a *consommé* without meat. But every thing happens for those who are ready to take advantage of events. It is the knowledge of this secret that makes great men. The emperor would never have won the Battle of Austerlitz, nor Monsieur Le Gacque have triumphed over a braised turkey if the favourable moment had not been seized. See what it is to have genius ! And you, too, mon garçon, the day will come, I predict, when you will say, 'I also am famous !' There is a fame for every one," continued Monsieur Chassepot, warming with his subject ; "some gain it at the point of the bayonet, others at the end of the telescope ; some, like the Cardinal de Richelieu, by length of head ; others, like the illustrious Vestris, by lightness of foot ; the great Corneille acquired his fame by writing fine tragedies, Monsieur Talma by acting them : Mongolfier was famous for inventing a balloon, cette pauvre Madame Blanchard for killing herself by tumbling out of one. What was the fame of Cambacères ? Giving good dinners ! What that of Beauvilliers ? Inventing them ! Romeo and Juliet both died for love ; Vatel, the chef of the Grand Condé, fell on his own sword ! All these were famous ! Fame sits on the author's pen or swells triumphant from the musician's fingers. One day she places a golden chaplet on the poet's brow, on the next she seeks the atelier of the artist. Nor does she confine her favours to man. The architect who built the Cathedral of Strasbourg is famous, but so are its pâtés de foie gras ! Perigord produced the Prince de Talleyrand, but Perigord is no less famous for truffles. So you see, Adrien, there is a chance for every body and every thing."

If I was not absolutely bewildered by Monsieur Chassepot's logic, I was certainly captivated by his eloquence and the earnestness, with which he entered into the subject of my future fortunes. He presently gave me a more substantial proof of the interest with which I had inspired him than mere words could demonstrate. His private *ménage*, he said, was small, but comfortable ; an apartment, *au troisième*, in the Rue du Tabourg, whither he repaired when the labours of the day were over, and where, he said, he prepared his mind for the exercise of his art. I should be his guest for a time ; he doubted not the period would be a brief one,

for his acquaintance was large, and lay a good deal among the *valetaille*—the couriers and other appendages of rich travellers—from whom he should be sure soon of something likely to suit me.

"A cook," he remarked, "is a public character, even in a cabaret; how much more so in the first hotel on the great highway from Paris to Madrid and the Mediterranean. Besides, he did not depend on casual visitors. He had served in the emperor's *cuisine*—his *garde de bouche*—and though the dynasty was no more, he had still friends at court, and they sometimes came to see him."

He added much more to the same effect, would take no denial, and his occupation for the evening being at an end, he advised me to make a packet of my effects, and accompany him at once to his domicile.

My slender wardrobe was soon made up into a bundle; and when I came down stairs with it, I found the *chef* impatiently waiting for me under the *porte cochère* of the hotel.

"A la bonne heure," said the little man; "depechons, pas accéléré! Hein!"

And, with the air of a grenadier, he led the way to the Rue du Tabourg.

Every one who is acquainted with the city of Orleans, must remember what kind of street the Rue du Tabourg is, with its old houses so curiously carved and decorated, and in so crazy a condition, that they seem as if every moment about to bury the inhabitants in their ruins. Antiquarians gaze at them with delight, but people of this world with a wholesome fear; and the impression generally left on the mind of a stranger is, that they who choose their abodes in these toppling tenements must possess no ordinary strength of nerve. This impression, however, disappears on a more intimate acquaintance, for although the walls are, for the most part, very much out of the perpendicular, and the stair-cases peculiarly crooked, as if every house had suffered from some violent internal convulsion, and although the casements appear to eye you with very sinister glances, as if they were warning you off the premises, you may still tread with an assured step, the solidity of the timbers, and the massiveness of the stone supports, offering a perfect guarantee against accident for at least a century to come.

These old houses, though awkward to get at, are, after all, very comfortably constructed within, and it was probably this consideration which had induced Monsieur Felix Chassepot to select one of them as his domicile, in preference to a more modern edifice, such as he might have found in the Rue du Banier, or elsewhere. He marshalled me up-stairs with a very feudal air, leading the way, and humanely calling out at every landing-place, that the risk of my breaking my neck in the utter darkness which pervaded, might in a degree, be diminished. We reached the *troisième étage* in safety, and after a little fumbling for the key-hole, and one or two exclamations, indicating the possibility of its having altogether disappeared, the key turned in the lock, and Monsieur Chassepot ushered me into his principal chamber.

The twilight was too dim to enable me at first to discover more than that the room was of large dimensions; but by the aid of a lamp, which was speedily lit, I soon became better acquainted with its appearance. I had leisure to survey it, for Monsieur Chassepot, after welcoming me to

his apartment by a cordial grasp of the hand, immediately set to work to prepare supper.

"Allons donc, mon cher," he exclaimed, whipping off his hat and coat, and instantaneously replacing them by his white night-cap and apron, "nous aurons un fameux regal ! I never enjoy any thing so much as what I prepare at home. What say you to a 'côtelette de porc, sauce Robert,' 'filets de volaille, au suprême,' 'champignons à la Langue-docienne,' an 'omelette aux fines herbes,' some 'cotignâc d'Orleans,' a morceau de fromage de Gruyère, a salad, and a good bottle of vin de Bordeaux ?"

My mouth watered involuntarily at the bare mention of these delicacies. I was perfectly ignorant of their quality, having never heard their names before, nor dined upon any thing better than was afforded by the somewhat coarse *cuisine* of the "Cheval Rouge," in the Rue St. Jacques, or reached me through the kindness of Perette, at Bourg la Reine ; but, from the unction with which Monsieur Chassepot enumerated the several dishes, I could not for a moment doubt their excellence. My great wonder was to think where they were all to come from, or how they could be prepared by one man's labour. My first doubt was removed by the door of a large cupboard being thrown back, and displaying a range of utensils, containing the materials for a host of *plats*.

"I generally have some one to sup with me," said the hospitable little man ; "sometimes two or three—never more than three, for a supper should not exceed a *partie quarrée*—so that I am always prepared ; and this is the way I set about it."

With marvellous celerity he plunged into the heart of his mystery, and in less time than I could have thought it possible for him merely to have kindled the braise under his stew-pans—of which a brilliant row hung glittering above a wide stove on one side of the fire-place—the hissing of lard, the cracking of egg-shells, and the sinuering of half-a-dozen savoury condiments, showed that the great work was in a fair way of arriving at perfection. While he was engaged, with an activity which seemed to multiply his solitary pair of hands into the number of those of Briareus, I turned to examine the chamber.

It was, as I have said, a large one, but not very lofty ; and the discoloured hue of the ceiling, scarcely to be distinguished from the beams which intersected it, afforded strong evidence that Monsieur Chassepot's speech was sooth when he averred that many suppers were cooked in it ; this ceiling was, however, stained in a rich, warm, smoky tone, which harmonised well with the dusky aspect of the oaken wainscot, wherever it was visible. A broad-latticed casement, stretching almost entirely across the front of the room, supplied the place of separate windows, and would no doubt, in the daytime, have let a good deal of light into the apartment, had the Rue du Tabourg been rather less narrow, the houses opposite not quite so lofty, and the panes of glass less obscured than they were with the accumulated dust of centuries. As it was, it was only here and there that a gleam of light found admission through a small diamond-pane, which had apparently been polished with some labour, perhaps to afford Monsieur Chassepot the means of reconnoitering the exterior world, without exposing his person to view, or laying open his own territory to observation. For such a purpose the casement also offered other facilities, as the thickness of the deep embrasure in which it was

built, formed a long and convenient seat. The furniture of the room was heavy, and of a very antique fashion; two large *armoires* faced each other in corresponding corners; a book-case occupied a space opposite the fire-place; a large round table stood in the midst; a mirror, from the back of which nearly all the quicksilver had departed, and which thus reflected objects only in irregular streaks, hung in solitary, smirched splendour, and the walls were almost covered with pictures of various sizes, some of them oil-paintings, but the greater number small prints set in ebony frames, and hung up wherever there was room for them. The branch of art which Monsieur Chassepot appeared chiefly to affect was portraiture, and he explained the reason afterwards, but this taste was not indulged in to the absolute exclusion of other subjects, amongst which pieces of still-life predominated.

I was called away from the contemplation of these and other objects that decorated the apartment, by the intimation that the “*suprême de volaille*,” the omelette, the pork cutlet, and the other *et-ceteras*, were just ready. I assisted in spreading the cloth, and in a few minutes the smoking dishes were on the board.

CHAP. XIII.

MONSIEUR CHASSEPOT'S PICTURE-GALLERY — THE GREAT MEN OF FRANCE—HIS IDEAS OF ENGLISH COOKERY.

FOR at least half-an-hour, the silence with which we began our meal was unbroken, save by certain exclamations of pleasure on my part; for Monsieur Chassepot was too experienced an artist, and too profound a *gastronome*, to allow his dishes to run the risk of being spoiled by conversation. What he did from prudence, hunger caused me to imitate, though I have since learned that a keen appetite is any thing but a necessary condition for the proper enjoyment of a scientific repast, and that the real triumph of cookery consists in stimulating the satiated appetite to renewed exertion.

At length, when the pork cutlets, the *suprême*, the mushrooms, the omelette, and the delicious quince marmalade, were all fairly discussed, and nothing remained but the Gruyère and salad—when Monsieur Chassepot drew the long cork from the bottle of Bordeaux, which had stood like a sentinel over our repast, and when, for the first time, I tasted the pure vintage of Medoc, we mutually found our tongues.

The rule, indeed, which enjoins silence in eating, is reversed in drinking. This my host very well knew; and he was one of those who never suffered his talents for conversation to be unnecessarily obscured.

“Eh bien, Adrien,” said he, “comment trouvez-vous ça?” and he himself smacked his lips with infinite *gusto*.

“Quite exquisite,” I replied—and I could have said nothing more to the purpose had I been a professed *gourmet*—“but it seems to me that every thing that surrounds you is the best of its kind. I used to think the *fricot* that Chicou and I ate in the open air, behind his *boutique*, on the Pont Neuf, the nicest thing I had ever tasted, but it was nothing to the—the—*quelque chose de volaille*, or the cutlet with the sauce Gobert.”

“Robert, mon ami,” said Monsieur Chassepot, mildly correcting me,

"it was named after the great man who invented it, and whose portrait you see there, the third on the right hand from the chimney-piece."

"Is that, indeed his picture?" I asked, "he has a very clever face, and pray whose are all those heads I see round the room?"

A gleam of pride lit up Monsieur Chassepot's eyes, which was tempered, however, by a melancholy smile on his lips, as he replied,—

"Ah! those portraits! Some of them are his predecessors in art, some his illustrious rivals, and some his worthiest successors. With the exception of two or three, such as the Emperor, the grand chamberlain Cambacères, and his late majesty Louis Dixhuit, they are all the resemblances of those who have most distinguished themselves in the profession which I have the honour to follow. That pale, anxious countenance," he continued, pointing to a picture which hung over the fire-place, "is the portrait of the celebrated man, the martyr to our cause, whose name I have already mentioned to you this evening. It is that of the Jean Jacques of the cuisine, the sensitive Vatel, whose history, of course, you remember. It is a modern work of art, but painted by a very eminent person, Monsieur Girodet; he excelled in depicting the human countenance when miserable; he had for his authority only a bad print from an old edition of the letters of Madame de Sévigné, but it was enough,—he has preserved the traditional likeness, and invested the features with all the sublime agony of the moment. Can you not trace in the workings of that contracted brow, in the compression of those thin lips, the deep despair that was at work within when he knew that the *marée* would arrive too late, and the stern sense of honour which would not allow him to survive disgrace."

I looked very earnestly at the picture as Monsieur Chassepot spoke, but whether his vivid imagination discovered things which were not, or my imperfect connoisseurship would not allow me to see those which were, I cannot take upon me to say; but the sole idea excited by the portrait in my mind was, that of a gentleman of a very ghastly aspect, in which a misty blue and yellow strove for predominance, who seemed to be suffering from a severe attack of stomach-ache. I had, however, sufficient intuitive tact to keep me from giving utterance to this opinion, and not knowing any thing of the tragical history of Monsieur Vatel, I thought it best to chime in with the expressions of my hospitable entertainer.

"Poor fellow," pursued Monsieur Chassepot, musing, "he had not slept for twelve nights for thinking of the *rôti manqué* at the king's table, he lost his head, and then came the *coup de grace*, in the shape of two baskets of sea-fish, when he had looked for a score. As he well said, it was an affront which he could not support. He placed the hilt of his sword against his chamber door, and died like a Roman. Mark Antony did no more! But he was not without a friend. Gourville, whose portrait you see beside him, did his best to repair his loss and sustain his honour. As the charming Madame de Sévigné says,—'On soupa, on se promena, on joua, on fut à la chasse; tout était parfumé de jonquilles; tout était enchanté.' Let us drink to the memory of those noble friends!"

With the bumper which he quaffed to the names of Vatel, the spirits of Monsieur Chassepot regained their accustomed level.

"There also is a great man, but he was a happy one. He created a reputation which survived him. His contemporaries knew his worth

and posterity will adore him. His lot is cast with that of Raffaele and Leonardo da Vinci."

"Of whom do you speak?" I inquired.

"Of Antoine Beauvilliers," replied Monsieur Chassepot; "look at his portly figure, his triple chin, his broad, joyous face, and the light that sparkles in his large grey eye. Ah! there was a brain in that head. What a career was his! In his youth a sous-chef at Versailles in the reign of Louis Quinze. For fifteen years the idol of the court of Marie Antoinette! Obscured only for a moment during the Reign of Terror, but beaming forth with fresh lustre when patriotism and cookery revived under the Directory. Almost a fourth consul, for his functions were co-ordinate with those of Cambacères. The standard of taste throughout the imperial régime; flattered even by the Restoration, and sinking sublimely to repose after the foundation of a restaurant, itself an immortality! All is comprised in the simple inscription which you may read in letters of gold beneath his portrait, 'Antoine Beauvilliers, né à Paris, 1754. Mort le 31 Janvier, 1817.' He not only benefitted mankind by his practice, but left golden maxims behind him for their future happiness. That volume, the nearest to you on the bottom shelf of the bookcase, contains them. It is his famous work, '*L'Art du Cuisinier*,' the plates in it are from his own designs!"

Again the Medoc sparkled in our glasses as we toasted the renowned *restaurateur*.

"That quiet, reflective face," continued Monsieur Chassepot, "which seems above the influence of all agitating emotions, is the portrait of perhaps the greatest philosopher of our art, the calm, comprehensive Carême, whose career has been throughout, a practical satire on his name, for none have produced more numerous or more striking inventions. Observe the slight, but firmly closed mouth, the thoughtful expression of the dark eye, the unwrinkled surface of the smooth cheek, so creamy in its colour and *velouté* in its texture. The professors of the gastronomic art have long been the victims of a cruel libel. It has been falsely said that 'all cooks are choleric;' we have only to look at my friend Carême—for he honours me with his friendship—to see the falsehood disproved. The alchemists escaped this great scandal, and their labours at the furnace were as untiring as our own; they simmered their metals to produce the *aurum potabile*, just as we prepare a *court bouillon*, or a *potage à la Reine*; they made their amalgams as we do sauces; their crucibles and retorts corresponded in their uses to our *marmites* and *bains maries*. There is, however, one difference between us; all their labours ended in smoke, while the only use we make of smoke is to turn our spits. There is much greater reason, therefore that the seekers after the great secret should have lost their tempers, rather than we, who are constantly making the most brilliant and useful discoveries. And yet cooks are called *irascible*, and alchemists are paraded as philosophers. I assure you, *mon cher Adrien*, it is impossible to ruffle the equanimity of Carême. I have studied much with him, and, *foi d'honnête homme*, I never once saw him in a passion! But this coolness of temperament is combined with the most magnificent ideas. He is a Napoleon in the vastness of his conceptions, and a Josephine in his regardlessness of expense. Nature and art have both formed him to live with princes. See, too, how he has devoted himself to literature. His '*Maître d'Hôtel Français*,' of which I have a

copy, enriched with his own marginal notes, is one of the most copious and conclusive works that ever issued from the press. His '*Patissier Pittoresque*,' is as fertile in inventive resources as it is gorgeous in description. And who, let me ask, but Carême could, from the convictions impressed upon him by spun sugar and pie-crust, have conceived the ideas which he has so sublimely set forth in his '*Projets d'Architecture pour les Embellissements de Paris et de St. Petersbourg*?' "

Monsieur Chassepot paused rather from lack of breath than argument, for his theme appeared inexhaustible, while I listened with a kind of breathless wonder.

Assuredly, if enthusiasm alone had been necessary to induce me to make cookery my vocation, I should have been well endowed by the lavish encomiums bestowed on its professors by Monsieur Chassepot.

He seemed to read what was passing in my thoughts, for he shook his head with a sort of mournful smile.

"Yes!" he said, "every one has his mission. Happy they who consecrate their talents to the advancement of useful knowledge! Carême still lives to adorn the world with his genius; we will drink his health, and couple with it the memory of that immortal dish, '*Oie à la Providence*,' which, by his peculiar treatment, he succeeded in making his own."

When the libation had been duly honoured, Monsieur Chassepot resumed :

"Here is another friend of mine," and he pointed to an engraving of a military-looking man in a coat covered with fur and frogs, whom at first I took for Murat, "already celebrated, and with a genius which will carry him a long way—Louis Eustache Ude. He has abandoned his native land for England. But he must not be blamed, for his motives were highly honourable, indeed philanthropical. There is a certain Seigneur Anglais—Milord Safton—*un homme de beaucoup d'esprit*—who made the acquaintance of my friend Ude at a famous dinner that was given in Paris, a few years since, by the Prince de Tancarville, with whom he then lived. Milord, while he stayed, used to go every day to see Eustache, to converse with him on his art,—for aught I know,—to endeavour to surprise his secrets! One thing is certain, he tried every thing in his power, made him the most magnificent offers, to induce him to leave the prince's service and go to England with him. But Eustache was firm, he owed every thing to the family of Montmorency; 'the premier cuisinier de France,' he said, with pride—a Frenchman has just right to praise himself—'must not disgrace the premier Baron Chrétien.' So he continued inflexible, till one day, milord had been praising very highly a ravigotte of Ude's invention, he yielded so far as to make him a promise, that when it should please Heaven to translate Monsieur de Tancarville from Paris to Paradise, he would accept milord's terms. The sad event took place soon after, and Eustache kept his word. He consoled himself for his banishment by the thought, that his name might go down to posterity as a missionary in a great cause, one of that sacred band who travelled to foreign climes to redeem the natives from barbarism. He has nobly redeemed his promise, for he writes me word, that already the English are, in certain quarters, beginning to leave off eating their meat raw, and have actually gone so far as to boil their vegetables!

When a nation progresses so rapidly in civilisation, it has a bright future before it!"

"And do the English know so little about cookery?" I asked.

"Absolutely nothing," returned Monsieur Chassepot, with derision; "how should it be otherwise? They live in an island entirely surrounded by the sea, and our professors could never be induced to go there. As to the travellers, so many of whom come to Paris every year, why do they visit us? Simply to dine. It is a fine harvest for the restaurateurs. You may give them any thing you like; they are quite as well pleased with a *gigôt de mouton* as with a *ragout de laitances de carpes*, and prefer a *bifteck aux pommes de terre* to a *ris de veau à la Dauphine*. They never ask for soup, and provided they can get plenty of Champagne, and Grog à discretion, they think they have sounded the depths of *la cuisine Française*."

"But how came that milord to be so good a judge?"

"How can I tell?" replied the little man, rather testily. "Perhaps he received his education in France; or it is likely he was one of the détenus of Verdun. Let us speak no more about them."

Monsieur Chassepot accordingly changed the subject, or rather he returned to the point from whence he had digressed, and continued to give me the history of the great men whose portraits adorned his walls, or whose works were to be found on his bookshelves. Amidst a multiplicity of names I retain only a few, such as Grimod de la Reynière, Leon Thiessé, Mauduit, Véry, Parmentier, Plumeret, Albert, and La Chapelle, several of whom were distinguished gastronomes without being professed masters. I remember these from the fact of their volumes being very entertaining, for I have often recurred to them at intervals when I have chanced to renew my visits to Monsieur Chassepot.

He was so led away by his subject, on the occasion of his first introducing me to his *ménage*, that it was late before he thought of providing my sleeping quarters. I had been accustomed to such rough couches, that I could have made my bed anywhere, but my host was too kind to permit this.

"A good supper," he said, "deserves a good bed," and it was not long before he had made me a very comfortable one in a small *pièce* adjoining his salon. When he saw me fairly into it he said,

"*Ah! vous voilà maintenant comme un coq en pâte!* Sleep as sound as you please, you are your own master at present. If you hear any noise early in the morning, you need not be disturbed. It will only be young Adolphe Simonet playing on his *cor-de-chasse*. He always begins about an hour before sun-rise and plays till it is time to go to work. As he is a tailor by trade, he has no other time to practise, for in the evening he always dances at the Guinguette at the Barrière de Limoges."

With these words he left me to my repose.

CHAP. XIV.

THE COR-DE-CHASSE—MADEMOISELLE ROSE—BOBECHÉ.

I SLEPT well, but not so soundly as to be unvisited by dreams. On the contrary, the events of the last few days were strangely mixed up with much that had happened years before, and with many things that could never by any possibility come to pass. There is no coherence in our

sleeping thoughts. If for a moment they reflect an image faithfully, in the next it is distorted into the most extravagant shape. Monsieur Chassepot's excellent supper had, no doubt, something to do with this, in spite of his assurance that the work of his hands would not interfere with the digestion of an infant ; but a good deal was, of course, attributable to the recent derangement of my ordinary course of life.

I cannot, at this distance of time, pretend to recall all I dreamt about, but I remember that Sir John Chubb figured principally in it, in the guise of a cook, with a white nightcap and apron ; that I saw him climbing a *mât de cognac*, fighting a duel in a church with Colonel Duval, and the only thing that had any reality about it, assailing every body he met with his bad French. All kinds of disasters seemed crowded together ; horses running away, carriages being overturned, women weeping, riotous couriers drinking and swearing, and crowds hurraing in a market-place. The last thing that made any impression was a grand military show, in which thousands of troops seemed advancing towards the spot where I stood, as to a common centre. As they drew nearer, I thought that the signal for a charge was given, on which bayonets gleamed, a heavy tramp came steadily on, and innumerable trumpets, bugles, and cymbals rent the air. The crash was terrific ; I struggled violently to avoid the shock, and in the efforts which I made, I awoke, the sound of the brazen instruments of war still clanging in my ears !

This, at least, was no fiction : for of all the discordant noises that ever vexed the drowsy ear of midnight or early morn, the notes poured forth immediately opposite my window, were the shrillest and most piercing. Though at first puzzled, I soon recollected where I was, and the cause of the disturbance against which I had been warned. It was the wretched young tailor who lived on the other side of the street, practising as he sat in bed on his accursed *cor-de-chasse* ! Once to be thoroughly awakened by such a demoniac instrument as a horn at the lips of a learner, was a perfect guarantee against the desire to go to sleep again, even if I had not been accustomed to rise as early as the melodious Simonet. I rose, therefore, and by daylight completed my survey of Monsieur Chassepot's interior, making myself better acquainted with the celebrities whom he had extolled so highly, than had I been able to do the night before.

When I had quite satisfied myself, I threw open one of the casements, and amused myself by reconnoitering the neighbourhood. The young tailor had relinquished his music for his more legitimate pursuit, exchanging a heavy labour for a light one, and, like most of the men whose occupations lay from home, was not visible in his apartment. But as street scenery has always charms for me, I was well enough content to remain at the window till Monsieur Chassepot should summon me to breakfast. There was, at any rate, variety enough in the view. Every house in the street five or six stories high, without counting some tiers of dormer windows, in the lofty roofs, and none of the apertures for light and air were very jealously guarded, so that in a short time I became tolerably familiar with the ménages of the different inhabitants. A general fondness for caged birds appeared to prevail, and the passion for them became more intense as their owner's dwellings crept nearer to the sky, though too far off to satisfy the longings of the feathered prisoners who still, however, strove to sing cheerfully. One house, nearly opposite ours, made a sin-

gular display, every available space between, below, and on each side of the windows being devoted to them; they were chiefly larks and canaries, and seemed the happiest lot in the street, it may be because they were so carefully tended to by a very pretty young woman, whose dark eyes I occasionally saw gleaming through a forest of linen, which was hanging to dry, and who, at rarer intervals, put out her head, artistically coiffée in a bright Madras handkerchief, to say some endearing word to one or other of her little pets. It was perhaps in the direction where she was engaged that I looked oftenest, and where I believe I was gazing when I was roused by a tap on the shoulder from behind. I turned, and saw Monsieur Chassepot's smiling countenance.

Seeing me up before him, he expressed a doubt of my having slept well, but I hastened to reassure him, admitting, however, that my *re-veillée* was partly owing to the *cor-de-chasse*. He laughed, and said it was all habit; while the sound was new to him he had never been able to sleep, but now he fancied it rather soothed his slumber than otherwise. I thought it would be a long time before I could reconcile myself to such a detestable noise, but I have since learnt better, and am now quite persuaded that an artilleryman may sleep as soundly in a battery from which salutes are being fired all day, as a courier on his horse, or a fine lady in her bed of down.

"And what are you looking at outside? Oh, I see, les serins de Mademoiselle Rose. Ah! la voilà; bonjour, mon enfant; comment ça-va?"

"Mais doucement, Monsieur Chassepot; et vous?"

"Parfaitement bien, ma petite. And your aunt?"

"She is better this morning, thanks to the bouillon which you sent her yesterday. It is the first thing she has enjoyed for many a day. I am really in hopes now that she will get round."

"She must try some more," said Monsieur Chassepot, in a lower tone of voice, evidently wishing that his kindness should not be bruited too loudly, "or a little—never mind, we shall see by and by. Keep up your courage, Rose; here is a young friend of mine shall be my deputy to-day."

A row of teeth, like pearls, shone on me as Rose smiled in reply to this introduction.

"Is monsieur fond of birds?" was her inquiry.

"I dare say he would much prefer their keeper," said the merry old man.

"You judge of others by yourself, Monsieur Chassepot," retorted Rose, laughing.

"Perhaps I may," he replied, "except in a professional point of view."

"Why you don't mean to say, Monsieur Chassepot, that you were ever so barbarous as to dress singing-birds for the table?"

"Ah! it is plain you have not been very far on the other side of the Loire, otherwise you would have thought more reverently of the *pâtés d'alouettes*. One of these days, Rose, I must come to you and string a few on my *broche*."

"Oh! quel monstre!" cried Mademoiselle Rose, with a grimace of affected horror, and she straightway beat a retreat, finding time, however, before she disappeared, to bestow a demure curtsy on me.

"She is a good girl," said Monsieur Chassepot, turning away, "and

the chief support of an old aunt and a large family of little brothers and sisters. Her father, a vigneron of the Val, died two years ago of a rheumatic fever,—her mother soon followed, and she was left to struggle with the world, her only near relation being an elder brother, whom, unfortunately, she very seldom sees, for his occupation is that which you intend to follow: he is a courier, and it does not often happen that he takes Orleans in his way, though, according to the old proverb, every body must go through it, sooner or later, before they die. When he does come, I promise you it is a fête with Mademoiselle Rose, for he is a kind-hearted fellow, and does what he can to help his sister. But, come, I must make some coffee,—you shall help me to roast it, and afterwards I shall leave you for a time.”

Several days passed away under the hospitable roof of Monsieur Chassepot without any material alteration taking place, except that, of course, I made the acquaintance of Mademoiselle Rose, whom I found as charming as I had anticipated. She was gay and *spirituel*, but not without a touch of sentiment—at times almost of sadness, which had its source in real depth of feeling, and showed itself in her commiseration for others. Her great charm in my eyes was her sincerity, but even had she been disposed to reserve, I think my own frankness must have elicited hers. I not only told her all that had occurred in my eventful life, but that which made a far higher and more important narrative, all I had been in the habit of thinking of since the time when I became alone, and first discovered that I was an *enfant trouvé*. She listened with the kindness of a sister to all I had to say, and brief as our intercourse had been, I soon felt for her all the affection of—what shall I say—a brother, or that which the world holds to be something dearer? No; it was not love, though it might have been, for I had already begun to feel that my heart was susceptible of impressions, and young as I was, I knew that the something existed which must be sought, but which perhaps had better be shunned. The beauty of Rose would of itself have been sufficient to kindle the brightest flame, but, attracted as I was towards her, and kind and affectionate as she showed herself, my hour had not yet come. Had I known that she sighed for another in secret, and that her regard for me was only pure feminine tenderness, my jealous vanity might have been roused, and I might, like other precocious lovers, have made myself supremely ridiculous; but nothing occurred to *froisser* my good opinion of myself, and the *liaison* that existed between us was a very pleasant one.

One evening as I was sitting with Monsieur Chassepot after his return from the Hôtel de la Poste, and our light, agreeable supper over, I was listening to some passages of his early life when he studied, as he termed it, under the great Beauvilliers, we heard the clatter of hoofs in the street, a horse was suddenly pulled up a few doors lower down, and a big, manly voice gave utterance hastily to the name of Rose.

“Tiens!” exclaimed Monsieur Chassepot, “c’est Bobèche!”

“And who is Bobèche,” I asked, “that he should come here with all this din?”

“Qui ça?” returned Monsieur Chassepot, “ah, I dare say you never heard of him by that name. You know that Mademoiselle Rose has a brother?”

“Certainly, and she has frequently spoken to me about him. But I

thought his christian name was Martin and the other, like hers, Caillou—Martin Caillou!”

“So it is in point of fact, but, for some reason that I never heard of, he is always called Bobèche, at least along the roads on which he travels. It is not a name familiar to his sister, and on that account you have never heard her use it, but ask for him by another at any of the places he frequents, at Paris, Lille, Lyons, or anywhere else, and you will get no news of him.”

I knew enough of the habits of the courier tribe not to be surprised at this intimation; indeed the greater part of my own acquaintance were known to me, and probably to themselves, only by their nicknames.

“Well,” said I, “and what sort of a fellow do *you* consider Bobèche?”

“A perfect specimen of his class—that is to say of a certain division of his class; the bold, dashing, adventurous, extravagant, swaggering set. He has travelled a great deal, knows a great deal, and talks a great deal. He possesses many qualities invaluable in a courier, and some which perhaps they would be better without. But he is a very useful fellow, and for training any one to follow his vocation I know no one better. Besides after all, he is *bon diable*, and may be trusted.”

I did not immediately catch the idea that was passing through the mind of Monsieur Chassepot as he spoke, but on the following day he unfolded himself more explicitly.

It was on his return to our usual *déjeuner à la fourchette* which he always took at home after having mapped out the plan of the day's *cuisine* at the hotel, that he entered into more particulars.

“I thought last night,” he said, “and I have been thinking again to-day, that if you have determined upon making a courier's life your *metier*, you could scarcely acquire the necessary experience more readily than by placing yourself under the care of Bobèche. I should have named him to you before if I had thought there was any likelihood of his coming to Orleans, but where to find him I knew not. His arrival last night struck me as most opportune, and I have already sounded him on the subject. He has promised to come here to breakfast and to bring with him his pretty sister Rose; that, I know, will be an attraction for you. Hark! I think I hear his step on the stair-case.”

Monsieur Chassepot was right, and I had only time to utter a few hasty words in gratitude for his kindness, when a tap at the door announced the arrival of the visitors.

Under other circumstances it would have been my duty first to have spoken of Mademoiselle Rose, but the reader being already acquainted with her I pass at once to her brother.

Martin Caillou, or Bobèche, as he was almost universally called, was a man apparently designed by Nature for a life of toil and travel. He was of gigantic stature, and his strong sinewy limbs and breadth of shoulders denoted, not only enormous strength, but great powers of endurance. There was, however, nothing clumsy in the massive construction of his frame, all the parts of which were in admirable proportion with each other, and his elastic step indicated corresponding activity. Years might probably bring corpulence in their train, but that period was evidently remote, and at present he was in all the freshness and vigour of five-and-twenty. His features were regular, and, though somewhat scorched by travel, might be considered handsome, dark eyes and full of

intelligence like those of his sister, adding greatly to their expression. His hair was intensely black, and grew in short, crisp curls all over his head, and his whiskers, large and full, and forming a semi-circle under his chin, completed the beau-ideal of a courier's natural gifts. He would have been unworthy of his calling, and something very different from what his inclinations prompted, if he had not cultivated the appearance of the outward man. His principal garment was a dark green frock-coat, thickly embroidered in fantastic curves with broad black braid, and profusely decorated with frogs, long barrel buttons, and braided loop-holes; the collar consisting of a sweeping roll of grey Angola wool, which seemed to curl and intermingle itself with his jetty whiskers, till they almost became one with it. The vest beneath this gorgeous upper garment, which was allowed to fly open and display its sable lining whenever the breeze caught it, was also dark green, and worked on the collar and at the pocket-holes in silver lace of a very graceful pattern,—and this style of ornament was apparent on the front of his tight-fitting pantaloons—still of the same hue, the contour of the lower limbs being defined by a narrow stripe of silver, until they met at the knee a pair of neatly made riding-boots, which were armed with heavy silver spurs of military fashion, being much curved, and garnished with large rowels. A black belt, with a lion-headed silver clasp, sustained a short *coûteau de chasse*, with a handsome handle bent in the form of the beak of a bird of prey—and on his head he wore a small green casquette, the band round it, the button at the top, and the rim of the peak being like all the other ornaments of his costume, of silver. I need not say that this was his holiday dress which he wore, quite as much to please his sister as to gratify his own vanity by the sensation which he produced in rustic and remote localities, and even, if the truth must be told, in all places whither females are in the habit of resorting. In the course of my experience at Bourg la Reine, I had seen many gay fellows, chasseurs, couriers, and conducteurs of diligences, all of whom delight in fine plumage, but I had never yet seen anybody who so thoroughly impressed me as Bobèche, with the dignity and grandeur of his position. The very *cravache* which he flourished with the air of a prince, seemed in his hands the *bâton* of a marshal of France.

Nothing could exceed the gaiety of Monsieur Chassepot at the meeting, and the preparations for breakfast which he straightway made, showed that he was desirous of pleasing his guests, and relied, not rashly on his skill, for the accomplishment of his purpose.

If the reader has just dined, the bill of fare will be a bore to him; if he be at this moment clamorous for that repast, I fear he will sit down discontented, unless, indeed, he is on his way to the *Café de Paris*. I therefore, forbear the description of the breakfast, simply contenting myself by saying that Bobèche swore it was the best he had ever eaten; but whether he was in the habit of taking this oath with every new *Amphitryon*, or spoke from internal conviction, I will not take upon me to decide. Suffice it, that all did justice to Monsieur Chassepot's efforts, not even excepting himself, and all were as merry as he wished us to be. Mademoiselle Rose laughed and talked with the most perfect gaiety of heart, and Bobèche, though rather loud in his demonstrations, also made himself very entertaining. I was in a state of absolute delight. It was the first time I had enjoyed myself so much since the days when I used to run wild in the forest of Saint Germain. It was the first time, moreover, that I had been

brought into contact with what I conceived to be a real hero ! I had listened with deep admiration to the wonderful break-neck adventures of Sans Ponces and Vapard, and had pondered over the wild legends of Bernard Landriot, and looked with a kind of awe on the rude Auvergnât as he told his dreary tales ; my astonishment had been excited at the marvellous lore, as it seemed to me, of Denis Pingré, the little marguillier of Saint Jacques du Haut Pas ; and I had envied the sharpness and ready wit of my friend Chicou ; but until now it struck me that I had never yet seen a man whose activity of disposition, mental energy, and personal appearance qualified him for any undertaking that required boldness and address for its successful achievement.

He soon saw that I was struck by his appearance, and my admiration pleasing him, he talked to me very good-naturedly ; said that he made no doubt I should one day be as clever as himself, and finally promised to see what he could do for me.

I learnt from his conversation that he was then travelling with the Marquis de Courtine, and an English gentleman, his friend, who were at present staying at Fontainebleau, from whence he had obtained a day or two's leave of absence, and had come over to Orleans to see his sister before he set out on a journey of some length, he believed into Germany, but the question was not yet settled. Who these gentlemen were, and how I became associated with their travels will appear hereafter.

OH ! THE HEART IT IS A TREASURE.

BY J. E. CARPENTER, ESQ.

I.

Oh ! the heart it is a treasure
That should not be lightly won,
To be thrown aside at pleasure,
When the festive hour is done :
'Tis a jewel that, to cherish,
Should be still thy dearest boast ;
For when all beside it perish,
Will its worth be known the most !

II.

If that heart for thee is beating,
Use it gently lest it break ;
Warm and tender be thy greeting,
'Twill grow fonder for thy sake !
And in sickness or in sorrow,
Let thy care its solace be ;
Then 'twill all its gladness borrow
From its sun of hope, in thee !

III.

Oh ! the heart it is a blessing,
In its freshness and its youth
Be it thine, 'mid thy caressing,
To preserve it in its truth ;
'Tis no worldly gem, at pleasure
To be worn or cast aside,
But a firm and priceless treasure,
And more valued when it's tried !

LIFE AND REMINISCENCES OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

CHAP. XI.

The Poet's Political Economy—Editorial Troubles—Mention of Moore—Senor Manoel de Goristiza—Pun of the Poet—Irving, the Scotch Minister—Habits, when at Work—Error of Sir Walter Scott—Campbell's sudden Caprices—Restlessness of Disposition.

SAY was the great French authority on political economy at this period; he was answered by Mr. S. Gray. Shortly afterwards Campbell got a review of Mr. Place's "Illustrations and Proofs of the Principle of Population" written; in which subject, too, he was for a time absorbed, as it was closely allied with the more general one. He warmly contended for the theory of Malthus, notwithstanding that author begs his main point. Mr. Place, some said, had set Godwin at rest; thus his arguments were worthy of universal notoriety; and so the poet thought. Day after day, calling upon Campbell, political economy came first upon the *tapis*; then followed Place on Godwin. Light literature was forgotten; poetry reposed on his library shelves; the Hebrew lexicon lay unopened; his favourite Greek was neglected; and his attention, when required for the magazine, was difficult to extort. Godwin, Malthus, Booth, and Place, were the burdens of the conversation. Here, too, the premises, on which many of the arguments on all sides had been founded, were to a certain extent begged in the data. There were then no correct statements of the population in England, no registrar-general's returns; in America it was not much better. Recourse was, therefore, had to certain Swedish documents, in the same position as to correctness. It was no matter, the interest excited continued unchanged. The state of the population at the Norman conquest was referred to in arguing the question, and this would give rise to a discussion on the correctness of the statement upon which the whole argument reposed. Campbell, as was his custom, argued warmly on the side of the question he had espoused, and it could easily be seen that he had his predilections. It was extremely hard to keep him to the cold fact; often impossible. He would have had more papers than one on the subject every month, but from reminding him that this topic was confined to the knowledge of few persons, and that a magazine was intended for readers of every class.

The topic, which for a time was so warmly discussed, became in turn exhausted; but it was extremely difficult to get Campbell to keep in remembrance the particular aim of the work. It has been stated, that though all articles were to be directed to the publisher, Campbell's name was so well known, and besides, so many were inclined to tender their services, competent or not, that articles were now and then delivered at his residence. Occasionally, he would be asked by a friend whether such and such a thing would suit him, and, without considering, he would reply, "Oh, yes; send it by all means." The article not being suitable, he found himself in a dilemma about returning it.

One day he received a paper upon a subject, treated with exceeding dryness, which he had obtained in this manner. I observed to him that it was too uninteresting for us. He replied, "I cannot help it now I have got it; I have promised its insertion." This article was entitled "The Republic of Plato," and appeared in the second year of his editorship. I took it home, and soon afterwards sent it to the printer. Campbell was so sensitive, and had spoken so strongly upon the article and its merits, that to raise further objections, after what he had said, would have offended him. This article appeared, or at least the first of a series of three. The result was a note from Mr. Colburn, to whom there were enough to be found ready to comment ill-naturedly, even when there was no ground for it; and besides, his own tact in such matters could not but have made him aware of the uninteresting, arid nature of the paper. I confessed the justice of the objection. I had done, in the way of endeavouring to set it aside, all I could. Campbell having promised, had I kept back the paper, a rupture would have been inevitable. I urged him to make only conditional promises in future: he admitted the good policy of thus acting, and sometimes remembered to do so when personally pressed. Once he called upon me, and left some verses he had received in this way, which he thought were original; instead of this, they were given him as a specimen, by an individual who wanted to get money for similar writings. He did not find this out until he got home again, when he sent me the following sentence in a characteristic note:

"Send me back the printed thing about Anacreon, which I left just now—it is from an infernal begging parson."

Campbell, who was exceedingly good-natured, and reluctant to give a denial to his friends, was not accustomed to say "No:" he disliked it, and spoke too often without reflection. This pressing contributions personally is at least ill-mannered: it was then too prevalent; and, in the present day, is far more a subject of annoyance than it was twenty years ago. It is in some respects, too, an insult, since it implies that the article is thus safely placed beyond the editor's imprimatur before examination.

The number of papers offered for the publication was considerable. On one occasion I called, and found the poet with two or three articles before him, writing to those who had sent them to him. "It is a shame for me to give you these," he said; "they are sent to me by a man I know: I ought to read and send them back myself—you have enough to return." I took the note he had written, in order to seal up the papers while he was writing a letter. I found they did not belong to the party to whom the note had been written. The note itself will serve to show how long and painstaking the poet was in inditing that which, if extended beyond three or four lines, it would have occupied a clerk a week to write and attach to all the monthly trifles received for the publication, if each had been returned with so exact an epistle.

"One of the most unpleasant parts of my duty as an editor, is being sometimes obliged to return their contributions to literary men for whom I entertain a high general respect. It is with much sincerity that I have to thank you for your former pieces, as well as the offer of the present. As you have done me the honour of submitting them to me, you will also, possibly, excuse my frankness in saying that I do not think them

quite as interesting as the preceding, and that I could only wish to retain the sonnet, the *Anacreontic*, and the epigrams.

"I have kept your MSS. to await your pleasure on this subject. If it be quite agreeable to let me publish those only, I shall be much obliged to you : but if it be of any consequence that they should be published together or not at all, I will return you the manuscript entire."

I remarked that he had taken too much pains ; that merely stating they were unsuitable would be enough, "I thought something of the kind, too," replied the poet, 'but I did not know where to stop.'

Sometimes, despite every precaution, writers sent to him directly, and he could not make out to what subject their letters bore relation. Then he would feel irritable and annoyed, in a way almost inconceivable. He would interrupt his immediate studies to write a note to myself, who was living not a hundred yards off, and it was most probable should be certain to see him in the evening of the same day. If I happened to be out, and he got no reply, he was impatient until he saw me.

"My good friend, can you tell me any thing about this pestilent fellow, who is claiming some nonsense or another he had sent to me, he says : perhaps you have got the article. I think I remember something about it. It was refused, I think. There is the Manchester post-mark. Will addressing the writer at Manchester do, think you ?"

I generally put an end to his queries by begging the application, carrying it off, and, if I had the article, returning it, or applying to the writer for a particular description, which would enable me to ransack the poet's study in search of it.

Yet, though thus irritable, and set out of his way by little things, I remember his telling me a story he had heard about Moore, whose friendship he valued above that of almost all other men. It was to the effect that Moore, having postponed dressing for a dinner-party until the last moment, and missing a knee-buckle, got so annoyed at the accident, that he sent off an apology for not accepting the invitation. "Only think of that," said Campbell. True or false, as Campbell heard the incident, it was highly illustrative of his own bearing upon annoyances even less trivial.

Continual hints to prevent dry articles coming to him, made from myself, would sometimes, I imagined, from my tenacity upon that point, make him oppose the introduction of any particularly light. I had mentioned to him an article of the latter character, with an eulogy upon it. He approved it ; and this being settled, we had a conversation about one of the driest description, which he had got a friend to write some time before, and which I thought unsuitable for the magazine. I bore too hardly, perhaps, in my opinion—harder than usual. The next morning I got a message from him, sent as if on second thoughts, that as I had argued against his article, that for which I had spoken should fare no better. "I have been thinking, since yesterday, about the article on the 'Heat of the Weather,' and I have too much confidence in your candour and friendship to hesitate in communicating to you, after all, my doubts if it will exactly suit. It is an easy, pleasant, light paper, no doubt ; but still, I think we have too many light articles, and should seek for striking ones." I thought I had been the cause of this rejection by my previous remarks. I saw the paper in the *London Magazine*, the very next month, and had my little retaliation by telling him of it, as he had had his by its

rejection. It must be added that this was only surmise; but my long acquaintance with his bearing, and a certain *je ne sais quoi* about the matter, led me to believe I was not mistaken. It was the only time such a circumstance occurred during our ten years' labour together.

Among the more distinguished contributors to the Magazine, the name of Goristiza has been enumerated. This distinguished Spaniard is now in Mexico, in the diplomatic service of which country he has rendered it great benefits. Campbell, who had not read much of Spanish literature, always, among the modern nations, giving a preference to that of Germany, was much pleased at picking up, in conversation from a living writer of such high merit, information upon points of a general nature, in relation to the writings of some of those Spanish authors who were known to him more by repute than perusal. Blanco White was a melancholy man, whose studies were principally directed to the more abstruse writings of his countrymen. Goristiza was a man of the world, well read in the whole circle of Spanish literature, of easy manners, and rather vivacious temperament. He became an exile when the constitution was established, which he supported with ardour, and consequently incurred the hatred of the miserable being whom Wellington restored to the full plenitude of power on the throne of his predecessors; to do all that dishonours human reason and degrades nations. With small pecuniary means, but a truly noble mind, Goristiza fled into France, and doubting there of his security under the rule of the king whom foreigners had also replaced there, and who had taken up arms by the tacit consent of England to carry on a new war in Spain, he crossed the Channel to London. The newly recognised Mexican government, a singular fact, had not native individuals capable of taking upon themselves the diplomatic duties required at a juncture of such importance, thus low had the selfish, vicious policy of the Spanish sovereigns kept the intellect of the native colonists in America. Goristiza happened to be born in Vera Cruz,* of which his father, a general in the Spanish army, had been sent over governor. He was therefore applied to as coming under the denomination of a native Mexican, well-known for his knowledge of European affairs as well as those of Spain, to be perfectly fitted for the diplomatic office for which it was so difficult to obtain qualified natives. He received the offer of the appointment while in England, and at once deciding that he would never enter Spain again until she was free and in peace, he accepted the offer. His anxiety to get his wife and family over the Pyrennees before the royal petticoat embroiderer, Ferdinand, could hear of his appointment, which would have subjected an excellent lady and her young children to a horrible prison for life, I cannot readily forget. Campbell almost daily asked me if I had seen Senor Goristiza, and whether he had heard of his wife's safety. Most fortunately the lady had anticipated the news which would have made existence a curse to her for the rest of her days. She had passed into France in the very nick of time, and reached London in safety. Having received his appointment, Goristiza fulfilled diplomatic functions in England and France, and concluded treaties with both countries highly to the advantage of that he had adopted. In London his table was open to his exiled countrymen from the peninsula. General

* November 13, 1790. His mother was Dona Maria del Rosaria Cepada, celebrated for her descent from Santa Teresa de Jesus, so noted for her writings and virtues. Born in Avila, 1515, died 1582.

Torijos who was entrapped and butchered by order of Ferdinand VII. at Malaga, used to be a guest there, and many other distinguished men. While busy with his diplomatic duties, Goristiza—properly Don Manoel Eduardo Goristiza y Cepada—employed himself in the composition of his noted comedy, *Contijo pan y cebollo*, the hint for which was perhaps taken from a piece of M. Scribe. His writings previously published in old Spain, and so popular in Madrid, were entitled *Indulgencia para todos*, followed by *Don Dieguito; las costumbres de antano* and *Tal cual para cual*. Don Manoel was a relation of the late General Alava, the friend of the Duke of Wellington. The general, who was laid up by an accident in London, happened to have Goristiza with him one day when the duke called: General Alava introduced him, adding, “he has been a fool, I fear, in the cause of liberty.” The duke bowed, but his countenance did not express any great mark of satisfaction at hearing such a character of the stranger, at least the party introduced fancied as much. The amenity, hospitality, and interesting conversation of Don Manoel can never be forgotten by those who shared them. He was one of the most remarkable writers that contributed to the magazine, but his papers lost their sharpness by translation, and he wrote in French to make his meaning clearer. Campbell, less acquainted with the Spanish dramatic writers than he wished, had known something of Moratin personally. He censured him for having badly imitated Molière in his *Mogigata*, but Goristiza undeceived him in this respect. He was not before aware in what regard the chief excellences of the then living poet* consisted, nor that he was a reformer of the Spanish dramatic school. Being told that Moratin was viewed with a jealous eye by the Spanish government on account of the French under Joseph Bonaparte having made him librarian in Madrid, and that his exile was voluntary, he remarked that it would soon have been compulsory, since a reform in letters might be dangerous to the strongest ally of the Holy Allies—ignorance. Campbell repeated that he acquired from Goristiza the settlement of many doubts in regard to the writers of Spain, Cervantes, and I think he stated the poet Lopez de Vega, respecting whom Lord Holland had given him considerable information. I well remember Campbell’s surprise on Goristiza informing him beyond a doubt of the literary fecundity of Lopez de Vega, which he had himself doubted, and Calderon’s labour too after the period of threescore years and ten, extraordinary antipodes to his own scanty toils. Many were the laughs about Quevedo and his scheme to satirise the living through the dead. “He scandalised no person,” said Campbell, “only the ‘damned’ and therefore no living individual could feel his work a satire; his wit, to me so great, must in his own country be deemed inimitable; in the midst of monks, friars, and absolute kings, his boldness equalled his wit.”

Goristiza thought he had never been estimated high enough even in Spain. One series of Goristiza’s papers begun in 1824. They treated of the Spanish theatre, and, being written by the successor of the distinguished Moratin, are well worthy of note, and may be regarded as the best authority in the English language on the modern Spanish stage.

* He left Spain, resided at Bordeaux for several years, then went to Paris, where he died in 1828, and was buried in Père la Chaise. See *New Monthly*, vols. x. and xi. Article “Spanish Theatre.”

It was seldom the poet amused himself by turning punster, and when he happened to make the attempt he generally endeavoured to manufacture his puns of the species better characterised by absurdity than wit. A little circumlocution in their character was sure to be discoverable. When he lived in Upper Seymour-street West, those who knew his house must have observed that it adjoined an archway leading to some mews. He had promised certain verses of his own on a particular day, and true to appointment brought them over the way himself. No sooner was he seated than he said, taking the lines from his pocket,

"These are the last I shall bring you."

"How so?"

"You must supply yourself; you are twice as good a poet as I am."

"I don't comprehend."

"Why I have only one muse and you have two."

It was singular enough that almost in sight of his house, but in Lower Frederick-street, Connaught-place, mine should have had a mews, too, not only adjoining my house as in his own case, but there was a second nearly opposite Eastward's in the same street. I accused him of having been the twelvemonths during which I had lived in the same place in concocting the pun, or he would have promulgated it before, which he stoutly denied.

He was greatly attached to Glasgow, and said he had passed happy youthful hours there. His early associations were all with it, and yet he had worked hard, so that its recollection, he said, had a mixture of toil and enjoyment; it was a city to him "flowing with syllogisms and ale."

Irving, the celebrated Scotch preacher, called upon him one day, for what purpose he could not conjecture, as he thought that strange being never quite *compos mentis*, while all London was running after his wild sermons.

"What can he want with me?" said Campbell, "a discussion upon divinity with a backslider like myself would be as idle as talking of fluxions to Sir William Curtis."

The renowned preacher had merely called to inquire for the address of a friend whom Campbell knew—at least such was Irving's statement to Mrs. Campbell. I called just at the same time.

"Were you not alarmed, Mrs. Campbell, to see the wild-looking being come into the drawing-room? he might make a convert of your husband."

"O, no," she replied, "he is inconvertible."

Never insensible to female beauty, and fond of the society of women, it was singular that Campbell, the poet of sentiment and imagery, should have written little or nothing breathing of ardent affection. It is doubtful whether he ever experienced love in its intensity; whether a subdued feeling of attachment, an almost feminine tenderness of regard did not with him occupy the place of strong natural passion. In his works there is an artificial rather than a natural dealing with the attachment to the sex. There is the mild and beneficent sunshine without its warmth.

"Were I but an Asiatic!" he exclaimed one evening at a rout where there were a number of lovely women.

"Why, Campbell?"

"Because so many beautiful women make one think of the advantages of a faith that sanctions polygamy," he replied, laughing.

He once heard a lady arguing strongly against the commonly received belief as to the divinity of the second person of the Trinity.

"She only argues as she feels," said the poet, "anthropomorphism is natural where mortal man is most in estimation."

It was necessary to witness the poet when he was busy in his study, or taken up with literary composition, in order to judge of the weight the task seemed to impose upon him. He always sought retirement for the work of composition, when he would sometimes sit, at others stand at his labour. For prose he generally perfected the complete sentence in his mind before he committed it to paper, whence it became a greater effort of memory in the construction than if he had written, and afterwards altered or corrected it.

Unless when he had previously signified, as I have before said, his desire to remain perfectly uninterrupted by any person whatever, which was seldom understood in regard to myself, I entered his study. If I saw him busy; I took a chair and a book until his more immediate occupation was concluded. In the meanwhile he would continue his labour, now sitting, now walking up and down the room, sometimes with his pipe—for out of his study he never smoked—as if he wanted something stimulating to continue his task. Now he would stop to indite a sentence, or walk leisurely to his books for a reference, his library, when he lived in Seymour-street, being tolerably large. In a morning, when he could not smoke, I have again and again seen him uncover a tobacco-box, which generally stood upon his table, and taking a small quantity of that which he used for smoking, introduce it into his mouth, chew it for a few minutes, and then, as if it were too powerful for him, cast it under the grate. So much did he seem to lack a species of stimulus while pursuing his avocations. It must be observed that this was not a habit, but appeared to be adopted in the same way as students take coffee to enable them to prolong their attention to their labours.

Campbell rarely copied his prose manuscript, but sent it to press as it was first written out. It was different with his poetry, which he generally wrote out in a very fair, neat hand. From his habit of rendering his sentences perfect as he proceeded, he was so long in their completion that they sometimes, though rarely, seemed to be in a slight degree disjoined from their predecessors. There were times when he wrote as the ideas arose, in a considerable hurry, and then his manuscript was hurried and nearly unintelligible;—this was more particularly the case when he wrote under indisposition. He would sometimes take it into his head to rule black-lead lines on paper for the purpose of copying out his poetry, but this was by no means a uniform rule, but rather the result of a momentary fancy, since he could hardly be said to act by a fixed rule in any thing connected with his literary compositions. Procrastination was too common with the poet; he would promise it by such a time if I would come and dine or take tea with him. He was generally punctual when he knew that only a couple of days were wanting of the latest period at which his manuscript could be admitted, though sometimes the printer went to press without his contribution, which lay over for the following month. It was the custom to get the printer to leave a certain number of pages blank upon his account, and thus his own was the last part of the magazine printed, though generally the first article. It was always necessary to keep some short paper, or a page or two of verse,

ready to aid in filling up the vacancy, when his contribution fell short of the expected quantity.

It was perfectly easy to proceed in such a business with the poet when his peculiarities were understood. To put him out of his way even slightly was an effectual obstacle to the fulfilment of the required duty. His appointments were generally kept with punctuality, which might seem anomalous with his habits in literary labour, to which he would only adhere fitfully and by starts, sometimes he could not be got to attend to the simplest work, and would evade it by all sorts of devices; but he was not the less exemplary in intention where he chanced to fail. He reflected that he put another person to inconvenience by any lapse of the kind, and no man was more considerate about annoying others. Whenever he chanced to cause inconvenience to any one it arose out of that habit of abstraction or of forgetfulness, which has already been alluded to.

The conduct of the editorship of the magazine was not at all calculated to spur Campbell to literary exertion. He had acquired as much fame as he could well expect to obtain; he had a conviction that he should not be able to excel his former efforts, and that the chance of any accession of reputation was very problematical; his pecuniary cravings were satisfied by the emolument, for he was not at all inclined to look at literature as a means of amassing wealth, well knowing that in this country intellect has no chance of gaining more than a daily competency, it being also esteemed a secondary thing. He was satisfied with an income sufficient for his moderate wants, and preferred as much of the indolence of a literary life as he could contrive to maintain. Age did not change this feeling for a better, unfortunately.

Sir Walter Scott wondered that Campbell, who was possessed of so much genius of the highest character, did not do more. It was hardly possible for one of a temperament so entirely different to account for the conduct of the poet in this respect. Scott was a man of exceedingly strong constitutional endurance. He felt none of the shrinking delicacy which accompanies a bodily frame attuned to the most exquisite vibrations—sensitive beyond belief, and exceedingly regardful of a literary reputation, already secured, as he was well aware, upon a permanent basis. This is no imaginary conclusion. It was not, as Scott supposed, that the poet was afraid of the “shadow his own fame cast before him.” Such a circumstance would not account for the degree of negligence he showed in his specimens of the poets, nor for lapses of a similar character that occurred in other articles from his pen. He was by nature a poet, whose muse was propitious only at her own pleasure, on some casual impulse, some unforeseen attraction from an enamoured object, singing in so elevated a manner, and from this very cause singing with so much more power and energy than she would have done had her voice been continually on the stretch. Man is not formed according to the ideal images of his kind, nor are the peculiarities of his disposition or his mental bias to be discriminated and fixed upon every imaginary hypothesis that is framed for him in the mind of another.

There was a species of caprice, rather, perhaps, irresolution in the conduct of the poet at times, not at all inconsistent with the character sometimes ascribed to genius. He would start of a sudden into the country for the sake of a temporary solitude. He wrote me one day,

“I want to be alone for a short time, there is no being by oneself in London. I am going off to Sydenham in the first instance, there I shall

be until Thursday" (this was Monday). "I wish my address to be kept a profound secret—you shall hear when I go to plant myself in other quarters."

He set out accordingly, altered his mind on the way, and went somewhere into Kent, writing to Mrs. Campbell, to her surprise, from a place near Canterbury, and came back to town, his letter not preceding him more than twenty-four hours. He would sometimes set out on a visit from which he had anticipated much pleasure, get tired in a couple of days, and want an excuse to return, when he never failed to write to me and request I would give him an excuse on the score of the magazine and business. The *ruse* of the magazine was thus frequently played off. He once went on a visit to Sir Thomas Dyer. He was certain he should stay some days, and as Mrs. Campbell went with him, he ordered all letters to be sent to me to keep, open, and do with as I deemed necessary. Of his whims in this respect the following extract of a letter affords a specimen :—

"I believe I must leave you to correct this dull essay on the London College,* yet if I could have a re-proof it would be desirable. I have left you my address at General Dyer's. If any paper or letter comes to you for me, with a coronet seal and a card enclosed, have the goodness to send it for me to ———, office, Whitehall. Any other forward to Sir Thomas Dyer's, or retain at your pleasure. Only send for me back *imperatively*† by the first of the month, for I wish myself back already."

M A D E M O I S E L L E M A R S.

I.—HER AGE AND NAME.

M. DE KERATRY, peer of France, in one of those picturesque orations which the French are in the habit of delivering over the grave of departed genius, most feelingly and appropriately remarks, that now that religion has poured forth its holy prayers over the coffin of the illustrious dead, and that it has prayed to the Almighty to pardon its creature the faults and imperfections which are inseparable from human weakness; it is permitted to literature to express its regrets at the loss of the inimitable actress, who constituted for so many years the glory and the fortune of French comedy.

The date of this great actress's birth may now be revealed. So long as Mademoiselle Mars was alive, it would have been ungallant to dwell upon such details, for that eminent lady took infinite pains to forget the fatal date. Only seven years ago, as Mademoiselle de Belle Isle, she appeared on the long-relinquished boards as a young girl, with a small foot, a plump hand and arm, a charming smile, and an enchanting voice. Only seven or eight years ago Mademoiselle Mars, being summoned as a witness before a court of justice, answered, upon the president asking her

* Suggestions respecting a plan for the London University

† Underlined to show how I was to understand it.

her age, "Forty-five years." The old frequenters of the Théâtre Français were somewhat surprised at this answer, but still more pleased. They found themselves suddenly younger by nearly a quarter of a century than they themselves had imagined.

"*Mon Dieu !*" exclaimed the fair actress, upon meeting unexpectedly M. Lemoine, the father of the present director of La Gaité, "I cannot take a step without stumbling upon some living calendar to remind me of some epoch or other of my youth."

In consequence of this lady-like antipathy, Mademoiselle Mars, while she would willingly take a part in a conversation that related to events, never mentioned dates.

"I was never familiar with chronology," she would say, as she threw back her veil, or drew up her shawl in her peculiarly graceful manner, "and I certainly am not going to study it now."

Mademoiselle Mars was sixty-eight years of age at her decease. It is certain that she was born the 5th of February, 1779. Her father, Monvel-Boutet, an actor of some repute in his day, used to say,

"They fired the guns on my daughter's birthday." This was in allusion to the birth of a prince that occurred on the same day. It is more apocryphal that her mother said, upon the same occasion,

"Ah, the queen and I are in the same predicament to-day."

Madame Acloque, an intimate friend of Mademoiselle Mars, and who has communicated to the world a few anecdotic reminiscences of the celebrated actress,* ventured to ask once whence came this name of "Mars?"

"Ah! ah! you little *jacasse*" (a favourite Anglo-Frenchism of the actress, when the barometer was at fair), "must I tell you that? The name of Mars comes from my mother. My mother was a native of Carcassonne, of a good family, but who ran away with an actor and joined the profession, when the name of Mars was given to her. The name was almost lost, when having gone one evening, in company with Talma, to a fortune-teller, immense success and a great number of conquests were predicted to me. This was noised abroad; the name was restored to me as my inheritance, and Mars became ever afterwards my permanent *nom de guerre*."

Mademoiselle Mars was, however, christened by the name of Hippolyte Boutet. The assumed name, and the one under which she acquired celebrity, was, as may be easily imagined, a constant theme for puns good, bad, and indifferent.

Thus it is related that in a moment of exasperation against the *Garde Royale* at the time of the Restoration, Mademoiselle Mars said,

"There is nothing in common between the royal guard and Mars."

It has been intimated† that Scribe supplied the actress with this retort, which attained great celebrity at the time, but it is certain that Mademoiselle Mars did not dislike punning upon her name. The association of her name with that of the month called Mars by the French, was of itself sufficient to ensure a smile; but again, on the other hand, Mademoiselle Mars openly professed her partiality for Scribe, whom she said gave her her "mots."

At one of those soirées, which were so celebrated for their taste and splendour, and in the palmy days of the great actress, a parody was per-

* Souvenirs Anecdotiques sur Mademoiselle Mars, par Mademoiselle Eliza Acloque.

† Mademoiselle Mars; Notice Biographique, &c. J. Hetzel.

formed called the "Gods of Olympus," in which the representative of Mars sang—

Mars and Venus, the gods among,
Made two, it is said by some.
But I may say with every one,
Mars and Venus are but one.

Notwithstanding this predilection for a name, Mademoiselle Mars could scarcely ever be persuaded to contribute an autograph to an album. She used to return such without regard for the noble arms that were emblazoned upon the binding. Yielding once to the urgent entreaties of a noble duke, who was the bearer of his own enormous folio, she wrote in a corner of a page—

Dominus vobiscum
Dieu vous preserve des album.

II.—HER THEATRICAL CAREER.

It was evident that Mademoiselle Mars would be an actress. Both father and mother were on the stage during the whole period of her youth. At thirteen years of age she came out in a child's part in the "*Desespoir de Jocrisse*." This was at the Théâtre Montansier, which was a good school. Monvel-Boutet was not long in discovering the capabilities of little Hippolyte, and he cultivated them assiduously.

In 1795, Hippolyte being then sixteen years of age, was received into the company of the Théâtre Feydeau, where she attracted the notice of the most celebrated actress of the day, Mademoiselle Contat. The latter took great pains with Hippolyte, and used even to scold her well to make her do as she wished. The characters of young lovers were now consigned to the juvenile proficient, and in 1795 she had obtained a monopoly of those parts; Mademoiselles Lange and Mezeray having retired from the company.

The Théâtre Feydeau and the Théâtre de la République united in 1799, to form the Théâtre Français. Here Hippolyte, at the early age of seventeen, was associated with such names as Preville, whom Garrick called the inimitable; Molé, who has never found his successor; and with Talma, at the outset of his career.

Mademoiselle Mars was on congenial ground, and she soon revealed herself to the public in all her capacity. Highly gifted by nature, and richly endowed by study, which had given flexibility to her talent and expression to her charms, she was at once ingenuous, touching, graceful, and true. The most enchanting sounds that the human voice had ever accomplished are said to have emanated from the future celebrity. Every thing was conquered by tact, grace, and talent; nothing was won by servile imitation. Elegant without fastidiousness, familiar without frivolity, witty without the slightest sacrifice of delicacy, and of exquisitely easy and distinguished manners, the aurora of her fame merged almost at once into the full day of her successes.

These peculiar and graceful attributes first made themselves seen to advantage in the character of the dumb girl in "*L'Abbé de l'Epée*." The feeling and sensibility which she exhibited in that character produced a prodigious sensation. This was in 1803.

Mademoiselle Contat having retired from the stage in 1809, Mademoiselle Mars succeeded with Mademoiselle Levert to the first characters. But it was impossible to struggle long against the grace, the

delicacy, and the refinement of wit and manners possessed by Mademoiselle Mars. By the year 1812, she had established a reputation without a rival. The characters of Henriette in the "*Femmes Savantes*," of Lucile in the "*Dehors trompeurs*," of Charlotte in the "*Deux Frères*," and of Victorine in the "*Philosophe sans le Savoir*," were acquired to her by right of conquest. But still in the opinion of the arch-critics of the day, Mademoiselle Mars was always greater in the ingenuous than in the more complicated characters. She never attained so much perfection in the true and the beautiful, in the *Elmire* of "*Tartuffe*," or the *Célimène* of the "*Misanthrope*," as in the "*Fausse Agnès*," and the "*Jeu de l'Amour et du Hazard*."

Talma had wished to play comedy, and had succeeded. Mademoiselle Mars also experienced a desire to perform tragedy, but she was not so successful. She played with Talma in Pierre Lebrun's "*Cid d'Andalousie*." Notwithstanding the influence of two such names, the piece had no success.

Besides the ancient repertory which the young actress had soon ransacked, Mademoiselle Mars had established several new characters. None among these were so successful at the time as that of Hortense in Casimir Delavigne's "*Ecole des Vieillards*." In 1828 an unknown youth, then a clerk in the office of the Duke of Orleans, with an income of some seventy pounds a year, had prepared himself for a struggle with the old school, and backed with princely protection, had got a romantic drama received at the *Théâtre Français*. Mademoiselle Mars played the chief part, in which vehement passions were made to take the place of the cold frigidities of the French classic drama; and the successes of the *Duchesse de Guise* ensured that of Alexandre Dumas's "*Henri III.*" M. Dumas was the first writer of the romantic school, to whose success Mademoiselle Mars contributed her talent, as he was also the last. Mademoiselle de Belle Isle was the last new character assumed by Mademoiselle Mars.

It reflected great credit on the artist to be ready thus to cast off the shackles of the school in which she had been educated, and to throw her classical talent into the scale in favour of the young school. She established the character of Dona Sol da Silva in Victor Hugo's "*Hernani*," a play which more than any other contributed to the triumph of the romantic school.

But Mademoiselle Mars did not adopt all the creations of the new school without some criticism. In the scene in "*Henri III.*," where the duchess's lover is with her husband at the door, she insisted upon Dumas cutting short a monologue that Saint-Mégrin was to address to her, for she felt that she could not possibly be listening to a long discourse, however flattering, at the time that an outraged husband was ordering her to open the door. In the character of Mademoiselle de Belle Isle she always had a grudge against Dumas, whom she had caused to erase the words "*mon enfant*" twenty times, and who always found means to re-introduce them as often. But still Dumas was one of the actress's greatest favourites. To quote her own words, "One could say every thing to Dumas. What a comprehension of the scene, what tact, what a pen! I am indebted to him for my best characters, and he is indebted to me for his most brilliant success."

Dumas was one of that coterie of favourites who partook of the "*petit soupers*" given at No. 10 in the Rue de Rivoli, by the side of a good fire, and at two o'clock in the morning, after the performances of the night were

over ; and previous to which Mademoiselle Mars used to take nothing but a consommé, or at the most the wing of a fowl. These social repasts were enlivened by the originality of the author of "*Henri III.*," of Roger of the *Académie Française*, of Hippolyte Lucas, the regenerator of the Greek drama, and learned translator, of De Lapelouze, formerly editor of the *Courrier Français*, of Mademoiselle Aim. D——, then a pupil of Mademoiselle Mars, and of the perpetual Doctor Piron.

"They drink marvellously well these gentlemen," said Mademoiselle Mars, one morning that she was casting her eye over the wine merchant's account, "they drink marvellously certainly, but they are so supremely amiable."

In her last illness Mademoiselle Mars said of Dumas and his *Théâtre Historique*, "That poor Dumas ! We are quits now ; he has placed me in his heaven."

Besides the characters which were originally played by Mademoiselle Mars, and already noticed ; La Tisbé in Victor Hugo's "*Angelo*," Marie in Madame Ancelot's drama of that name, and still more especially Valerie in M. Scribe's comedy, are deserving of mention as among those triumphant successes which every one went to witness. Mademoiselle Mars had an especial affection for the charming though blind Valerie, as she had for her previous character of a deaf and dumb girl. It is said that she studied the peculiarities of a blind person under a Mademoiselle Sophie, sister of Minette of the Vaudeville, who was actually afflicted with that infirmity. Upon the success of the play she presented to her preceptor a bracelet, with the inscription, "Valerie to Sophie."

Mademoiselle Mars was no longer in her early youth at the time of the production of Alexandre Dumas's *Mademoiselle de Belle Isle*, which was the last new character she undertook. This was in 1839. Before the new comedy was brought out, M. Dumas read it in presence of a committee composed of Mademoiselle Mars, Messrs. Firmin, Féréol, Lockroy, and Doctor Piron. The writer had previously communicated to the gentlemen present, that his play contained two female characters, one eighteen years of age, the other thirty-five. During the reading, every body said to himself, "*Madame de Prie ! Madame de Prie !* That is the character suited for her." But the moment the reading was terminated, Mademoiselle Mars anticipated all remarks by saying, "It is very good, and the character of *Mademoiselle de Belle Isle* suits me very well. I accept it." M. Lockroy was the only person present who ventured to insinuate any thing about "age." Mademoiselle Mars was then sixty years old ! But the success of the play was perfect. *Mademoiselle de Belle Isle* is almost universally acknowledged to have been one of the most refined and pathetic performances of the great comedian.

III.—HER ADMIRERS.

THE enthusiasm excited by the acting of Mademoiselle Mars was sometimes manifested in an extraordinary manner. She used to relate that, at the first representation of "*Clotilde*," by F. Soulié and A. Bossange, in 1832, between the second and third act a man made his way through the crowd, and throwing himself at her feet, seized her hands, which he passionately kissed, while he exclaimed, breathless with agitation, "Oh ! you are truly the great woman—great and superb amongst all." The enthusiast was Paul Delaroche, who at that time had an intimacy with Mademoiselle Anais, and Mademoiselle Mars did

not disguise how much she felt at such a mark of esteem. But these her public triumphs, were not her only ones. She related that she once had recourse to an American dentist, for the relief of toothache. The dentist removed fragments of a decayed tooth, which caused the irritation, and when she wished to recompense him, "No, indeed," he said, in the most graceful manner possible, "I am sufficiently rewarded by having been permitted to see the finest teeth in the world."

The riches accumulated by Mademoiselle Mars by her professional successes, and by presents from her admirers, were a source of as much trouble and annoyance as they were productive of advantages to her. Her diamonds and jewels appear, indeed, to have haunted her perpetually. The following is her own narrative.

"At the time of the occupation of Paris by the allies I was very timid, and I lived in a little apartment in the Rue Feydeau. They had billeted a Cossack chief and his servant upon me. Every morning I saw from my window, which looked upon the yard, a very curious sight; these gentlemen, master and valet, had themselves shaved in the open air. The Cossack barber next placed the basin upon the head of the patient, and its circumference marked the line for cutting his hair. After such barbarous practices, when I saw the chieftain approaching me, with a look which he endeavoured to make as amiable as possible, I felt inclined to exclaim, 'Cossack! what do you want with me?'

"At that time, happily for me, I had very few diamonds, but on the other hand I had a constant dread of robbery. One day, walking with Madame N—— in the wood of Boulogne, I pointed out to her a large tree at the bottom of which I thought I would bury my diamonds.

"Madame N—— had much difficulty in dissuading me from this resolve, and lucky it was that I followed her advice, for, after the departure of our friends the Cossacks, having returned to the wood, I found the trees burnt down, the ground turned up, the desolation of a bivouac manifest everywhere, and I smiled at the idea of what a hiding-place I should have chosen.

"Sometimes I thought of raising up a corner stone in the streets, but then again, the memory of the 'forty thieves' prevented me. At length, after many doubts, anxieties, reflections, and anxieties here is the expedient that I adopted. I had forty tin boxes made, in which I placed in some my jewels, in others my gold. I had these boxes fastened together by a rope, and suspended by a nail, in a place adjacent to my apartment."

Fear and anxiety, however, do not avert danger. At the instigation of Duchesnois and Talma, Mademoiselle Mars had purchased a small "hotel," Rue de la Tour des Dames. It was in this hotel that Mullon, the husband of her *femme de chambre*, succeeded in carrying off the objects of all her fears and solicitude. Madame Aclouque relates, that after the performances were over, and when they were about to start for the "*petit soupers*" of the Rue de Rivoli, Mademoiselle Mars used to give her the box with the jewels, would place her arm within that of one of the gentleman attendants, and say, "Walk on, but be invincible, for you carry the dowry of the '*Fille d'honneur*.'" This was in allusion to certain presents which she had received upon the first performance of the piece in question.

The double misfortune met with in the Rue de la Tour des Dames, induced Mademoiselle Mars to emigrate to the Rue de la Rochefaucauld, where the success that had attended the first robbery led a certain Garcin, an old servant of Mademoiselle Mars, to effect a second; and upon this occasion a large knife was found under the cushion of an arm-chair in the actress's apartment. Mademoiselle Mars was now exceedingly intimi-

dated, and she began to entertain fears for her personal safety. Some of her friends recommended her to purchase false diamonds, but she answered, "Molière could do without diamonds, so shall I." She accordingly appeared before the public without *aigrette* or *rivière*, and the public appreciated the sacrifice and applauded. In after times, Mademoiselle Mars deposited her valuables in the bank, which led to many extemporised good things, among which was one that concluded by saying, "that in order that nothing should be wanting to the treasure, the charming Mars must take up her abode in the bank with her casket."

IV.—THE STORY OF THE VIOLETS.

MADAME ACLOCQUE ventured, in her intimate conversations, to allude to so delicate a subject as the great actress's friendship for the Emperor Napoleon. She said, that while she was giving lessons of elocution to the Princess Eliza, she experienced feelings of extreme timidity, which she could not overcome, hoping and fearing at the same time to see Buonaparte. Madame A—— surmised that this arose from a softer sentiment that had been awakened in the emperor's favour. "If it was love," she answered, "I really cannot tell you. At all events it was a sentiment made expressly for him alone, for I never felt it for any one else, no more than he resembled any one else."

The partiality of the great actress for the still greater actor, led to the only public event that chequered the ordinary routine of domestic and theatrical occurrences throughout the whole of her life—an existence which one of her biographers has remarked, was "rich in glory but poor in adventures."

After the restoration of the Bourbons, violets remained the insignia of the Buonapartists. Mademoiselle Mars, who did not care to disguise her predilections, appeared at that period at the Champ de Mai, with a white dress decorated with the seditious symbol. It has been attempted to explain the act away* as having had its origin in the simple love which Mademoiselle Mars bore to a flower with so sweet a perfume, but this is now perfectly unnecessary. M. de Keratry in his funereal discourse alludes openly to the fact, that the flower of spring bore an emblematic character, and a nation's recollections placed a bouquet of the proscribed flowers upon her coffin.

But great was the commotion produced by this indirect, yet eloquent demonstration of feeling on the part of the actress, in 1815. A great lady denounced Mademoiselle Mars to the Duke de Duras, and the whole court was thrown into agitation. At the theatre, for the first time, the public favourite was hissed, and she was called upon to cry out "Vive le Roi." "What do they want?" inquired the actress, with one of her looks of charming ingenuousness. According to some, Fleury,† according to others, Baptiste, explained that she was requested to exclaim "Vive le Roi." "I have already cried out 'Vive le Roi,'" answered Mademoiselle Mars, saving her popularity without offending her conscience.

V.—HER DEATH AND BURIAL.

MADemoiselle MARS made her last appearance before the public on the 8th of March, 1841, when she played for the last time Célimène (a character she had so identified with herself, that her town residence was often designated as the Hotel Célimène), and her no less favourite cha-

* Mademoiselle Mars, Notice Biographique, &c. J. Hetzel, Warnod et Co.

† Mademoiselle Mars ; sa Vie, ses Succès, sa Mort. Marchant.

racter of *Araminte*, in the "*Fausse Confidences*." Never did a dramatic solemnity produce so deep a sensation.

Mademoiselle Mars retired from that period to the enjoyment of domestic peace and happiness. This was further ensured by a valuable appointment conferred by government, that of inspector of dramatic studies at the Conservatoire.

The 26th of May, 1844, she was awakened by an extraordinary noise in her head, which she described as if a flight of bees were in the room. Doctor Piron ordered twenty leeches to be applied, but she remained deaf for twelve days afterwards. From that time forward she became thoughtful, and often melancholy. She was much affected by hearing of the death of any of her acquaintances. At length cerebral irritation declared itself, and was followed by persistent delirium, from which she was relieved by death the 20th of March, 1847.

Brindeau announced the sad event the same evening at the *Théâtre Français* in the following words—"Gentlemen, it grieves us to have to announce the death of that great actress who was called Mademoiselle Mars."

Mademoiselle Mars has left a son who succeeds to all her wealth. Twenty years before she had lost a beloved daughter, who had followed an elder brother to the grave. Upon that sad occasion she withdrew herself from the stage during a whole year.

A thousand anecdotes have been published, illustrating the private character and disposition of one so celebrated. It is certain that Mademoiselle Mars was any thing but illiterate, and it is well known that she studied, and was partially acquainted with both the English and Italian languages. Her whole life was one of almost classical simplicity. Her great pleasure was to live in the midst of a small circle of men of letters, artists, and persons of distinction, whose conversation improved her mind. Her feelings of propriety were instinctive. She was much shocked at a benefit for the young *Rachels*, seeing a brother and sister playing the parts of lovers. Of Madame Lafarge she used to say, "That woman fills me with horror, with her twenty-four years of age, and her gangrenous nature!"

Mademoiselle Mars was of an exceedingly charitable disposition, notwithstanding her predominant anxiety about her diamonds. Madame Acloque relates, that she has often seen her wrap twenty francs in a bit of flannel, and send them to a friend in distress.

The funeral of Mademoiselle Mars was a great public solemnity. Service was performed at La Madeleine, the chief mourners being Messrs. Keratry, Viennet, Liardères, Baron Taylor, Auber, and Samson.

The companies from all the principal theatres in Paris were there in a body. A crowd of men of letters, artists, musicians, and other public characters were also there. Upwards of forty carriages, conveying ladies, joined the procession that followed the coffin to the grave. M. Samson expressed in the name of the *Comédie Française*, the regrets experienced at the heavy loss which art had sustained in the person of Mademoiselle Mars. M. de Keratry, Peer of France, and Vice-President of the Commissions of the Royal Theatres, pronounced a lengthened panygeric on the talent, genius, and goodness, of the deceased. The Baron Taylor delivered for M. Viennet, in the name of the dramatic commission, a grateful farewell to one, who had more than any other, contributed to the success of dramatic authors; and, finally, it was resolved that, as with Talma, her name shall be Mademoiselle Mars' sole monumental memorial.

CHINA : ITS PRESENT CONDITION AND PROSPECTS.

If the Chinese were to suddenly take a literary and wandering turn, they would no doubt find and describe things in London and Paris quite as singular to them as their gentlemen's pig-tails and their ladies' small feet are to us. If the abilities thrown into the manufacture of josses, bronzes, and porcelain, and the dexterity shown in dwarfing trees, and concocting green teas out of black, was to take an inquisitive turn, as to what was going on beyond the great wall, there would indeed be no end to the discoveries to be made by so intelligent a race.

Geographical discovery is but a relative thing. Enterprize makes known a city in Central Africa, whose inhabitants unknown to Europeans, were themselves familiar by their travels, with the "white faces." Congregations of men in repute in ancient times, have in some cases only recently been brought into contact with Europeans. Even in Asia Minor, only four or five years ago, a populous town, surrounded by villas and country houses, inhabited by rich proprietors of large corn and saffron districts, was not known even by name to us, although in that town itself, all kinds of European manufactures and objects of art were to be obtained as readily as at Constantinople.

So it is in regard to civilisation. The Chinese are as skilful as Germans in agriculture or horticulture, as dexterous in thieving as any Neapolitan, as versed in the manufacture of silk or cotton as the French, as perfect in most of the handicrafts, as tailoring or carpentry, as any European nation, and they beat England in what that country takes most pride in—in success in mercantile speculations. But the Chinese have a false notion of their own importance, they are ruled by at once an alien and an inefficient government, they worship idols, are intellectually stationary, and above all, reject all overtures of friendship and alliance on the part of other nations. The national flag should be the wolf and the lamb, a fable which appears never to be absent from their thoughts.

The west of Europe and North America, it must be remembered have perfected their civilisation upon the ruins of empires ; and modern languages and literatures have sprung from the dying embers of extinct nationalities. The Chinese, on the contrary, have been nearly always the same. They are indebted to themselves for what progress they have made, and they have themselves to blame for their comparative imperfections, by not cultivating intercourse with other nations. But then again they have existed, it is possible, from ages of civilisation almost contemporaneous with those of Egypt and Assyria, or with Greece and Rome. This is more than all those nations to whom the love of lucre has dictated a boundless commerce, or whom ambition has soiled with the blood of foreign conquest, can now boast of.

It is tiresome to hear it repeated by every new writer upon China—Mr. Fortune among the last—that we know nothing of the Chinese. We know every thing almost, that is requisite to be known to regulate our conduct, and guide us in our intercourse with those whom a high authority has proclaimed to be "an industrious, sober, obedient, pacific, and educated people." It is not altogether true that it is "the wonderful astuteness of a people who unite an Oriental subtlety of design to an English appreciation of technicalities, who are cool, far-sighted, stubborn,

and who despise foreigners," that has defeated our projects. It is quite evident, granting the positive national disinclination to the loving embrace of the Barbarian, that the chief blame for want of success lies with ourselves. As to the Chinese, they are like ourselves. Some are good, some bad ; some astute, some stupid ; some innocent, some designing—but they are happy within themselves. Mr. Fortune himself states that labour is a pleasure in China, because every one enjoys its fruits, and all go singing to their task ; but they do not care to have commerce forced upon them ; friendly "interventions" are not to their taste, and even civilisation itself does not carry an alluring aspect when booming through the smoke of cannon.

We may be the least barbarian of the two nations, but even this was not very clearly manifested by the steps taken to establish more intimate commercial relations, no more than when insisting upon a less exclusive system on the part of the Chinese, we ourselves adopted the most illiberal policy that can be possibly conceived.

It will scarcely be believed that a Frenchman or an American may travel in the interior of China—navigate, like M. Isidore Hedde, the imperial canal, among elegant boats conducted by young girls, richly dressed ; and that if an Englishman should attempt to do the same, he is subjected to penalties and deportation by his own government.*

Again the monopoly of the opium farm has, by contracting one kind of trade within the narrow limits of one man's privilege, reduced other collateral branches to the lowest point. The effect of such a system, the *Times* truly remarks, ought to have been foreseen. It insures a revenue of some 4000*l.* a-year ; but it lost a commerce with which no amount of revenue could be put in competition. By driving away the general body of Chinese merchants, the trade has been thrown back into the hands of a few middlemen, whose combination regulates the scale of prices between the English merchants and the Chinese consumer.

And lastly, and not least, that site for a British station which is universally—indeed, without a dissentient voice—acknowledged to have been the best, in point of climate, health, and productiveness ;—the amiability and good disposition of its inhabitants ; and for the advantages of its position in a commercial, military, and naval point of view, was the first given up.

Is it surprising then, that after four years have elapsed since that great commercial treaty was ratified, which was won by the force of arms from a reluctant people ; that when we do every thing in our power to preserve those prejudices intact by impeding commerce and inter-communication, and giving no countenance to friendly medical and religious missions ; that it should be found that we have, in reality, gained little or nothing by that treaty, and that a commission of inquiry should be called for in the House of Commons to examine into our relations with a people who, in themselves, constitute nearly one-third of the population of the globe.

It will be easy to cast the reproach of this want of success on the stubbornness of the natives of the celestial empire ; but this will never do, so long as our consuls at the new ports are armed with powers far more arbitrary and illiberal than what has ever been exhibited by the most vain-glorious of the mandarins themselves. The nation has a right to

* Robert Montgomery Martin's *China*, p. 12.

demand, that the prospects opened to civilisation by the intrepidity of its sons shall not be thus sacrificed by the exclusiveness of a mistaken policy, and to express its sense also of the responsibility to Him who permitted our successes for His own wise purposes; of our proceedings towards a great people, now first brought into contact with civilisation, for their own welfare, or for their own misfortune, as commerce and inter-communication are made the instruments of good or of evil.

Let us turn, however, in illustration of what has been here said, to some of the practical results of the newly-opened intercourse with China, as depicted by Mr. Fortune.* This gentleman obtained the appointment of Botanical Collector to the Horticultural Society of London, when the news of peace with China first reached England, in the autumn of 1842, and he proceeded to China in that capacity early in the spring of the following year. Excepting in that final and eventful narrative of a traveller's exploits,—the raking the decks fore and aft of two piratical vessels, with a double-barrelled gun, wounding many, killing some, causing forty or fifty men to disappear in a marvellous manner, and silencing a broadside of guns—Mr. Fortune's work is characterised by modesty, discrimination, and good sense, as his progress appears to have been by good temper and perseverance. Mr. Fortune had a particular object in view, and a more innocent and interesting one cannot be imagined. For it is not, surely, all that we can get from a nation in a commercial point of view that should interest the philanthropist and the man of letters? It is also what that country can contribute towards the improvement of our own tastes, to enlarge our own sphere of observation, add to the existing stock of information, and even increase the resources of what is rather the luxury of civilisation, than civilisation itself; that claims the attention of those who are not wrapt up in the one and only life-struggle of turning events and things into gold,—who are not yoked hand and foot to "earth's demon"—mammon.

On the 6th of July, 1843, after a passage of four months, Mr. Fortune had the first view of the shores of China. He had often heard of the barren hills of the "flowery land," but the fact exceeded his imagination. There was only one kind of tree, the Chinese fir, and it was merely "a stunted bush." We shall, however, be brief with Hong-Kong. Mr. F. admits that the bay is beautiful; and the town of Victoria, notwithstanding the floods, is becoming "a very pretty little place." The plants of the island are of an interesting description, but all the most ornamental flowers are only found high up on the mountains. The ravines are crowded with ferns and creeping shrubs. Many species of the well-known azalea cover the sides of the hills, at an elevation of 1500 feet above the sea. From the general absence, however, of trees and shrubs, the island has a barren and desolate appearance. Wild goats feed on the most inaccessible crags, and there are also deer and foxes, but extremely rare. The only birds are wood-pigeons, kingfishers, and some small songsters. Fish are, however, very abundant.

It has long been a prevailing opinion that Victoria ought to have been built on the south side of the island; but Mr. Fortune says that this has been latterly disproved, for the troops stationed at Aberdeen, on the south

* *Three Years' Wanderings in the Northern Provinces of China, &c.* By Robert Fortune, Botanical Collector to the Horticultural Society of London.

side, have suffered more than those in Victoria. No respectable Chinese have established themselves at Hong-Kong. The native population appears to be made up of tradespeople and adventurers, of sharks and thieves.

From Hong-Kong, Mr. Fortune proceeded to Namoa. He was full at that time of the notions so carefully instilled by English diplomatists, and so ostentatiously upheld by government officials, of "the sacredness of the Chinese empire." He believed that although he might perhaps get a view of the celestial country, that his barbarian feet would never be allowed to pollute the sacred soil. His pleasure, therefore, at finding that at Namoa, where there is no consul to subject the traveller to penalties for desecrating the land with his presence, that he could wander about in any direction he chose, can be easily imagined. There was a kind of bazaar, or market, for supplying the ships, the occupiers of which moved about with the shipping itself. Matters being in this state, Mr. Fortune had no difficulty in prosecuting his researches, but the hills were of the same barren nature as those of Hong-Kong, and the natural productions, both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, resembled what he had before met with. The coast of Namoa is described as being studded with small sailing boats belonging to fishermen, who seem to be a most industrious and hard-working race of men.

Leaving Namoa, and sailing up the coast towards Amoy, the stranger is continually struck with the barren, rocky nature of the coast. Here and there he has a view of patches of cultivation, and pagodas are seen towering on the top of the highest hills, and as far as the eye can reach inland. Between Canton and Amoy there are Whey-chew, Chaw-chew, and Chang-chew, all cities of the second order, as the name chew indicates. Amoy is in reality only the port of the latter, being a city of the third class, and yet seven or eight miles in circumference, and densely populated.

Mr. Fortune describes Amoy as one of the dirtiest towns he visited. "At every corner the itinerant cooks and bakers were pursuing their avocations, and disposing of their delicacies; and the odours which met me at every point were of the most disagreeable and suffocating nature." It is from Amoy, however, that the most enterprising Chinese sailors issue forth, and hence it has generally been the head-quarters of the foreign junk trade. The trade, since the port has been thrown open, although small when compared with that of Shanghai, is still considerable. All sorts of coins are current by weight, which by no means illustrates the "narrow mindedness" so commonly attributed to the Chinese.

During his stay at Amoy, Mr. Fortune was continually travelling in the interior, going sometimes a considerable distance up the river, and then landing, and prosecuting his researches in the adjacent country. Frequently in these excursions he came upon small towns and villages, and he generally walked into them without the least obstruction on the part of the natives, who, he says, seemed in most cases highly delighted to see him. The dogs alone had an antipathy to the stranger, which no good-humour could overcome. Mr. Fortune was a bit of a humorist with the Chinese.

"Look," said two or three behind me, who had been examining the back part of my head rather attentively; "look here, the stranger has no tail;" and then the whole crowd, women and children included, had to come round

me, to see if it was really a fact, that I had no tail. One of them, rather a dandy in his way, with a noble tail of his own, plaited with silk, now came forward, and taking off a kind of cloth, which the natives here wear as a turban, and allowing his tail to fall gracefully over his shoulders, said to me in the most triumphant manner, "Look at that!" I acknowledged it was very fine, and promised, if he would allow me to cut it off, I would wear it for his sake. He seemed very much disgusted at the idea of such a loss, and the others had a good laugh at him.

The hilly country around Amoy was granitic as heretofore, and as barren as ever. Some immense blocks of granite, from a feature in its decomposition well known to geologists, are supported on the tops of the hills in the strangest manner. Such barren rocky mountains did not afford much to the botanist, but the gardens around the city contained many pretty shrubs and flowering plants. Amoy is very unhealthy. Fever and cholera are very fatal to Europeans during the south-west monsoon.

In the attempt to beat up the Formosa channel, Mr. Fortune was driven back to the Bay of Chin-chew, attached to another second-rate city (Sven-chew), where is a bridge of 126 arches. Two glazed plant cases with the Amoy collections were dashed to pieces, and the schooner was nearly stove in by the heavy seas. At length they fetched Chimoo Bay, when the natives borrowed a few guns from them to drive away the government men who had come to levy taxes. It is quite obvious that such a demand ought not to have been acceded to, the more especially as the Chin-chew men are the most undisciplined inhabitants, and the greatest thieves of the coast.

Mr. Fortune soon found this out to his cost, for having gone with his servant on an excursion into the interior, they were beset by the natives. The servant was nearly murdered, and Mr. Fortune was ill-treated and robbed, and lost all his collection.

A little incident occurred about this time (says Mr. Fortune), which speaks for itself. It was necessary, from some cause or other, to remove the officers' stables (for as at Namoa, the captains of ships have at Chin-chew horses to take exercise in the mornings and evenings), and build it on another part of the shore. The men employed for this purpose, when taking away the stones from the one place to the other, were stopped by some natives of the lower order, who took the stones and appropriated them to their own. In going past the site of the old stable a few days afterwards, our people were surprised to see the stones all brought back; doubtless, through the interference of some superior officer amongst the Chinese. This incident shows, I think, that the mandarins are anxious to preserve peace with the English, although some people, who pretend to secret sources of information, assert that in the interior they are preparing for war.

Mr. Fortune was delighted with the appearance of Chusan. His descriptions agree with all we have heard from other sources. The hills were no longer barren, but either cultivated or clothed with beautiful green grass, trees, and brushwood. The island is represented, indeed, as a succession of rich and beautiful valleys, wooded hills, and picturesque glens.

Did our island of Hong-Kong (exclaims Mr. Fortune), possess the natural advantages and beauties of Chusan, what a splendid place it might have been made by our enterprising English merchants in a very few years!

Mr. Fortune was assisted in his researches at Chusan by Dr. Maxwell,

of the 2nd Madras native infantry, an ardent lover of botanical pursuits; and he was thus put at once in possession of information which it would have taken him some months to have acquired for himself. But he revisited the island on many other occasions, and at all seasons of the year, and was consequently enabled to acquire a perfect knowledge of its soil, flora, and other productions.

It is impossible to convey in a small space an idea of the fertility of this delightful spot. At one season rice is the principal crop in the low grounds, and sweet potatoes on the hills. At other seasons, wheat, barley, beans, peas, and maize, are cultivated. The oil plant—a kind of cabbage—and cotton are also extensively grown. The former tinges the whole country with gold, and fills the air with its fragrance. But the most curious thing of all is that clover is grown almost exclusively for manure. Ropes are made from the fibre of a kind of nettle and palm-trees, but that made from the Manilla hemp is preferred. The small ox-plough, and the celebrated water-wheel which is worked by the hand in Chusan, are the two principal implements in husbandry. Mr. Fortune was sufficiently unprejudiced to admire both, and more than that, to consider both as better adapted for the Chinese than any thing we could have done.

With regard to the flora of Chusan, it made Mr. Fortune admit that China was, indeed, "the central flowery land." Few (he says) can form any idea of the gorgeous and striking beauty of these Azalea-clad mountains, when on every side, as far as our vision extends, the eye rests on masses of flowers of dazzling brightness and surpassing beauty.

The natives are also a quiet, inoffensive race, and, Mr. Fortune says, were always civil and obliging to him. Like the vegetation of their hills, they were very different from their countrymen of the south.

It was astonishing how quickly they got accustomed to our habits, and were able to supply our wants. Bread, baked in the English mode, was soon exposed for sale in the shops, and even ready-made clothes were to be had in any quantity.

They even got over their religious prejudices, so far as to keep the market well supplied with bullocks, and there were curiosity shops without number.

The shopkeepers in Tinghae supposed an English name indispensable to the respectability of their shops, and it was quite amusing to walk up the street and read the different names which they had adopted under the advice and instruction of the soldiers and sailors to whom they had applied on the subject. There were "Stultz, tailor, from London;" "Buckmaster, tailor to the army and navy;" "Dominie Dobbs, the grocer;" "Squire Sam, porcelain merchant;" and the number of tradesmen "to her Majesty," was very great.

Certificates from their customers were also in great request, and as most of these were very laughable performances, the poor natives were never quite at ease about them, and were continually showing them to other customers. The way in which the Chinese classed the foreigners was very droll. There were three degrees of rank which they generally bestowed upon them. The officers they called mandarins, the merchants sien-sang, "master," and the soldiers, sailors, &c., were all classed under the head of a-says. From the men continually shouting out to one another "I say," the Chinese concluded that this was the name of the class to which the lower orders belonged.

Mr. Fortune visited Ningpo for the first time in the autumn of 1843. The city is built at the junction of two fine streams, and is connected with

its suburbs by a bridge of boats. The ramparts are about five miles in circumference, and the space inside, as seen from the "temple of the heavenly winds," is filled with houses densely crowded. An American medical missionary resided at Ningpo. He had adopted the Chinese costume, tail and all. Mr. Fortune says the Chinese laughed at the doctor, but he does not say they laughed at him when they robbed him of his Chinese costume in his journey up the great canal to Soo-chew-foo. Mr. Fortune wintered at Ningpo, and says he never felt it so cold in England as he did in this city of central China. The natives do not keep themselves warm by fires so much as by additional clothing. Ningpo is a city of great wealth. It contains large Chinese banking establishments, and is the great market for Chinese furniture, of wood and ivory, porcelain, and curiosities.

The gardens of the mandarins furnished Mr. Fortune with many new plants.

Here, as at other places, (he says,) I made many inquiries after the supposed yellow camellia, and offered ten dollars to any Chinaman who would bring me one. Any thing can be had in China for dollars! and it was not long before two plants were brought to me, one of which was said to be light yellow, and the other as deep a colour as the double yellow rose . . . And the rogue did his business so well. He had a written label stuck in each pot, and apparently the writing and labels had been there for some years.

It is almost unnecessary to add that a fraud was attempted. When the plants flowered at Hong-Kong, there was nothing yellow about them but the stamens. The gardens of the mandarins are described as very pretty and unique; they contain a choice selection of the ornamental trees and shrubs of China, and generally a considerable number of dwarf trees. The Chinese show infinite patience and ingenuity in dwarfing all kinds of trees, fruit-trees included. Some of the specimens Mr. Fortune describes as being only a few inches high, and yet to appear hoary with age.

Amongst the mandarins' gardens at Ningpo, that of old Dr. Chang is most admired by strangers. Artificial rock-work and ponds form a principal feature, with dwarf-trees and creepers, vases, and flowering shrubs. The level plain in which Ningpo is built is thirty miles across, and the graves of the dead are scattered all over it, giving some idea of the immense population of the country. On the river side are above-ground ice-houses of remarkably simple construction, and from which it is to be hoped we shall learn a great practical lesson.

All the rivers of central and northern China abound with fish. They are caught with nets, by diving, and by cormorants trained for the purpose. Mr. Fortune describes the two latter novel modes of fishing at length.

Shanghai is the most northerly of the five free ports, and the most important of all in a commercial point of view. Mr. Fortune visited this city as soon as the port was opened by her majesty's consul, Captain Balfour. It is not a very large town, the circumference of the walls not exceeding three and a half miles, but is not far removed from the entrance of the great Yang-tse-kiang, "the child of the ocean," which, with the great canal connected therewith, is the highway to a multitude of cities of the first, second, and third class, that is to say, with populations of from 500,000 to probably 2,000,000, many of which are not even known

by name, and, as Mr. Montgomery Martin remarks, are likely to continue unknown if we do not adopt a wiser policy.

The streets of Shanghai are narrow, and crowded with people actively engaged in business. The merchandise, which is most striking to a stranger walking through the streets, is the silk and embroidery, cotton, and cotton goods, porcelain, furniture, clothes, and curiosity shops. But articles of food form, of course, the most extensive trade of all; and it is sometimes a difficult matter to get through the streets for the immense quantities of fish, pork, fruit, and vegetables which crowd the stands in front of the shops. Joss-houses are met with in all directions; fortune-tellers and jugglers are also in great request. "Wheels of fortune" are also exceedingly popular, the Chinese being fond of gambling. Theatricals are, strange to say, often performed in their temples. Dining-rooms, tea-houses, and bakers' shops are also met with at every step. "I fully believe," says Mr. Fortune, "that in no country in the world is there less real misery and want than in China."

In the river of Shanghai a forest of masts attests to the importance of the place as one of native trade, and the convenience of inland transit is also, Mr. Fortune tells us, unrivalled in any part of the world. The country is one vast plain, intersected by rivers and canals. Our cottons are in great demand, and teas can be purchased at less expense at Shanghai than at Canton. Upon this subject, of such intense Anglican interest, it may be observed, that Mr. Fortune corroborates what has been previously stated by Sir John Francis Davis, that the tea of the south is the produce of the *Thea Bohea*, that of the north of the *Thea Viridis*. Both plants, however, produce nothing but black or blackish-green teas. Green tea is manufactured by various processes, the most common of which appears to be first dyeing the leaves yellow with turmeric, and converting that into green by the addition of Prussian blue and gypsum. More innocent vegetable dyes are said, however, also to be used. The Chinese naturally never use these dyed teas themselves; they are so prepared to suit the European and American markets, and they would substitute for that colour either red or yellow, should our tastes change, and lead us to prefer more glaring tints!*

As to the various flavours of teas, these are communicated to them by various scented flowers that are grown on purpose in particular districts. These flowers, among the chief of which Mr. Fortune notices *Olea fragrans*, *Chloranthus inconspicuus*, and *Aglaia odorata*, are dried by themselves, and afterwards mixed with the teas.

In addition to the commercial advantages which must soon give supremacy to Shanghai, the climate is healthy, the natives are peaceable, and foreign residents are respected. The plain of Shanghai is one vast, beautiful garden. Mr. Fortune says, it is, perhaps, unequalled in fertility by any district of like extent in the world. Farm-yards are seen with stacks regularly built up and thatched in the same form and manner as we find them in England, and the land, too, is ridged and furrowed in the same way. The clumps of bamboo and the pig-tails alone give a foreign character to the scenery. These districts furnished our collector with a new and highly ornamental pine (*Cryptomeria Japonica*), the horizontal branches of which droop towards the ground in a graceful and "weeping" manner. The nursery-gardens, which are also numerous, furnished him.

* Lord Sandon has laid this fact before the "Select Parliamentary Committee."

with many interesting plants. Mr. Fortune experienced considerable difficulty in finding out these nurseries ; the Chinese were unwilling to give him the slightest information about any places outside of the town. This most marked peculiarity in the Chinese character, and which Mr. Fortune is himself at a loss to explain, has, however, probably no other origin than in the long-severed position of the people. There is, therefore, every reason to believe that time and intercourse will rapidly efface a prejudice of so superficial an origin, but no doubt the Chinese cannot yet accustom themselves to believe that they are brought into permanent connexion with the barbarians from without, and they will therefore persevere, possibly for one generation, in adhering to the mistrustful exclusiveness of their forefathers. Mr. Fortune says, however, that a great change took place in the feelings of these poor people in this respect, even in the course of the two years that he was in the north. But then the northern Chinese differ widely from their haughty and insolent countrymen in the south.

After returning to the south, and shipping off his collections, and paying a visit to Canton, where he was subjected to gross indignities by the corrupted population of that country, who are encouraged in their vicious propensities by European toleration and submission, Mr. Fortune again visited the northern provinces in the spring of 1844. Upon this occasion he directed his investigations to the Ningpo tea districts, the results of which have been already alluded to. Upon these excursions he generally took up his residence at the temples or monasteries, where, excepting that the curiosity of the priests and natives was rather troublesome, he appears to have met with kindness and civility.

The priests, (he says,) from the highest to the lowest, always showed me the most marked attention and kindness. As many of them as I wished cheerfully followed me in my excursions in the vicinity of the temple ; one carrying my specimen-paper, another my plants, and a third my birds, and so on.

And further on he remarks,

“ All the temples, both large and small, are built in the most romantic and beautiful situations amongst the hills, and the neighbouring woods are always preserved and encouraged. What would indicate the residence of a country gentleman in England, is in China the sign of a Buddhist temple, and this holds good all over the country. When the weary traveller, therefore, who has been exposed for hours to the fierce rays of an eastern sun, sees a large, clean-looking house showing itself amongst trees on the distant hill side, he may be almost certain that it is one of Budha's temples, where the priests will treat him not only with courtesy but with kindness.”

The description of Poo-to, or “ the worshipping island,” the stronghold of Buddhism, in northern China, reminds one of the landscape familiar to us on plates and crockery-ware. The temples are in a group, and in order to reach the chief of these, an ornamental bridge is crossed, erected over a large artificial pond. The halls which contain the idols are very spacious, and many of the idols are thirty or forty feet in height. They are generally made of wood or clay richly gilt. In some of the temples Mr. Fortune, however, met with exquisite bronze statues. It is a striking and significant fact, that almost all these temples are crumbling fast into ruins. There are a few exceptions in cases where they happen to get a good name amongst the people, from the supposed kindness of the gods ; but the great mass are in a state of decay.

The principal trees and shrubs that grow around the temples are the

Chinese pine, Cunningham lanceolata, yews, cypresses, camphor trees, tallow trees, oaks, bamboos, and the camellia japonica; the well-known single red variety of which plant grows spontaneously in the woods, attaining a height sometimes of twenty to thirty feet, with stems thick in proportion.

Since the new ports have been opened, the Protestant missionaries, whose labours were before confined to Canton and Macao, have extended their operations, and at each of the ports there exists a mission, the medical officer attached to which appears to be a most powerful auxiliary in the conversion of these benighted people.

The Roman Catholic missions are, however, something quite different to those of the Protestants. The Jesuits appear to inherit the spirit and enthusiasm of the fathers of the Church, and the self-denial of the apostles. Instead of restricting themselves to the out-ports of the empire, they penetrate into the interior, and distribute themselves all over the country. One of their bishops lives not far from Shanghae, in the midst of his converts, who form of themselves a little Christian village.

These poor men (says Mr. Fortune, in allusion to the Roman missionaries), submit to many privations and dangers for the cause they have espoused, and although I do not approve of the doctrines which they teach, I must give them the highest praise for enthusiasm and devotion to their faith. European customs, habits, and luxuries, are all abandoned from the moment they put their feet on the shores of China; parents, friends, and home, in many instances, are heard of no more; before them lies a heathen land of strangers, cold and unconcerned about the religion for which they themselves are sacrificing every thing, and they know that their graves will be far away from the land of their birth and the home of their early years.

Could (Mr. Fortune adds afterwards) those individuals in our time, who predict the near approach of the millennium see the length and breadth of this vast country, with its three hundred millions of souls, they would surely pause and reflect before they published their absurd and foolish predictions.

Mr. Fortune has here altogether underrated the population. That of China Proper exceeds three hundred millions (367,632,907, according to Mr. R. M. Martin, who has calculated to an odd 7!) the dependencies of Mant-duina, Mongolia, &c., contain at least 36,000,000 more, making a real total of four hundred millions, or upwards of one-third of the population of the whole earth.

The navigation of the great Yang-tse-Kiang is rendered difficult by the numerous sand-banks and the want of prominent land-marks. The country is perfectly level, the shores of the river being in many places lower than the river itself, which is kept within its bounds by large and strong embankments. This is the great Nankin cotton district, and from the top of the highest mast of a ship no hill is seen to bound a vast level plain of the richest soil in the world.

Having procured a pony and compass, Mr. Fortune started from Shanghae for the interior of this plain. The country he found had its highways and byways, and he soon ascertained by experience that it was highly necessary to keep to these, or he was sure to get almost inextricably entangled amongst the canals. He thus describes his progress:—

I reached a small town in the vicinity of the hills about two o'clock in the afternoon; the pony having had nothing to eat since we left Shanghae, was much exhausted, and I was therefore anxious to procure a feed of corn for him at some of the shops. The news of the presence of a foreigner in the town spread like lightning, and I was soon surrounded and followed by some

thousands of people of both sexes, young and old, who were all anxious to get a glimpse of my features and dress. Their behaviour on the whole, however, was civil and respectful, and the only inconvenience I had to complain of was the pressure of the crowd. For a few of the copper coin of the country, a boy had promised to take me to a shop where I could purchase something for the pony, and we wended our way through the crowd, which was every moment becoming more dense, towards, as I supposed, a corn or hay shop. At last, to my surprise, he came to a halt in front of an eating house, and my guide came and asked me for money to go in and buy some boiled rice. "But I want a feed for the pony," said I. "Very well, give me the money, and I will fetch you a basin of boiled rice for him." "You had better bring him a pair of chopsticks also," said I, as I put the money into his hand. The idea of a pony eating with chopsticks delighted the crowd, and put them into high good humour; during my travels in the interior, I often found the benefit of having a joke with the natives.

On his return to Shanghai Mr. Fortune hired a boat and carried on his excursions by the canals. Upon one of these excursions he discovered the Tein-ching, or plant from which the celebrated blue dye is obtained, and which proved to be a new species of *Isatis*, which has been designated as the *I indigotica*.

The natives in this part of the country were vastly surprised when they saw me for the first time; at the different villages and towns, men, women, and children of all ranks lined the banks of the canals as my boat passed along, and often requested me to come out in order that they might have a better opportunity of seeing me. When I left my boat for the purpose of ascending the hills, my boatmen used to make a good deal of money by allowing the people to go in and inspect my little cabin. A copy of the *Pictorial Times*, which I happened to have with me, was greatly admired, and I was obliged to leave it amongst them. It is a remarkable fact, however, that nothing, as far as I know, was ever stolen from me at this time, although several hundred persons visited my boat in my absence. The boatmen must have either been very sharp, or the people must have had a superstitious dread of the property of a foreigner, to put it down to their honour is, I am afraid, out of the question!

The next and most novel excursion was to the first-rate city of Soochow-foo, on the great canal:—

Every one who has been in China, or who is at all acquainted with Chinese history, has heard of the city of *Soo-chow-foo*. If a stranger enters a shop in Hong-Kong, in Canton, or in any of the other towns in the south, he is sure to be told, when he inquires the price of any curiosity out of the common way, that it has been brought from this celebrated place; let him order any thing superb, and it must be sent for from Soochow—fine pictures, fine carved work, fine silks, and fine ladies, all come from Soochow. It is the Chinaman's earthly paradise, and it would be hard indeed to convince him that it had its equal in any town on earth. In addition to its other attractions, I was informed by the Chinese nursery gardeners at Shanghai, that it contained a great number of excellent flower gardens and nurseries, from which they obtained all, or nearly all, the plants which they had for sale, and I was, therefore, strongly tempted to infringe the absurd laws of the celestial empire, and try to reach this far-famed place. My greatest difficulty was to meet with boatmen who would travel with me, as they were all frightened for the mandarins, who had issued very stringent orders to them after the circumstance happened which I have already noticed. They were told that they might take foreigners down the river towards the sea, and up as far as a pagoda a mile or two above Shanghai, but on no account were they to go up the western branch of the river. This was a direct infringement on the right which had been secured to us by the treaty of Nanking, and her majesty's consul at this port soon found it necessary and prudent to interfere in the matter. Some time after this period, when what are called the boundaries were fixed, the foreign residents were

allowed to go a day's journey into the interior, that is, as far as they could go and come back again in twenty-four hours.

Having at length procured a boat, Mr. Fortune set off on his journey:

I was, of course, travelling in the Chinese costume; my head was shaved, I had a splendid wig and tail, of which some Chinaman in former days had doubtless been extremely vain, and upon the whole I believe I made a pretty fair Chinaman. Although the Chinese countenance and eye differ considerably from those of a native of Europe, yet a traveller in the north has far greater chance of escaping detection than in the south of China, the features of the northern natives approaching more nearly to those of Europeans than they do in the south, and the difference amongst themselves also being greater.

In China the canal is the traveller's highway, and the boat is his carriage, and hence the absence of good roads and carriages in the country. The first night Mr. Fortune halted under the ramparts of a large town called Cading. During the night robbers boarded his boat, and after making away with both his English and Chinese clothes, cut the rope and set the boat adrift. Fortunately, the dollars were beneath his pillow, and he sent his servant in the morning into Cading to get a new dress.

The progress up the canal was highly interesting. The scenery was extremely striking. The canal, broad as a lake, bore on its waters hundreds of Chinese boats of all sizes under sail: pagodas here and there reared their heads above the woods and temples, which are scattered over the wide and extensive plain.

Passing another great town called Tatsong-tseu the canal divided. After this it expanded again into a lake, and then again contracted. Bridges were passed, villages and small towns lined the banks, and every thing denoted the approach to a city of some size and importance.

It was a delightful summer's evening on the 23rd of June, when I approached this far-famed town. The moon was up, and with a fair, light breeze my little boat scudded swiftly, its mast and sails reflected in the clear water of the canal; the boats thickened as we went along, the houses became more crowded and larger, lanterns were moving in great numbers on the bridges and sides of the canal, and in a few minutes more we were safely moored, among some hundreds of other boats, under the walls of this celebrated city. Having taken all the precautions in our power against another nightly visitor, my servant, the boatmen, and myself were soon fast asleep.

With the first dawn of morning I was up, and dressed with very great care by my Chinese servant, whom I then despatched to find out the nursery gardens in the city, in order to procure the plants which I wanted. When he had obtained this information he returned, and we proceeded together into the city, in order to make my selections.

When I left the boat, I confess I felt rather nervous as to the trial I was about to make. Although I had passed very well as a Chinaman in the country districts, I knew that the inhabitants of large towns, and particularly those in a town like this, were more difficult to deceive. My old friends, or I should rather say my enemies, the dogs, who are as acute as any Chinaman, evidently did not disown me as a countryman, and this at once gave me confidence.

As I was crossing the bridge, which is built over the moat or canal on the outside of the city walls, numbers of the Chinese were loitering on it, leaning over its sides, and looking down upon the boats which were plying to and fro. I stopped, too, and looked down upon the gay and happy throng, with a feeling of secret triumph when I remembered that I was now in the most fashionable city of the celestial empire, where no Englishman, as far as I knew, had ever been before. None of the loiterers on the bridge appeared to pay the slightest attention to me, by which I concluded that I must be very much like one of

themselves. How surprised they would have been had it been whispered to them that an Englishman was standing amongst them.

From his further descriptions it would appear that Mr. Fortune entered the city by the east gate, and went along the side of the east wall. He also notices the "west end" of the town as the richest and most aristocratic portion of the town, and that the gates are well guarded by soldiers. Still there is manifestly something deficient in this description. In the first place Mr. Fortune was not the first Englishman to visit the fashionable city of China. Lord Macartney passed through this beautiful city, and describes it as enclosed with high walls, which are about ten miles in circumference; the suburbs being four distinct towns, about ten miles in length and nearly the same in breadth. Mr. R. M. Martin says, "The intelligent and adventurous Mr. Fortune, agent for the Horticultural Society, whom I had the pleasure to meet in the north of China, and to accompany to Ningpo, attempted to enter the city without success." We suspect, however, that Mr. Martin is under a misapprehension here. Mr. Fortune evidently entered the town, but had apparently but little opportunity of exploring it, although he describes himself as remaining for several days in the city and neighbourhood.

Mr. Fortune also visited the Tartar city of Chapoo, which was attacked and taken during the war. At that city he was obliged to apply to the mandarins to protect him from the crowd, which was inconvenient from its numbers, and not from any actual violence, and the consequence was, that he found on his return to Shanghae that a complaint had been lodged against him with the British Consul.

Having finished his business at Shanghae, Mr. Fortune sailed for Foo-chow-foo, on the river Min. The scenery of the river is described as striking and beautiful. Numerous temples and joss-houses, embosomed in groves of banyan-trees (*Ficus Nitida*) are built in the most picturesque situations.

Viewing the scenery as a whole (says Mr. Fortune), the beautiful river winding its way between mountains, its islands, its temples, its villages and fortresses—I think, although not the richest, it is the most romantic and beautiful part of the country which has come under my observation.

The reception met with in the suburbs of the city was rude and insolent. The city within the walls is described as being from eight to nine miles in circumference. A large trade is carried on in copper and other metals. Foo-chow-foo appears to be the Birmingham of China, as Soo-chow is its Bath or Cheltenham. Banking is also carried on to a great extent, paper notes being a common medium of exchange, and the people having the most perfect confidence in them. The people are also a cleaner and more active race than in other towns, but they are very hostile to foreigners. Mr. Fortune, upon the whole, does not estimate highly the commercial advantages of this city of half a million of inhabitants. The Bohea teas exported from this place Mr. Fortune ascertained to be derived from the *Thea viridis*, like the "green" teas of the north.

It was on leaving Foo-chow-foo, in a native junk, that Mr. Fortune had his great fight with the pirates, in which his skill and intrepidity twice saved the vessel. This also was while labouring under the fever of the country. Having at length brought together the whole of his plants from the districts of Foo-chow-foo, Chusan, and Ningpo, at his favourite city of Shanghae, this intelligent and enterprising traveller got them packed, and on the 10th of October, 1845, sailed for Hong-Kong and England.

THE LAST INSURRECTION IN PORTUGAL.

BY WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE PRIME MINISTER," "LUSITANIAN SKETCHES," &c.

SEVEN revolutions in the course of ten years (such on the most moderate computation is the number Portugal has seen since Donna Maria ascended the throne of her ancestors,) shows either that the Portuguese are very fond of change, or that they are very dissatisfied with things as they exist, and that the successive experiments at improvement have proved failures. Portugal is like a fevered patient tumbling and tossing about in his bed in the attempt to seek relief from pain by a change of position, but with each movement finding it rather increased than alleviated. That such will be the result of the last insurrection no one acquainted with the country can for a moment doubt, but it is far more difficult to say under what form the government of the country will be carried on, or whether or not Portugal will continue to exist as an independent state.

I am inclined to think that she will not.

When the Roman empire fell to pieces, the civilised world, if it deserved the name, formed itself into that numerous collection of small states which continued amalgamating and combining gradually, till the present European system was at length constructed, the smaller kingdoms becoming merged in their more influential neighbours, unless they have, by the bravery of their children, and a peculiar geographical position, been able, like Switzerland, to maintain their independence, or unless, like Portugal, they have been protected, through the jealousy of one powerful country from becoming the prey of another.

The death wail of Poland has sounded in the ears of Europe, and she has ceased to be numbered among the nations of the earth. She fell at last a helpless victim into the grasping maws of the surrounding nations, yet her warmest admirers, the sternest haters of her tyrants must acknowledge, that she herself brought down her fate upon her head. Had she, on the contrary, been true to herself, had not intestine broils weakened her powers, she would even now have been one of the chief kingdoms of Europe, perhaps the mistress of those who trample on her ashes. Much in the same condition is Portugal at the present time as was Poland before her fall—though, fortunately for her nationality, her nearest neighbour is in as weak and disorganised a state as herself—she also possesses a convenient harbour on the shores of the Atlantic, a near market for manufactures, and a battle-field which England would regret to lose. Were it not for these qualifications, she would either fall under the dominion of France, or again become incorporated with Spain.

Through the crimes and folly of her leaders, through the ignorance of all classes, has Portugal been brought to her present condition. No one can pity her, there will be no one to mourn her fate when she ceases to exist, for not like Poland, has she had foreign foes to contend with—no patriot Kosciusko has arisen to vindicate her fame, nor when her name is mentioned in the page of history can she boast of a field of Warsaw, glorious though lost; but weakened and distracted by internal dissension,

she will again fall into the insignificant condition of a province of Spain, from which she emerged in the glorious days of Alfonso Henriques.

Many Portuguese wish for a union with Spain, and believe it will take place, as the only chance they have of gaining any political power in Europe. True, Spain is in scarcely a better condition than Portugal, but then she possesses greater vitality and energy—her internal resources are immeasurably superior. She is like a giant struggling in convulsions, who may yet overcome the malady and rise with unabated power. Portugal is an emaciated being, with a ruined constitution too weak to revive. It is the policy of England to prevent Portugal becoming a province of Spain, but that we take the wisest means to effect our purpose may be doubted. It is also highly problematical that Portugal would benefit by the change; yet that such is the aim of no inconsiderable portion of the leaders of the last insurrection I am able with tolerable confidence to aver.

In a former paper* I gave a sketch of the various parties struggling for the mastery, and of the causes which produced the present deplorable state of affairs in that portion of the peninsula, summing them up in one word—misrule. I will now detail, for the amusement of my readers, some of the more prominent events which have occurred during the insurrection. As far back as November, 1845, those who mixed in Portuguese society observed ominous threatenings of the coming storm. Many of the old fidalgo families, unwavering adherents of Dom Miguel, who had for some years past resided quietly on their estates without interfering in politics, began to reappear at their town residences, and to express their sentiments openly. Some contented themselves with merely abusing the obnoxious minister Costa Cabral, others spoke with disrespect of the queen, and many went as far as to talk of the necessity of her abdicating, and hinted that Dom Miguel must be restored to the throne. In truth, the despotic and unconstitutional conduct of the minister had created for the queen so many enemies, that even those noble families, who had hitherto been the staunchest supporters of her throne, no longer hesitated to speak of her in terms of the severest censure, for becoming the blind tool of her designing minister. He had, indeed, wofully disappointed the hopes of those who expected to find in him the regenerator of his country. Professing to be a reformer, he was the creator of as many abuses as he abolished, and when he came to levy the taxes absolutely necessary for carrying out the proposed improvements, the whole country was easily roused to arms against him.

The chief of these were, I believe, an inquest, a poll, and a land-tax. These taxes were not in reality more than the people could pay, but they were not equally distributed nor fairly collected, but fell chiefly on the agricultural classes, who had not the cunning to devise means to avoid their payment. These classes would not, however, have taken up arms, had they not been worked upon by others who had their own objects to serve; and, unfortunately, Cabral had so completely exposed himself to censure, that even those who considered that, notwithstanding his failings, he was one of the few men calculated to govern the country, had very little to say in his favour.

The taxes I have mentioned were absolutely necessary for the im-

* See "Modern Portugal," in the *New Monthly* for March.

provement of the country, and a popular and honest minister might have levied them with impunity; but when he was seen growing rapidly wealthy, the people naturally suspected that the money they paid was not applied to its legitimate purposes. The poll-tax, for instance, which has existed for three years, was a very just one. It levied a crusado, or 2s. a-year, on every man capable of work, or required his labour for three days on the public roads in the course of construction. In the interior of the country, however, no roads had as yet been laid out, and the peasantry were thus compelled to go an immense distance to reach those already commenced, or to pay the money, naturally complaining that they could derive no benefit from those roads which did not approach their lands. From the first this has been a fruitful source of dispute, and many serious disturbances have taken place when troops have been sent to assist the tax-gatherers. The inquest-tax was instituted more to serve as a check upon murder than as a source of revenue, for, in the course of a whole year, it realised but a few hundred pounds—yet was it ostensibly the cause of the commencement of the insurrection at Braga. The husband of a certain dame, Maria by name, died. From her occupation of a water-carrier, or because she lived over a fountain, she was commonly called "*Maria da Fonte*," Mary of the Fountain. She was a stout, double-fisted woman, and moreover of a determined spirit, and she vowed to all her acquaintance that nothing should compel her to pay the fee to the coroner. They applauded her resolution, and promised to support her. Probably some of the enemies of the minister had found in her a fit agent to forward their ends. When, therefore, the coroner came, and after examining into the cause of the husband's death, asked for his fee, Maria da Fonte refused to pay it. On his insisting in his demand, she drove him into the street, where he was killed by the populace, who, headed by the Amazon, repelled the military sent to quell the riot.

The peasantry throughout the country imitated this woman's example, who at once became a heroine, the rebels generally calling themselves the soldiers of Maria da Fonte. An additional reason for the new taxes becoming obnoxious was, that the peasantry being unable to read the papers sent round to them, they were compelled to pay a public notary for explaining to them their meaning. When, also, the lands were measured preparatory to making roads, and for other purposes, the ignorant people were persuaded by the Miguelite fidalgos and priests, as well as by the republican demagogues (both made use of similar means), that Cabral had ordered the operation to be performed as a preliminary to selling the country to England.

Wherever the tax-gatherers appeared, they were insulted and knocked down; and in most of the smaller towns of the Minho and Beira, their papers were taken from them and burnt in the market-places amid the shouts and execrations of the people. Although the government were well aware of these proceedings, the queen was kept in total ignorance of them, while the same policy which had originated the dissatisfaction was still continued. All this time the Republicans and Miguelites were busily at work fomenting the ill-feeling of the people against the Cabralistas. A few of the officers of the army were won over by the revolutionists, but generally the troops remained faithful to their oaths. The people of Lisbon also, if dissatisfied with the government, were kept in check by the military, but in Oporto, various plots were concocted with very little attempt at concealment. By order of the government,

the masked ball, which usually takes place during the carnival, was forbidden ; but some of those who have since appeared at the head of the republican party, had formed a plan, in order to exhibit their strength, to parade the streets on horseback, with masks on their faces, in the characters of the "Juif Errant." Heavy rains, however, coming on, put a stop to every thing of the sort, or, as they would have gone armed, if the military had attempted to interfere, there would doubtless have been a disturbance. Something very similar took place when the Mexicans were first struggling to throw off their allegiance to the parent state. At the same time the Jesuit agents of the Miguelite, or Absolute party, were at work in their own way. A society was instituted, which had some time previously existed in Lisbon, called the "*Coração de Maria*," who held a meeting on the second Sunday in every month, "to pray for the conversion of the impious."

On the 8th of March they met in a church at Oporto, called the "Congregados." A great number of well-known Miguelite families, with numerous ladies, members of the society, were present, while the church was crowded also with people of very different politics. The service was performed quietly, but scarcely had the sermon been commenced by an eloquent preacher, a strenuous supporter of Dom Miguel, than a party of young men (noted *Septembristas* republicans) who had posted themselves near the pulpit, began to hiss and stamp violently. On this the preacher quietly said, "If any of my audience are not good Catholics they had better leave the church." The answer was a general murmur among the congregation, which, as the priest attempted to proceed, increased to a complete uproar, till the confusion became dreadful. A mob, probably already prepared, collected outside the church, and increased the noise with their cries. Ladies screamed and fainted, and, with the priests, clung to the altars for protection or escaped into the vestry, many were much injured, and the robes of the priests were torn from their backs, though no lives were lost. At last, on the appearance of the municipal guard the disturbance was quelled. The actors in this scene belonged to the two parties who have since pretended to combine, in order to oppose the queen. About this time, in the provinces, men habited in women's clothes, calling themselves the children of Maria da Fonte, in imitation probably of Rebecca's daughters, of whom their leader had read, went about instigating the people to revolt. When small bodies of troops were sent against them the latter were generally driven back with loss. When the men began to rise and arm, the women worked hard to arrange their accoutrements and arms ; they encouraged them also by their presence, and distracted the soldiers opposed to them by assembling on the hills, waving their handkerchiefs, and uttering loud cries. At last, Amazon-like, they mixed with the combatants, and in the *mêlée* numbers lost their lives. On the 21st of April José Cabral, the brother of the minister, and still more obnoxious to the people, arrived at Oporto with 600 men, but his coming tended rather to increase than to quell the disturbances, and the city was surrounded with bands of peasants armed with weapons of their own providing. Early in May many hundreds came into Oporto, and muskets were put into their hands, but when they found that military officers were prepared to drill them, and that they were to act as regular troops, they decamped, carrying off the arms which had been given them. The transaction was, no doubt, effected through the treachery of some of the

republicans. The next day a band of upwards of 1000 well-armed peasants appeared at one of the northern barriers of Oporto, and when the troops were sent to oppose their entrance several rounds were exchanged between them, and an officer and two soldiers were wounded, and a peasant was killed. While this affair was going forward some men contrived by ladders to reach the alarm bells in the church of the Cedofeita, and the confusion in the city became general. As it was supposed that the barracks of St. Ovidio were threatened, cannon were posted at the top of each street leading to that quarter; after this, for some time, the city remained tranquil. In the country, however, the Miguelites were very active, Dom Fernando, the son of the Marquis of Villa Real, raised a Guerilla of 500 men, and took possession of Amaranti, where many men of rank joined him. On hearing of it José Cabral gave notice that he would shoot the first of them he caught, but his reign was soon to end, and the queen at length hearing of these proceedings dismissed the Cabrals, and desired the Duke of Palmella to form a new ministry. He did so from among the ultra liberal party, and pacification was now the order of the day.

On the 30th of May a large Guerilla, assembled at Valongo, about nine miles from Oporto, threatened to attack the city. On this the civil governor, the Visconde de Beire, went out to meet them, and returned, accompanied by the chiefs, who were all dressed in bandit costume, with broad-brimmed hats and feathers, and round jackets, belts, or sashes, with pistols and daggers stuck in them. As on their way to dinner at the governor's house, they passed along the Campo de St. Ovidio, which was full of troops, they were saluted with loud groans and hisses, the officers looking very indignant at seeing their opponents treated with so much consideration. Soon after this those officers who had been employed against the rebels, were superseded and summoned to Lisbon, causing almost a mutiny among the men, who were much attached to them.

Dom Fernando received an office under government, and several young Miguelite nobles who had been taken prisoners among a Guerilla band, in an encounter with the troops at Penafiel, were liberated from Foz Castle, a party of young men assembling to bring them out in triumph. The city was now full of Guerilla bands, who took every occasion to insult the troops. At times, indeed, the military governor, the Visconde de Fonte Nova, had the greatest difficulty in restraining the soldiers from revenging themselves, though as a proof of the admirable discipline he maintained over them while he remained at their head, no outbreak took place.

This state of things continued till the queen, perceiving that her liberal ministry were throwing all the power into the hands of the republicans, suddenly dismissed them, re-established the Charter, and sent the Duke of Terceira to Oporto to take command of the army of the north. On his arrival, he found that a revolution had taken place, the city was in the hands of the professed republicans, a Junta was established, and he was thrown into prison, where he still remains.

At first the old noble was confined in the castle of San João da Foz, where he could enjoy the fresh air of the sea, but the rebels, fearing that he might make his escape, removed him before daybreak one morning to the common felons' prison in Oporto, whence his only prospect is a blank wall. Next to his room is the fever ward! The rebel leaders, to some of whom he is related, hold him as a hostage for their own heads, should they fall into the hands of the queen, and his imprisonment may

perhaps influence his old brother in arms, Saldanha, in his hesitation to advance on Oporto.

While these events were occurring in the north, some of the leading Septembristas quitted Lisbon, and seducing some of the regular troops, who were joined by numerous Guerilla bands, put themselves at their head. On this Saldanha was sent against them, and at Torres Vedras, and wherever he encountered them he defeated them with great loss. In the Minho the queen's generals were equally successful, and a large Miguelite Guerilla, under the English adventurer, Macdonel, was compelled to retreat while their general was killed.

The rebels of the various political parties who had managed to escape from the field, took refuge in Oporto, which they immediately commenced fortifying, and soon placed in a condition to hold out against the queen's armies. Had Saldanha and the other loyal generals followed up their first successes, they would, in all probability, have succeeded in capturing Oporto; but in the hope that the rebels would not longer hold out, and from their unwillingness to shed more blood, they contented themselves with merely surrounding the city till the severity of the winter put a stop to further operations. Since that time literally nothing has been done; and it is to be hoped that the affair may be settled by the mediation of foreign powers, since neither of the contending parties appear to have strength to terminate the contest by themselves. The queen's generals seem lately to have acted most supinely, while the rebels have lost no opportunity of improving their resources. The queen's steamers which were so disgracefully delivered into their hands, have afforded them the means of fitting out an expedition to make a descent on some parts of the coast, with the result of which, by the time this is in print, my readers will be acquainted. As an example of the injury accruing to commerce, while some of the queen's troops hold the Castle of Vianna, a town of considerable importance to the north of Oporto, the troops of the Junta have possession of the surrounding houses. An English merchantman, laden with salt fish, lies at the mouth of the river, ready to discharge her cargo, and the rebels wish her to do so, provided the duty is paid to them, but the garrison of the castle, to prevent this, threatened to sink her, should she attempt to break bulk. Thus she remains, neither party allowing the other to make use of her cargo, which is in the meantime running great risk of being spoilt. I must here take an opportunity to contradict a calumnious report which went the round of the English papers regarding the behaviour of that gallant soldier, the Baron de Casal on the taking of Braga. It was stated that he allowed his troops to commit every kind of excess, and that numbers of the inhabitants were murdered after the place was entered. This atrocious falsehood was fabricated by some of the friends of the Junta, and was forwarded to the English admiral at Lisbon, who stated what he had heard to the queen. Her majesty would immediately have recalled her general, but her ministers recommending an inquiry to be made into the truth of the report, the channel through which it had come was traced out, and it was proved to be utterly unfounded. The Portuguese, as a nation, are more humane than any people in Europe, and even during the civil wars in which they have been unhappily so long plunged, have never been guilty of those excesses which stain the character of other more civilised people.

A very important question now arises. What line of policy is England

to take with regard to Portugal? France, and, of course, Spain, follows the same lead, have shown their determination to support the queen, and to ingratiate themselves to the utmost through their diplomatic agents with the Portuguese.

For this wise purpose, for some years past, the French have employed men of considerable talent and attractive manners to gain the affections of all classes of the Portuguese, which they most effectively have succeeded in doing. Every thing French has consequently become the fashion in Portugal. French politics, French religion, customs and costume, and all those who can afford it, send their sons to school or to travel in France. They, of course, contrast the cold, if not contemptuous, manners of the English, with the conciliatory behaviour of their Gallic friends, and although with the latter there can be but slight commercial relations, they might be tempted, even contrary to their own interests, to combine with them against us in case of another general continental war; and should Portugal again become a battle-ground, we should find the difference of having to march through her rocky defiles with a population armed against instead of for us. Gratitude for past assistance must not be for a moment calculated on. Years of bungling interference have wiped away all feeling of the sort which formerly existed, for although I believe we are still respected, we are most certainly, as a nation, more hated than loved. The Portuguese are fully sensible of their weakness, and are not blind to their own miserable plight, nor, at the same time forgetful of the lofty position from which they have fallen, but we ought to recollect, that there is no person so proud as a decayed gentleman, and that to relieve his necessities we must do so with as much delicacy as possible, or he would spurn our offers. It is precisely this feeling which prompts the advisers of the queen to refuse the mediation of England in settling the dispute with her rebel subjects. When driven to it at last, as she inevitably must be, she will do so with a bad grace; and I strongly doubt whether our interference will have any other effect than that of merely dispersing the rebels for a time, to reunite before long against her in some new combination. I do not think that the Miguelite party have any chance of success. His public, as well as his private character have deprived Dom Miguel of all the respect in which he otherwise might have been held by those who consider it their interest to support him, and supposing that he had any right to the throne, he virtually abandoned all his pretensions when he agreed to act as regent for his niece, and took the oath of allegiance to her, still more did he forfeit all his claims to the affections of his countrymen when he so flagitiously broke his oath, and usurped her crown, murdering, without remorse, all who ventured to oppose him. He is, in fact, at present, merely a tool in the hands of a small and bigoted party, worked on by the Jesuits, and should he even succeed in gaining the throne, he would very soon be driven forth again an outcast as he now is.

Neither the existing Spanish nor French governments would wish to see the republican party succeed; and certainly we should not: we therefore have but one course to pursue—first to assist the queen in quelling the rebellion, and to persuade her to act with clemency towards the rebels, and then, if we would regain the influence we once possessed in the country, by sending out intelligent and courteous political agents to conciliate the people by every means in our power.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LEMAN REDE.

WILLIAM LEMAN REDE was born on the 31st January, 1802, in the city of Hamburg. He was a collateral descendant of Sir John Lemann, Lord Mayor of London, who founded the great Lemann Estates in Goodman's Fields, and elsewhere, which of late years have given rise to so many claimants and so much litigation. The father of the subject of these recollections was Thomas Rede, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, the author of a book on "The Laws of England," for which he was compelled to expatriate himself from the country, in 1799; and a translation of "St. Pierre's Anecdotes of Eminent Characters." It is said that a scrap-book he had formed was valued at a thousand pounds. He died when William was only eight years old, leaving a widow and five children, who shortly afterwards settled in London. This was in the year 1807. There are few records of Rede's boyish career, save that he early evinced that firmness of purpose which in after-life so eminently characterised him. He excelled in athletic sports; and became noted as a formidable bruiser. Being of a naturally pugnacious disposition, he settled all his disputes with his fists; but it is remarkable, that the most lasting of his friendships were with those persons whom, in youth, he had soundly thrashed. Indeed, he at one time contemplated following pugilism as a profession, and actually trained in Sussex, and fought a match for 40*l.*, under the *sobriquet* of "The Brighton Gipsy Boy."

On attaining a fitting age, Mr. Rede was placed in the office of Mr. Rosser, a solicitor, with a view to being articled. He displayed much aptitude for business, and acquired sufficient knowledge of the law to render him in maturer years a safe authority on matters of legal difficulty; but he disliked the profession, and, to use his own words, — "would rather have *pounced* upon any thing than parchment."

An amateur theatre—that outlet through which cramped genius so frequently finds a way into the world—soon beguiled young Rede from the labours of the desk. Here his elder brother, Lemman Thomas, and himself, laid that dramatic foundation on which they both reared their means of future livelihood. On one occasion their mother attended, and the curtain being unexpectedly raised while they were rehearsing a combat, she was so terrified under the impression that they were mortally engaged, for she was quite ignorant of every thing relating to Thespian matters, that she shrieked loudly to have them separated, and was carried insensible from the theatre. Soon after this, William, in 1823, made his first public appearance at the Margate Theatre, as Young Marlowe in Goldsmith's comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer." He subsequently appeared at Bristol; and eventually in the metropolis, at the Tottenham-street Theatre, then called the West London, where he produced a very favourable impression in light comedy. The strongest friendship subsisted between himself and his brother, and they were styled "The Inseparables." This intimacy ripened with their years, and to Thomas did William owe his chief prosperity. A circumstance occurred about this time, trivial in itself, but strikingly illustrative of

that admixture of justice and partial bias which the latter was afterwards accustomed to display in matters where those he favoured were concerned. The brothers were one evening at a sporting-house, where Thomas, under an impulse of sudden anger, was betrayed into charging some one present with direct falsehood. The assemblage arose *en masse* to inflict summary chastisement on the offender, upon which William caught up a chair, and planting himself in front of his brother, whispered to him, "You deserve to be well licked! But I'll stick to you for all that!"

About this period it was that Rede experienced a fall from a horse, and the animal, in plunging forward, inflicted a violent kick; from the effects of which he suffered to the latest hour of existence. Few who witnessed his active habits, his great pedestrian powers, and untiring fondness of locomotion, were aware of the fact, that each new exertion was a fresh trial of the constitution, and that his naturally robust frame was unsettled at the very foundation. His ailment had, however, no effect upon his spirits. He was an optimist in every thing, and, happen what might, he took it all in good part; caring nothing so long as he had an auditor to his wit, and fortitude on the occasion. It was only when alone that Rede ever felt.

At the close of the season he devoted himself to the press, and speedily established himself in high favour as a critic on all matters connected with the drama. None better could distinguish between talent and pretension; none better adjust the intricate balance betwixt the practised charlatan and the unpractised man of promising merit. The gew-gaws of decoration, the heraldings of puff, the conventional efforts of the actor, were insufficient to cheat his understanding, and he has frequently stood alone in the condemnation of a piece of stage-writing when even the treasury has been overflowing from the effects of success. But he invariably found his opinions confirmed by the suffrages of common-sense, when the novelty had worn off.

The true bent of his inclination would have inclined him to pursue his Thespian career in the provinces, but the ardent attachment he entertained for his brother, made him elect London and the journals instead. This tie was shortly interrupted by the arrest for debt of Thomas. William lost the companion of his walks, and town lost its attractions for him. Having accidentally picked up a five-pound-note at the end of Child's-place, near Temple-bar, he divided the amount with his brother, and joined a strolling company of comedians in the west of England. His anecdotes of these times abounded in interest and humour. He had his enjoyments and endured his trials—his natural light-heartedness throwing a cheering ray over the darkest scene.

It is unnecessary to trace him through the period of his itineracy. He encountered the usual reverses of a wandering actor; at one time representing Hamlet, in a barn; at another Rover, on a billiard-table. With money and without, he was the life and soul of gaiety; whether paid or unpaid he was alike the same, and, on once being questioned how he preserved his spirits at the non-receipt of salary, he replied,

"I drink spring-water and dance!"

The re-opening of the West London in 1825, under Beverley, brought him again to town, and he now gave to the world his novels of the "Wedded Wanderer," and the "White Tower," both in three volumes,

together with a work on "The Crimes and Criminals of Yorkshire." He also, in conjunction with his brother, produced a weekly publication, entitled, "Oxberry's Dramatic Biography," Thomas having married the relict of that popular comedian, and conceiving himself as much entitled to take the name as the widow. The work sold well, and extended to eight or nine volumes, but as a book of reference it is not to be relied upon. The fidelity of the portraits by which it is embellished of popular actors and actresses, render it valuable as far as they are concerned, and the memoirs are entertaining, but intrinsically it has no merit, being correct in neither fact nor chronology. If any one complained when an actor, in the above publication, was made the hero of events he never witnessed, Rede remarked that he ought to be thanked on both sides—by the player and by the public—for imparting any degree of interest to a nonentity. Being asked during its progress how he employed himself, he answered, "Like a bashaw—I take a life a week."

In 1828-9, Rede once more visited the provinces, but this time in the capacity of a leading actor in such theatres as those of York, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Richmond, and other principal towns in England and Scotland. The walls of his dressing-rooms yet bear many of the poetical effusions with which he enriched them. He frequently played with Edmund Kean, and during the circuit formed some of his most lasting friendships. One day, on hearing a young lady addressed by the name of "Sarah," he turned to Miss Cooke, who had that morning joined the company, and observed, that of all names he thought the one just uttered the most disagreeable.

"My name is Sarah," said Miss Cooke.

The *contre temps* was awkward, but it served to introduce the parties, and in process of time their acquaintance terminated in matrimony. This lady was the estimable daughter of Cooke, the bass singer of Drury Lane, and cousin to Mesdames W. West and Waylett.

In 1832, the erratic actor and penman once more reached the metropolis, never again to leave it for a permanency. He arrived at a golden moment, burst at once into public success, and fixed himself for life under the eye of popularity.

In promotion of this, a conjunction of events had favoured. During his journey to the north, his brother Thomas, his unflinching advocate and friend, had paved the way for an auspicious reception both in public and private. The spark to the train thus laid was applied by Messrs. Davenport and Rayner, at the Strand Theatre. This place had been newly converted to dramatic purposes from Burford's Panorama, but the Lord Chamberlain refusing a licence, the lessees determined on opening it in defiance, and popular sympathy was enlisted in their favour. Rede, who had played with both managers in the country, was engaged to produce a *pièce de circonstance* for the opening night, under the title of "Professionals Puzzled." It took the town at once. His "Humpback" and "Judgment of Paris" followed, and Leman Rede became a made man.

The laughter-loving public sighed for fun. There was nothing to discuss but music, the serious drama, and politics: Paganini, Sheridan Knowles, and the Reform Bill! In fine, to employ an antiquated joke, "there was nothing moving but stagnation," when all of a sudden Leman Rede burst through the gloom. He gave Paganini to the Strand

audience in an allegory. He spared the public the necessity of paying high prices to view the "Hunchback" at Covent Garden, by introducing him in travestie at the little unlicensed theatre near Temple Bar. He made friends with his audiences, and stepped nightly from behind the scenes to the box-lobby and the pit benches, scattering as he went the sparks of his wit, not in single or niggard modicums, but in liberal showers. Flattered at being admitted to familiar parlarce with the successful author, the playgoers made him an idol, and then magnified his merits to increase their own consequence in the estimation of others. In the daytime he was a walking epitome of all the floating news; and in lavishing his stores, the animation of his eye, the rich exuberance of his voice, the gaiety of his laugh, added to his great volubility and fascination of manner, gave permanence to the impressions of the night. He was therefore by his own influence enabled to attract multitudes to witness his productions, and would have consequently been valuable to managers, even if his powers had been of a much lower calibre.

In the succeeding twelvemonths he wrote *nine* successful pieces. He usually employed an amanuensis, and dictated with great rapidity. Like Sheridan, he drove off the completion of his dramas to the last moment, and frequently did not write their final scene till the night of production. The last scene of "The Rake's Progress" was never *written* at all until he revised the piece for publication. His popularity with the actors rendered them at all times willing to help him at a pinch, and it was no unfrequent occurrence, on the first evening of a new piece, to behold him surrounded by his friends behind the scenes, and teaching them the conclusions of their parts *viva voce*. A main ingredient of his success was his admirable power of fitting characters to persons. He always contended that no man went upon the stage without having the consciousness that "something was in him." What that "*something*" was, Rede applied himself to discover whenever a new performer joined the *corps*. "That something," he would say, "may be the ability to play Hamlet, or only a happy knack of throwing a bootjack across the stage; but whatever it may be I'll have it out. If the former, he shall have a first-rate part. If the latter, a boot-jack shall be introduced for the very purpose of giving his ability scope." Hence the number of performers who owed their rise in the profession to him; hence, too, the secret of parts which appear insignificant in the closet standing so prominently out upon the stage.

With the above key to the cause we need not wonder that Leman Rede's pieces were always well acted. A third-rate company fitted by him displayed first-rate powers, and celebrity was all at once acquired by those who had been reckoned "nobodies." With such examples before them, the most distinguished actors were ready to accommodate themselves to the freaks of his genius; and the irritable Yates himself would wait with resignation until the very opening night of the Adelphi for some address which had been announced in the bills more than three weeks previously. He was equally careless when he himself was to be the sufferer. His proposal to burlesque the "Hunchback" excited apprehension among some of his friends that the public would disapprove and resent the turning of so popular a piece into a laughing-stock. Rede undertook to propitiate them with an address; but day followed day and no address was written. In vain did "Brother Tom" urge him morning, noon, and night to the task. Vainly did anxious friends beset him on all sides upon

the subject, and vainly did the manager look grave whenever it was mentioned. Rede was either inexorable or stultified, and half-past six o'clock arrived of the night of performance without a line having been written. On his way to the theatre he was intercepted at every step by inquirers after the verses. "It's all right," was his reply. "Let me alone, and it will be all right!" They, however, would not let him alone, and, to escape them, he called to one of his intimates whom he saw approach, and then, turning into Somerset House, fairly took to his heels. When they reached the square he took his friend's arm and exclaimed, "Now, *you* understand me and won't talk. If I'm not bothered for five minutes, I shall be all right." They paced the quadrangle in silence. The clock of St. Mary le Strand chimed a quarter to seven. The minutes continued to progress, but Rede's brain seemed as perverse as ever. Suddenly he cried "I have it:" and rushing to his dressing-room, committed the address to paper. His companion went round to the boxes, and had hardly ensconced himself, after some difficulty, in a snug standing-place, ere the curtain rose, and Rede entered full of smiles, and electrified the house with a beautiful burst of feeling.

A word on the characteristics of Rede's dramatic productions. In them a succession of scenes and incidents, all illustrative of real life, are grouped with but little connexion within the limits of so many acts; and the play has more the character of a dramatised newspaper than that of a legitimately constructed drama. Poetry and pathos, humour and the axioms of sound sense, are abundantly scattered throughout. The most trifling part has an individuality which few dramatists think it worth while to impart to minor personages. By him the mere delivery of a letter upon the stage was rendered a vehicle for the conveyance of some characteristic he had caught in the course of his observations, and his skill in making every word and action bear upon the ruling passion he designed to represent occasioned each portrait to be truly life-like. This is nowhere more apparent than in the "*Rake's Progress*,"—his best production. In this piece we have the world as it is placed vividly before us, and we recognise each character as it passes in review. The force of habit is well exemplified in the part of *Harry Murkham*. This polished scoundrel adopts the slang of the taverns in all his requisitions;—"Soda for one, and brandy to follow." "Lights for two, and a dice-box to follow." "Don't bet on the Sandford races!" he exclaims, after having been shot in a duel. "If you have, hedge; it's a hollow thing! Coffins for one, and a tomb-stone to follow!"

Rede's magazine articles are pleasantly written; and his "*Recollections of Stage Veterans*," which appeared in the *New Monthly*, display a familiar acquaintance with the times and persons of whom he wrote, and are not only amusing and instructive but abound with good writing.

His extravaganzas and time-serving farces shot the prevailing folly as it flew with unerring accuracy and effect. In these he had no master, and he deservedly earned for himself the name of "*The Arrow of the Day—a reed, feathered and pointed.*"

His weightier works partook of the character of his dramas, but were yet more incomplete. They bear evidence of being the desultory efforts of a writer averse to lengthened application. Character, everyday life,

feeling, passion, and prejudice are delineated with a vigorous hand, but, every now and then, that hand seems to tire and the thoughts to wander. Continuity is lost sight of, and the bulk presents a heap of massive ideas flung together in fragmentary disorder. He could effect more in a short aphorism than a long essay, and was ever more happy in illustration than description. What can more strikingly develop the dogmatic obstinacy of a prejudiced mind than the following? Some pot-house politicians, in his "Barn-Burners," meet in a tap-room to discuss their fancied grievances, and, upon one of the parties opposing some proposition, the chairman starts up and exclaims, "You're a Tory, you are!" "What's a Tory?" inquires the offending member. "I don't know," replies the chairman, "*but you are!*"

Rede's subsequent career is soon narrated. He had not been long in London before death deprived him of his only brother, who died of aneurism of the heart. This blow affected him to his latest hour, and he never named the departed without tears. He caused the heart to be preserved for interment in his own coffin. On the evening of the decease Rede spent the hours in the pit of Covent Garden Theatre. "I felt," said he, "in that spot *alone*."

"The Loves of the Angels," "The Loves of the Devils," and a host of other popularities were subsequently produced at the Strand Theatre, under the management of J. Russel and Mrs. Waylett; but an information having been laid against the managers for the performance of dramatic pieces, that theatre closed, and Rede now joined Messrs. Manders and Chapman, in opening a theatre in Milton-street, City. Here he wrote his "Rake's Progress," and, on the morning of its production, united himself to Miss Cooke, whose amiable qualities and mental endowments admirably fitted her to be the wife of such a man. We have omitted to state, that in early life he was married to Miss Fanny Meller (sister to Mr. Morton of Sadler's Wells), who died at Margate in 1824, at the early age of nineteen. She bore him three children, all of whom died. His second wife brought him a son, who still lives to continue his name.

When the season of the "City" was near its close, Rede, having involved himself to serve a friend, was arrested on the stage, the sheriff's officer springing from the pit over the orchestra. On his release from "durance vile" he concluded his engagement, and rejoined the Strand, now licensed under Mr. W. J. Hammond from Liverpool. He wrote the opening piece entitled "Come to Town." Douglas Jerrold made his unsuccessful *débüt* as an actor on that evening. It was about this period that the society of the "Owls" commenced its short-lived existence at the sign of "The Sheridan Knowles," in Brydges-street, Covent Garden. This was a fraternity formed for the interchange of intellectual conversation and wit. A lengthened account of its transactions was published during its career in the pages of the *New Monthly*. Sheridan Knowles was patron, and Augustine Wade grand master, or, as he was appropriately termed, "The Illustrious Grand Perch." The three Websters, Buckstone, Selby, Grant, Macarthy, W. H. Williams, Mark Lemon, and a host of forensic and medical talent, with several popular authors and actors of the day, joined its ranks, and formed a symposium such as is rarely encountered. Frederick Webster was secretary, and Leman Rede was appointed "Interpreter," in other words, arbiter over

every dispute. The means he adopted to render himself irresponsible for his decisions were highly amusing. In the room, otherwise "nest," was kept a living owl, which received the sobriquet of "The Oracular," and which on all points of order or difference of opinion Rede pretended to consult by whispering in its ear. He would then place his own ear to its beak, and having apparently received its commands, promulgated the decree to the company—a decree from which there was no appeal. His first essay was indicative of what might be afterwards expected: A brother "Owl" having introduced the word "snakerism" into conversation, was accused of acting as a snake himself to the dictionary in thus giving such an *exposé* to its poverty by adding a new word. Rede was referred to, and he appealed to the "Oracular." The answer was: "The offending brother *must* be a snake as he has proved himself an *add-er*."

Rede now assisted in forming the "Dramatic Authors' Society," and was sought after by all the principal theatrical managers.

At this epoch he wrote a piece for John Reeve, in which the character assigned to that eccentric comedian had not a word introduced for him to say. On Reeve expostulating, Rede replied, "If I gave you any thing you would not study it; and if you did, you '*gag*' so well, that I should be wise to save myself the trouble."

Notwithstanding the unflagging efforts of his brain, Rede's spirits were unshaken, and his humour inexhaustible. A frequent source of wit was his own name. One of the "Owls" having too freely indulged in *post prandial* enjoyments, asked him to be his leaning-staff while descending the staircase, and grasped an arm, but stumbled forward for want of power to retain his hold. Upon this, Rede pencilled the following lines, and pinned them to the breast of his prostrate friend:

Some seek the wheat and meet but chaff;
Some wish the flower and win the weed;
Thus, when you thought you grasp'd a staff,
You found you only clutch'd a *reed*!

On another occasion, having answered an acquaintance rather tartly, that person said to those around, "I wonder what makes Leman Rede so sour and snappish to-night?" The punster retorted, "Why, what can you expect but acidity and brittleness from a *lemon* and a *reed*?" His really brilliant career lasted for some years. He gained an introduction to Madame Vestris, through Hooper the treasurer, and wrote "The Old and Young Stager," which introduced Charles Matthews to the stage. In 1834 he met with an accident, while playing at the Pavilion Theatre, which forced him to retire from the stage until the April of 1838. He then resumed the profession, by playing for the benefit of the widow of a departed actor, and subsequently at the Colosseum, Strand, Surrey, Wells, and Olympic. At length he finally retired, to devote himself to the *Sunday Times* newspaper, in the columns of which he produced a novel, entitled "The Royal Rake," receiving three hundred pounds for the copyright. It is a work of unequal merit, but contains some clever passages.

From this period he confined himself chiefly to newspaper writing—occasionally appearing upon the stage for the benefit of a brother actor, or supplying some broken-down manager with a piece to rescue him from ruin. But these productions became "few and far between;" not

from any decrease in attraction, but because, as he affirmed, the managers, having lowered their prices, wanted to lower their terms with authors ; "and," he added, "I won't stand it!"—An instance out of many of his championship for the scenic pen. This state of things lasted for some years. As reviewer, critic, and sporting correspondent, he obtained an easy income, but his habitual profusion rendered it insufficient to his wants, and as time progressed he began to find his means considerably straitened. The anxiety thus produced, coupled with wear and tear of mind, enfeebled his powers, and undermined a naturally vigorous constitution ; rendering him also unequal to those convivial habits which he had hitherto sustained without encroachment upon ebriety. An attack of gout, likewise, together with three painful operations, performed by Liston, combined to completely shatter him, and it became evident to his friends that "his wheel had become broken at the cistern." The realisation of their apprehensions occurred on the night of Thursday, the 1st of April, 1847, when, after spending a convivial evening with Mr. Copplestone Hodges, he sunk beneath a stroke of apoplexy, under which he never rallied, although sedulously attended by Drs. Richards and Roberts. On the morning of Good Friday he expired. And thus, in his forty-fifth year, died a man who hoped, and was expected, to attain a good old age, but whose premature decease was destined to furnish one more instance of the inroads which too free an abuse of the mental powers will make upon the finest constitution. What renders this consideration more deplorable is, that he possessed none of those small vices which tend to enervate the frame. He was a foe to indolence ; never gambled ; rose early, and fed plainly. Though of very convivial habits he neither smoked nor took snuff. To a friend who did both, he once said, "I shall do neither until I reach my forty-sixth year. At that time of life existence takes a new turn, and a man requires a new impulse, a new zest, and when I reach it, I will adopt the habits you possess. My first pinch and pipe shall be in your society." Poor fellow ! He did not live to fulfil the engagement.

His remains were, on the 11th of April, deposited in the grave of his brother ; and earth closed over two hearts which the best and kindest feelings had knit together. The funeral train consisted of his son—a boy ten years' old—his nephew, and a brother-in-law ; Sheridan Knowles, Dr. Richardson, J. K. Chapman, Alexander Lee, T. Manders, E. R. Lancaster, Dr. Richards, Mr. Simpson, and Mr. Colville. The obsequies were attended by nearly three hundred members of the stage of both sexes, and several of the literati. He has left a gap which will not be easily filled ; but has bequeathed little to sustain his memory with posterity. Had he committed a tithe of what he uttered to paper, it would have been otherwise ; but he preferred scattering his good things to the winds in the intercourse of fellowship, and when the ears which listened to them are closed they will have passed away for ever.

Poor Rede's free habits, and the expenses which necessarily attend the steps of a public man, prevented him from securing any provision for his wife and child. Let us hope that the hand of succour will not be withheld.

JEALOUSY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF EDWARD MAUTNER.

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

[OF Edward Mautner I know nothing beyond the fact that, in the present year, he has published a volume of poems at Leipzig, and dedicated the same to another poet of the day, Alfred Meissner, who, by the way, has acquired some renown. Turning over the poems of Mautner, of which I had never heard, and which came to me only in compliance with a general order for *all* new German poetry, I formed the conclusion that he is not so much distinguished by creative imagination or power of illustration, as by a certain intensity in the expression of feeling. It seems as if he himself actually feels what he is writing, and therefore can command the sympathy of his reader. Many of his poems are in the indignant political vein, which is now so common in Germany; and many which relate to unfortunate love affairs, appear to allude to some actual circumstances. In the whole book, which is pervaded by a melancholy tone, there is nothing which looks like the mere amusement of a passing hour, but all is marked by a sad reality, which inspires one with a desire to know more of the author. The following poem struck me as remarkable for its force and truth. Though I have called it "Jealousy," it has no special name in the original, but is the third of a series bearing the mournful title "*Lieder eines Ungeliebten*" ("Songs of an Unloved One"). The reader of German ballads need not be told that the stanza of two lines, in which it is written, has been popular from early days, and has been especially employed by Uhland.—J. O.]

We sat by our wine, with its hue of gold,
Of thee *I* thought, and of thee *he* told.

His words with the fervour of love were hot;
The boiling blood into *my* cheek shot.*

He said, "To my love right dear am I,
And shall be until on the bier I lie."

Then rage, like a fire, came over *me*;
I clench'd my fist in my agony.

He said, "Her kisses so warmly glow!"
My face at his words grew white as snow.

He said, "Her embraces so fondly clasp!"
The glass I shiver'd within my grasp.

My breath was short, and my flashing eye
Look'd round to see if no weapon were nigh.

He said, "I know, that if I were dead,
The bitterest tears she would surely shed."

And then in a moment my rage had pass'd;
I held his hand in my own hand fast;

I press'd it, and into the night I rush'd—
From my eyes, 'mid the storm, the hot tears gush'd.

* This strong line is literal:—

Mir schoss in die Wange das siedende Blut.

The gentle reader will mind to accent the "my," or the metre, which is regulated by accent and not by number of syllables, will go to the —. J. O.

THE SPANISH ACTORS IN PARIS.

BY AN ENGLISH SIGHT-SEER.

Paris, April 18.

ONE evening at the Tuileries, shortly after the arrival of the Duchess de Montpensier in Paris, the Queen of the French, being anxious to amuse the Infanta as much as possible, asked her what recreation she would prefer? The eyes of the young princess sparkled with delight as she eagerly exclaimed,

"There's nothing in the world I should enjoy so much as a game at blindman's buff with the officers of the guard!"*

Kind and amiable as the Queen of the French is, her notions of decorum were rather too strict to allow her to meet the Infanta's wishes, and the officers of the guard were therefore left to their usual nightly rounds, instead of being summoned to run round the room after a charming young princess, though there can be little doubt as to which occupation they would have preferred.

Blindman's-buff, under such circumstances, being out of the question, some other amusement became necessary, and, thanks to the gallantry of Louis Philippe, a troop of Spanish actors from Madrid have crossed the Pyrenees, and gave their first representation last night in the Salle Ventadour, where the Italian Opera has just closed.

All Paris has been on the *qui vive* for this event, a Spanish comedy (not to speak politically) being a thing hitherto unknown in this city; and every inch of room in the theatre was let at advanced prices. A gayer scene than the house presented before the curtain it is difficult to imagine; the theatre itself is decorated with great taste, and the deep-crimson linings of the boxes and stalls, and the disposition of the soft globe-lamps add greatly to the very desirable object of bringing out the beauty which is so often obscured by an injudicious choice of colours and bad arrangement of lights. Whatever there is in Paris of handsome or fashionable, *lion* or *lionne* of every degree of celebrity was present last night, and expectation was on tip-toe, the novelty of the thing being, of course, the great attraction—for as to understanding the language of the actors no one, apparently, made the slightest pretension to do so.

"Vous comprenez l'Espagnol?" said a bearded youth behind me, to an equally hirsute companion.

"Pas un mot," was the calm reply, as he levelled his glass at a beautiful Englishwoman on the opposite side of the house.

"Ni moi non plus," returned his friend "mais je comprends la danse, ça est bien traduisible!"

* The queen has some difficulties to encounter in the education of her daughters-in-law. The Princess de Joinville is very agreeable and somewhat *spirituelle*, but like most Portuguese—or rather Brazilians—has had no education. She has a French master in constant attendance, but her knowledge of the language would seem to be chiefly derived from that of her sailor husband, perhaps *à son insçu*. It is not long since the queen met her, and observing a cloud on her brow, asked what was the matter. Her naïve reply was,

"Ce sacré maître de professeur Français m'embête!"

The queen started, and presently observed, that it was not the custom for French ladies to express themselves in so forcible a manner.

"Mon Dieu! je ne sais pas," she answered, "Joinville dit toujours ça."

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But if the sonorous eloquence of Castile failed of its effect, the Jota of Arragon was certainly fully appreciated. Not that the wit of the *gracioso* passed without applause, but from the simultaneous murmur which preceded it, it was evident it proceeded from a knot of veritable Spaniards who had planted themselves in the centre of the *parterre*, to revel in the enjoyment from which, doubtless, many of them had long been exiled.

Before I say any thing of the actors, I must speak of the two most notable personages amongst the audience, Queen Christina and the Duchess de Montpensier, who occupied the royal box. The former, as all the world knows, is forty, fat—and *fair*—as far as complexion goes, but no longer so in the sense significant of beauty; her profile is a very bad one, and her *full* face quite justifies the term in its absolute meaning; for her figure, any description will serve that conveys an idea of size, and perhaps an *elastic haycock* may be as good an image as any other. This *embonpoint* is sometimes slightly in her majesty's way, for instance, at her devotions; and the other day, during *carême* in the church of St. Philippe du Roule, whither she always repairs to pray, she got so thoroughly embedded in the pavement while kneeling that all her efforts to rise were unavailing, and her attendants were forced to come to her assistance. * This ought to have been the business of the Duke de Rianzares, now the French Duke de Montmorency, who knelt at her side, but he, with the true phlegm of a husband to whom a wife's difficulties were no novelty, remained absorbed in holy meditation. And whether his trance was disturbed or not by the furious glance which Christina bestowed upon him I cannot say, but upon any one less self-possessed than Muñoz it certainly would have excited some visible symptoms of discomfort. Her majesty's frame of mind must at any rate have been enviable, for—she had just taken the sacrament!—Queen Christina's costume last night had in it nothing striking; she wore no diamonds—at least, I observed none—which is the more remarkable as there are said to be in her coffers jewels to the value of *eighty millions of francs*, which she contrived to smuggle out of Spain by every avenue, in some instances packing them up in bottles, and thus passing them for sherry. So completely were the royal treasures at Madrid *dévalisé*, that only a single necklace remained for Queen Isabella, no less than seventy *écrins* being found at the palace empty after her departure.

To return to a more pleasing personage, her daughter, the Infanta Luisa Fernanda.

Many and very different accounts have been given of her personal appearance. It was at first said that, totally unlike her sister, she was perfectly beautiful; then, that she was *affreusement laide*; and if the portrait which is to be seen on the Boulevard Italien could be relied on, the last description would be nearest the mark; but, as in most cases, truth lies between, and the only wonder is that the artist who has aimed at reproducing her features, should have so far forgotten his *métier*, in painting a royal personage, as to have done her so little justice. I was seated so near the royal box, and was so intent upon examining the features of this future Helen, that I cannot be mistaken as to their contour and expression. My opinion is, that the Duchess de Montpensier is decidedly pretty. She has a very agreeable countenance, *avec beaucoup de*

physiognomie; her eyes are large and expressive; her eyebrows highly arched but not forcibly marked; her mouth small and full of mobility, and discovering when she smiles, which she does frequently, a range of pearly teeth; her hair is dark and luxuriant, but seems to want lustre; her complexion is very sallow, a defect less perceptible by night than by day; her nose is the only feature decidedly bad, but only so with reference to the rest; it reminds one of the portraits of her father Ferdinand, but is much less *retroussé* than that of her mother. Her manners seem courteous, and her disposition lively, and the cares incident to her position have not as yet left any trace behind them. At times you would give her only the fifteen years which are all she has yet seen, but the general impression is that of a much older person—eighteen, twenty, or even five-and-twenty years—an effect produced by her fully developed figure. Her dress was simple but pretty: in her hair were roses and pearl pins, and a small head-dress of black lace fell behind her ears, in which were pearl ear-rings. Her dress was pink, with a *berthe* (I believe ladies call it so) of black lace. Altogether, she gave one the idea of a very pleasing, well-dressed young lady, whom any cavalier would be most happy to polk with in any society, and who, with half the fortune assigned to her (which, by the way, they say Louis Philippe has not yet touched) would make a sensation amongst our English heiresses of Albion. A propos of her *dot*, the story goes that the *thirty millions* which the king understood to be *francs*, are explained by Marie Christine to be only *reals*, which diminishes their value by three-fourths; but it is hardly possible that Louis Philippe could have been so thoroughly *done* as this mystification would imply.

The curtain is raised, and the actors in the Saynete, *Mi Secretario y Yo* (my Secretary and Myself), appear upon the scene. These were La Condesa (*Senora Baus*), her duenna or confidante, Zuiteria (*Senora Barden*), Don Fabricio (*Lombia*), and Don Engenio (*Caltanazor*). The story is extremely simple: the countess, a beautiful widow, living near Madrid, is beloved by a rich young merchant, Don Fabricio, who has lost his heart in negotiating for the purchase of her country seat, but has not courage to declare his passion. He is stimulated to do so by the duenna, who is most anxious to return to the capital, for she looks upon all the world, outside the walls of Madrid, as a desert, and conceives that *her* only chance of getting a husband, old as she is, exists in the possibility of finding him on the Prado, or at the Puerta del Sol. Fabricio, accustomed only to commercial affairs, is compelled to have recourse to his secretary, Eugenio, who writes a letter explanatory of his patron's feelings, but expresses himself rather as if he were consigning a cargo than making an offer of his hand; the style, however, is amended, and the letter graciously received, but Fabricio is at a loss what move next to make, while, in the meantime, the secretary has brought himself to think that *he* might stand a better chance with the lady than his principal. Fabricio has a happy idea, he will serenade his mistress. But unluckily, he can't sing. This deficiency his secretary undertakes to supply; and straightway the *seguidilla* is heard beneath the lady's windows. She is of course enchanted with the compliment, and in an interview with Fabricio, is about to resign her hand to him, when the unhappy secretary, believing the lady to be alone, strikes up on his own account. She recognises the voice and re-

proaches Fabricio with the deception ; the secretary enters, the Condesa seems disposed to award the prize to him, and torments her lover with the dread of her doing so. But this state of uncertainty does not last long ; she gives Fabricio a tender glance, he throws himself at her feet, and they are happy ; while the poor secretary, who has done all the work, is left *planté là* ; the duenna offers to make him amends, he declines the honour somewhat brusquely, and the piece finishes with a tag delivered by Don Fabricio. Without developing any first-rate comic talent, the Saynete was creditably performed. Madame Baus is a pretty woman, and a tolerable actress, but her voice is rather harsh, and pitched in too high a key—a characteristic of the whole *troupe*.

Next came the “*Boleras Robadas*,” and it would be difficult to do justice to the wonderful agility and grace of movement which marked these dances ! hand, eye, and foot kept time with the most perfect precision, and, as in every other similar exhibition during the evening, it was only when the dancers were fairly exhausted that they gave in. A single Spanish figurante produces little effect ; but when a dozen or more are in motion at once, the effect is widely different.

The drama of “*Garcia del Castanar, El Labrador Mas Honrado*,” (The worthiest Labourer”) succeeded. The story is briefly this :—A king of Castile (in the 13th century) is solicited by a nobleman whose services have been conspicuous, to confer on him the *Banda roja* (or red ribbon), an honour which is conceded. A list of those who, by their contributions, have most assisted in the war against the Moors is then laid before the king by his minister, the Count de Orgaz, and it appears that a certain cultivator of his own estate, Garcia del Castanar, has furnished more men and money than any of the grandees of Castile. The king is desirous of seeing one who, living so simply, has effected so much, and under the pretext of joining a hunting party, resolves to set out for Garcia’s abode, accompanied only by Don Mendo, whom at the same time he decorates with his own ribbon. The minister writes to inform Garcia of the king’s intention, whom he tells him he will at once recognise by the ribbon which he always wears. We are next introduced to Garcia’s happy home, where we see him with his young and beautiful wife, Blanca, and surrounded by his farm-labourers and domestics. They celebrate the happiness of a rural life by songs and dances, and shortly afterwards the king and his suite arrive. He addresses Garcia in the kindest terms, but without making himself known, and Don Mendo who is mistaken for his royal master, falls violently in love with Blanca, to whom he communicates his sudden passion. She dissimulates her anger at the avowal for fear of dangerous consequences, but Garcia has himself observed the supposed king’s admiration. Content, however, in the full belief in his wife’s virtue he banishes suspicion, and his royal guest departs with Don Mendo. In the second act the king announces to his minister his intention of bestowing on Garcia a command in an expedition against the Moors. Bras, the confidential servant of Garcia, arrives at court on a message respecting subsidies ; Don Mendo sees him and learns that his master is to be absent from his house on a hunting-party, and resolves to take advantage of the opportunity to endeavour to see Blanca again. He repairs thither in the dead of the night, but Garcia has returned home sooner than expected, and after an affectionate interview

with his wife, whom he is about to follow to her chamber, is startled by the sudden appearance through the window of Don Mendo, still wearing the red ribbon, and still mistaken for the king. Garcia whose arquebuse (*in the 13th century !*) is in his hand, takes him for a robber, and is just going to shoot him, when Don Mendo throws aside his cloak and discovers the red ribbon. Jealousy now usurps the place of all other feelings, and a violent struggle takes place between Garcia's loyalty and his desire for revenge. He, however, masters himself sufficiently to dismiss Don Mendo, but like a robber, by the way he entered. When the seducer is gone he avows his determination to kill Blanca, and afterwards himself.

At the opening of the third act we find that Blanca has fled from her husband's fury, and meeting with the Count de Orgaz is conducted by his servant for safety to the palace at Toledo. She is scarcely gone before Garcia appears, his *cuchillo* in his hand; he encounters De Orgaz, to whom, in the midst of his passion, he confides the secret (which in itself has nothing to do with the interest of the story), of his wife being an Infanta of Castile, and himself a proscribed noble. He follows her to the palace, and overhears Don Mendo, who has found her there, renewing his proposals, but he also hears Blanca indignantly reject them. Again the struggle arises between his duty as a subject, and the jealous feelings of an outraged husband, when the king himself enters. Garcia now discovers his mistake,—nothing further restrains him, and he stabs Don Mendo to the heart, but in conformity with classical practice, he invites him off the stage to allow him to do so in a "Dilly, dilly, dilly, come and be killed," sort of manner. Eventually the king pardons Garcia for the act, and all is made right.

This play is of meagre construction, but I have detailed the plot to give a specimen of the Spanish acting drama. Lombia, who played Don Garcia, exhibited a good deal of tragic power, and received much applause—the other actors were sticks, except Senora Baus (Blanca), and Caltanazor, who played Bras, the comic character of the piece.

But the real enjoyment of the performances began when the "Jota Aragonesa" was danced after the tragedy. There was no room in this exhibition for any thing but admiration. The almost delirious energy, and the wild yet graceful attitudes of the dancers, excited a perfect *furore*. A little piece called "La Feiria de Mairena" (the Fair of Mairena) followed. It was a picture in verse of Andalusian manners, and was interspersed with national songs and dances. One young man (his name did not appear) performed feats with a tambourine, which never were performed by tambourine or any other instrument on this side of the Pyrenees. A gipsy horse-jockey (Tamayo), gave a clever illustration of the manners of his tribe,—half Irish, half Arab,—and his daughter Aurora (Senora Noriega), played the Gitana to the life.

The success of the Spanish drama in Paris may be a question, but assuredly not the Spanish ballet. The royal visitors remained to the close, and none were more delighted than the Duchess de Montpensier.

THE OPERA.—JENNY LIND.

THE Swedish nightingale has achieved a success far beyond that of any vocalist whom the world has ever produced—be they soprani, contralti, tenori, bassi, baritoni. There have been singers, who have captivated the world with a single *aria*, winding round their auditors a chain of *floriture*, fine, but indissoluble, so that the poor things have been fast prisoners bound firmly by the heart, and with their ears filled by dreamy sounds. Likewise there have been artists, who have taken a whole pit with a single smile. Madame Anna Thillon, when first she came out at the Princess's, was ~~a~~ case in point. Spreading her irresistible smile over the surface of the pit, she took the people one after another, just as the small bright spark on a sheet of touch-paper gradually eats its way through the entire material. But Jenny Lind has gone far beyond all this. She has not put a foot on the London stage, not a note of her voice has been heard—but her triumph is enormous.

What was the “*Veni, vidi, vici*” of Cæsar to this? Theatrically speaking, she has not come, she has not seen (an audience), but she has conquered. Her motto should be “*Non veni, non vidi, sed vici*.” As for that correspondent who compares the success of Jenny Lind with that once achieved by the “Invisible Girl,” we reject the notion with contempt.

To our mind, Jenny Lind is the symbol of Anglican excitability. This great, many-headed being (we were going to say “monster,” but we won’t, as it includes our readers), which we call the public, is subject to fits of strong excitement, and these assume a bodily shape and form, which we term a “popular favourite.” Have our readers already observed the difference between the words “excitement” and “excitability?” Such visible beings as Cerito, Marie Taglioni, &c. &c., represent an already-existing excitement, and so will Jenny Lind by and by, perhaps by the time this article sees other light than that which comes through the sky-lights of Beaufort House. But, at present, she represents the possibility of being excited—or, in one word, excitability. Hence the peculiar marvel of her position, that a thing not in *esse* but in *posse*, should have its representative in time and space.

But we must dismiss this point, otherwise we shall not only grow too subtle for our readers, but we shall come to the disagreeable condition of not clearly understanding ourselves. Were he alive, we would leave the matter in the hands of that memorable sage, who settled the relative values of a possible angel, and an actually existing fly.

* * * * *

On Saturday the 17th ult. about two o'clock in the afternoon a strange sensation came over the inhabitants of London. Something had happened—what was it? Was it in the air, or under the earth? Which class of the Rosicrucian spirits was at work? The salamanders—the sylphs—the naiads—the gnomes? Nodody knew. There was a certain epidemic sensation perfectly unaccountable.

Most people know that a divining rod is a sort of stick which is mysteriously affected by the presence of certain subterranean things in its immediate vicinity, perhaps by springs, perhaps by mineral formations. Fewer

are the people who know that there are certain human individualities who may be called living divining rods, and who when approaching the object for which they have a mysterious sympathy are attacked by some strange pain for which they are not able to account. In this condition exactly were the whole of the Londoners on the day and at the hour in question. The banker in his counting-house fancied for the instant that the chink of his sovereigns formed itself into a light melody; the merchant saw the words of the bills that came due arrange themselves into a musical staff decorated with various notes from the stately semibreve to the fluttering *appoggiatura*—the chimes of the Exchange clock were heard to give a fuller and more musical sound, and there was something orchestral in the rattle of the cabs and omnibuses.

Gradually the sensation became more definite, and there was a kind of notion that it proceeded from the direction of Blackwall. Was the word "Blackwall" sung by some ethereal spirit, which floated down Fenchurch-street and Cornhill, and then buzzed about the colonnades of the Exchange, rejoicing in the encaustic decorations? We know not—we know that the persons who had hitherto listened to melodious sovereigns, gazed on commercial scores, and been entranced by sonorous chimes, and harmonious cabs and omnibuses, were now conscious, without knowing why, that something particular was going on at Blackwall. One *gourmet* was of opinion that a marvel for the time of year had come to pass, in the shape of an arrival of an unusual quantity of white-bait.

Our readers, who are aware that Jenny Lind arrived at Blackwall on the 17th ult., at two P. M., will be able perfectly to account for all these strange phenomena.

At about half-past seven o'clock on the evening of the same day, a still more powerful sensation was felt among the audience of her Majesty's Theatre. If it was a spirit that whispered about "Blackwall" at the east-end, the same spirit now repairing to the brilliant west, spoke distinctly "Jenny Lind is in the house." How could the audience, under these circumstances, attend to "I due Foscari," although Coletti played the part of the old doge?

By the way Coletti's old Foscari is one of the finest personations in the whole range of the lyrical drama. His voice is magnificent, his "getting up" a veritable removal of a grim picture from the walls of the ducal palace, and the grief and indignation which he expresses, on being deprived of his power, after so many years spent in the service of an ungrateful republic, are marvellously true and impressive. A very pretty opera, "I due Foscari," though not remarkable for originality.

But, as we have said, what was the unfortunate old Foscari, and what was the unfortunate young Foscari, when it was known as a positive fact, that Jenny Lind was in the house? To that small, fair-haired, innocent-looking, unconscious lady on the first tier, were countless lorgnettes directed. The sole question was, "Where is Jenny Lind?" the sole answer was, "There is Jenny Lind!"

The sensations of the audience when they had actually seen Jenny Lind were—

But stop. The prudent painter of the sacrifice of Iphigenia feeling himself inadequate to express the grief of the father, covered the face with drapery. Our article terminates here. We would not venture to describe the sensations of the persons who *had* seen Jenny Lind.

THE GREAT STEEPLE-CHASE AT THE CROIX DE BERNY.

THE long-anticipated steeple-chase (writes the lively Theophile Gautier, the spirituel *feuilletoniste* of the *Presse*), which kept all Paris in a state of feverish suspense, was to take place at two o'clock in the afternoon. The rush was enormous. Upon the Boulevard of the Invalides, in the Rue d'Enfer, in the Rue de l'Est, thoroughfares, generally speaking, deserted and tranquil, three rivers of carriages and vehicles of all descriptions poured along, till, united at the city-gate, they became a great estuary, flanked by two quays of pedestrians.

The sky, which had smiled for a moment in the morning, no doubt perceiving that something was preparing for the day, began to assume a sullen aspect, which gradually took the character of drizzling rain. The suburban half-rustic population of the outskirts were watching, with eyes sparkling with malicious pleasure, the crowd of fashionables hustling one another through the shower; for nothing rejoices the hearts of the extramural population so much as to see a Parisian wet to the skin and covered with mud.

The landscape is not very picturesque on the road to Berny, the most remarkable objects being immense red wheels, which appear as if detached from so many gigantic hackney-coaches, and vast heaps of rubbish piled by the side of the stone-quarries, to which the said wheels appertain.

On nearing the ground the crowd grew more and more dense. Handsome cavaliers starred the carriage-windows, and even the pretty faces that leaned out to look at them, with mud. Travelling chariots with four post-horses drove the crowd before them, and made vehicles of a frailer description fly before the thunder of their wheels, the jumble of their bells, and the musketry of their whips.

"Sylphides," "citadines," and "milords," were mixed up with cabs, chariots, and coaches, and with "Americaines," phaetons, and landaus, for the English have disinterred the latter. There might be some sacrifice of fashion in all this, but the very incongruity was a sign of "sport" in the wind. All the inns of the village were encumbered with carriages, horses, servants, and jockeys; the rain that was now falling heavily had no effect upon the general gladness and bustle.

Taking the road to the left, the spot where the stands were erected was soon reached. The first was covered and divided into stalls, at twenty francs a seat; the next was also covered, but the seats were not numbered, and there was a scramble at ten francs a head. Private carriages were mulcted in twenty francs, to enter into the meadow and take their station in a line not far from the river. Places taken the previous evening fetched thirty francs. The subscribers' stand was erected in a small meadow, at an expense of 1500 francs; the nine windows at the mayor's house, and the two at the inn, which commanded the ground, were let at a hundred francs each. Seats were indeed expensive at this theatre, although the performances took place in the open air. Five hundred foot, and a hundred mounted soldiers, to each of whom the gratuity of

one franc had been allotted, did the duties of police, and certainly it was no easy task with so impatient a mob.

And now let us turn to the ground, or to the "turf," as our continental brethren have it—and there is something equally novel and curious in adhering to their adopted versions of our sporting phraseology—the field of the forthcoming struggle of the "jockeys and gentlemen riders."

A great meadow, washed by the Bièvre, sweeps downwards, with here and there patches of fallow land, heavy and trying for the horses. The winning-post is in this meadow, close by the river. The starting-post is further off, almost out of sight, behind a clump of trees. A variety of obstacles, hedges, ditches, and rivulets, intersect the road which the horses have to pass over. At every obstacle a yellow pennon indicates the line of road to be followed. By these arrangements, almost all the events of the race can be seen; the horses, starting from a given point, ascend the acclivity, then speed downwards, cross the river, traverse the meadow, and return, without having escaped the glasses and eyes directed towards them more than a few minutes. The obstacles to be overcome, consist of hedges, a fencing of planks, a river eleven feet in width, and a stone wall. The difficulties of these leaps were increased by the rain, which had rendered the soil heavy, pasty, and slippery.

Now flank all this with carriages of every description, with an immense and motley crowd, and suspend a dark lowering sky, intersected with strings of rain, and you will have a tolerably correct idea of the whole thing.

And now to the performers in the equestrian drama. Out of fifty-two horses, forty only accepted the handicap, and only ten ran. These were Commodore, belonging to Mr. Livingston; Ways, M. A. Aumont; Switcher, the Earl of Strathmore; St. Leger, Mr. George Watts, jun.; Discount, Mr. Lambton; Gazely, Major Rushbrook; Matchless, Mr. Stanley; Peter Simple, Mr. Rolts; Young Lottery, M. Eugene Cremieux.

The signal being given, we perceived the profiles of the horses and of their riders pass like shadows across the skeletons of the little trees, then we saw a white horse—Peter Simple, if we are not mistaken—upon the acclivity of the hill, followed close by Matchless; the others followed at short distances. The soil was so soaked, that rockets of mud ascended into the air with each vault of the horses. The hedge was cleared courageously, and the whole field arrived at full speed at the river, whose soft and slippery banks were opposed to that spring necessary to insure a safe transit. Lord Strathmore, mounted upon Switcher, found the bed of the stream obstructed by a horse imbedded with its rider in the mud, while another to the right was dragging himself from the mire after a complete immersion.

The white horse had, in the meantime, got an advance of a hundred and fifty paces, and surmounted the wall, loosening only one stone; the others, some with their hoofs, some with their chests, and others with their bellies, tumbled down the crest of the wall, which was thus speedily shorn of one-half of its height, leaving an open breach, for the horses which came up last, to pass through.

What took place beyond the wall we could not say, but after the lapse of a few minutes we saw them all returning in quite a different order of succession. Those which had been last before were now first, and those which had been first were now last.

Peter Simple and Matchless were making strenuous efforts to regain their places, but St. Leger and Young Lottery led the way, followed closely by Discount, Gazely, and Switcher.

It was a splendid sight this pack of horses in full flight, smoking, bathed with foam, their eyes on fire, and their nostrils of a blood-red hue; and the riders, with their red, black, and blue caps, and their scarlet, cerulean, and striped jackets, their white leather breeches, and their pretty top boots, bent over the neck of their steeds, and cutting their shoulders with the whip, all urged by an impulse that had now reached the climax of intensity. It appeared as if the riders were lifting their horses to fling them to the winning-post.

Six horses came in at the same moment. To the spectators who were not at right angles, the distance between them was not appreciable. But St. Leger beat the others by a head, if not more, while Young Lottery and Discount were but a trifle in advance of Switcher and Gazely.

This first event over, a steeple-chase of gentleman-riders followed. Five horses entered: Mary Jane, Victress, Deodora, the Roarer, and Mameluke; MM. de Perregaux and de Montecot represented France in feats of horsemanship so especially Anglican, with more courage than good fortune. Their steeds fell several times without their losing their seats; M. de Montecot, thrown into the river with his horse, scarcely moved in his saddle. Victress, ridden by Mr. Ricardo, came in first, fully justifying her name; Mameluke followed her closely.

Notwithstanding the numerous falls, there were no accidents. The riders got off with a good wetting or a coating of mud. Every thing went off in the happiest manner possible, thanks to the precautions taken by the intelligent and active stewards, Messrs. D'Hedouville, Lecouteux, Count Guy de la Tour du Pin, and Sir William Massey Stanley.

An abundant collection was also made by the priest of the village in the stands and at the carriage-doors for the poor.

The steeple-chase of the Croix de Berny has given rise to several new fashions. Among others, to a kind of cape, upon which the stormy Hyades, to speak like Boileau, may pour forth the contents of their urns for twenty-four hours without the least inconvenience to the wearer. Most of the ladies, indeed, looked after the races like solar spectres, or various coloured ices just about to melt, the rain having mingled the colours of their dresses in the most fantastical manner.

Notwithstanding the horrible weather, the receipts amounted to 28,000 francs, and every one wet through, but happy, found their way back to Paris, amidst the most triumphant noises, and the most terrific deluge of mud that ever attempted to drown a festival.

LITERATURE.

ROUGH RECOLLECTIONS.*

THE happy and hearty mess of the 2nd battalion 22nd Regiment luckily serves as an excellent introduction to stories of strange venture and hair-breadth escapes from snakes, tigers, and Thugs innumerable. Premising, however, that the tale of the Christian, the Brahmin, and the Hebrew delivered up to the tiger as a test of faith, has more the character of a rude Oriental allegory or modern apologue than of a veritable history.

One of the Thug adventures is excellent. The discovery of the human arm in the clump of the Webera shrub rivets attention. The red cornelian signet ring promises a plot. The young bridegroom Jaffer has fallen by the accursed noose of the Phansigars! Then the arrival of the brother Hassan Ali, with his ten or twelve armed followers—the search in the jungle, and the discovery of a second corpse sitting bolt upright, entangled among pond weeds, in a deep, muddy pool of stagnant water, furnishes, it would be imagined, a picturesque climax. But no, a most agreeable surprise remains for all parties. Jaffer, after the roomal or kerchief has been thrown round his neck, had been saved by a party of Kulals or spirit brewers, gathering the berry of the *Bassia latifolia* in the jungle, and the corpse mangled by the jackals, and that saved by the water from wild beasts, were those of the “Banchut surs,” the cursed swine of Thugs, one of whom had made away with Jaffer’s ring, previous to the struggle for life and death.

A visit to the great tombs of Beejapore, one of which, the Burra Gumbuz, or “the great dome,” has a cupola larger than that of St. Paul’s, possesses within itself a deep and solemn interest. We can readily sympathise with the wanderer taking up his silent and solitary abode for three long days amid these ruins. The dark arches, the mouldering spires and minarets glowing in the golden sunset, the shrub clad walls, are now fitting monuments for a dynasty of murdered or of murdering kings, whose shadows are still said to flit about in the vast and deserted city. In such a place the author truly remarks, “society would be a mockery.”

But it remained to Major Campbell to give reality to such a scene by tracking out a “mother of the Ghowls” who dwelt in the dry bottom of an exhausted bowry or well, in which, seated on her haunches, she cooked her rice, fattened as she fancied with the flesh of a much-beloved child. There had been many years before a fearful dookal or famine.

Hoormut was the young handsome wife of Ali Khan, the favourite hujam—barber of Beejapore; they were a youthful and a happy pair, locked up in their love for each other, and in their affection for their only offspring, a beauteous boy of tender age. For a time they struggled, as did others, with the prevailing calamity: but an epidemic, arising from palpable causes, broke out among the people, and poor Hoormut became a widow. Whether from the hour of Ali’s death insanity took possession of her mind or not, is not known; but she was seen soon afterwards with her wasted boy—her dying Suliman—sitting beside an old tomb, devouring some wretched offal, with which, in vain,

* Rough Recollections of Rambles abroad and at home. By Calder Campbell, author of “The Palmer’s Last Lesson,” &c. 3 vols. T. C. Newby, London.

she tried to feed her child. Two days afterwards rain fell heavily! grain, too, came in from Poona, and my father (for the story is related by a certain Ibrahim Fakir) went in search of Hoormut. He found her—but *how* found he her? Alas! in her little cabin he found her, seated beside the hacked and hewn corpse of her boy! One limb suspended by a string, was roasting before a huge fire—the others lay scattered before her, and she herself—sole queen of this sad kingdom of despair—was singing aloud, in the deplorable exhilaration of incurable madness! No portion of her poor child's body was missing, so that the dreadful food had not entered her lips, and it was concluded that he had died a natural death; but in the wild fits of her frenzy, she is accustomed to accuse herself of having slain and eaten him, calling herself by the strange and appalling title of the Madur-i-ghowl.

THE CONNAUGHT RANGERS.*

THE 88th regiment, commonly called the Connaught Rangers, was not in the highest repute at the time that it first formed part of the third division in the Peninsula under General Picton. The story of the Connaught Ranger, stumbled upon by that brave officer and strict disciplinarian with a huge goat on his back, and as usual, forgiven for his national quickness in repartee, speaks volumes as to the little frailties in the men's characters. True, they may have only been "as great marauders as their neighbours," but perchance they were "more successful," and this drew attention to their feats in that line.

Be this, however, as it may, the steady loyalty, and brilliant achievements in the field of these gallant fellows from the far west, effaced all stains of petty marauding. The 88th, although at that period one of the strongest and most effective regiments in the army, did not count more than five hundred bayonets! but the 88th did not lose a man by desertion, while many regiments lost their scores. The 88th also belonged to what was denominated, parenthetically, the "fighting division," and a more determined and more dashing set of fellows was not to be met in that division.

At Busaco, the repulse of the main column of the enemy, which had gained the heights, was, according to Mr. Grattan, solely effected by the Connaught Rangers, assisted by four companies of the 45th. This action was indeed a most brilliant one, and was witnessed by Lord Wellington and Colonel Napier. The affair at Fuentes d'Onore was also, according our partial historian, settled by the Connaught Rangers. So also the favoured 88th stand prominent at the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo and Badajoz, and at the decisive engagement at Salamanca. We have no objections to this *esprit de corps*, which battles with the pen for the distinction due, either to individual or regimental exertions. It is evident, however, that there is a just medium in such claims, to overstep which is as rash as it is fatal. The very fact, however, of the peculiarities belonging to the Connaught Rangers, the combination of dashing bravery, with a spice of roguery, and love of fun, impart to their adventures in the Peninsula and in Canada, an interest which could belong to almost no other regiment, and this brave, if eccentric battalion, has found an excellent historian in its worthy lieutenant.

* Adventures of the Connaught Rangers from 1808 to 1814. By William Grattan, Esq., late Lieut., Connaught Rangers, in 2 vols. Henry Colburn.

THE ANCIENT WORLD.*

PROFESSOR ANSTED'S sketches of the ancient world fill up a great desideratum in modern literature. Modesty and diffidence, it has been justly remarked, should be the guides of those who seek to penetrate into the ages antecedent to man and his works. But they have not hitherto been made so. Scientific geologists have been too much occupied with details, to have had either the leisure or will to popularise the result of their labours, or to indulge in any generalities, that did not come within the province of their immediate researches. The facts contained in the natural history of creation were thus left to be developed by more showy, but utterly hypothetical writers of a pseudo-scientific school. Professor Ansted has done great service to the cause by taking the subject out of such dangerous hands, and while he has treated it in a sufficiently popular style to render the facts comprehensible to all; he has, at the same time, adhered to that severity of detail and deduction, which the true philosopher ought never to lose sight of, however inviting, however wondrous may be the field of his investigation; and none can be more so than the varying phases of the ancient world, and its surprising and almost fantastic creations!

Professor Ansted remarks, very truly, that if it is thought discreditable to an educated person to be unacquainted with the history of the people of his own country, it ought surely to be considered of importance that he should possess some degree of knowledge also concerning this much wider range of history. We quite agree with this view of the subject. The history of man, although distinct, is still inseparable, from that of the earth, his abode. The mightiest revolutions of the latter have taken place, for the most part, in a time anterior to the first appearance of man on its surface; and laws and principles of nature were at that period in operation which have since either totally ceased, or have changed their character; yet, in a history of the origin and progress of the human race, that of the earth cannot be passed over in perfect silence. Its changes and periods form a necessary part of the great chain of causes and effects, established and conducted by the mighty Being, whose power gave existence to all; and we feel assured that the time is not far distant when the History of Creation will constitute an essential elementary and introductory chapter to history in general.

ZAMBA, THE AFRICAN KING AND SLAVE.†

THE Life and Adventures of the African prince and slave are replete with deep and sad interest. It is a genuine and interesting sketch of African domestic manners.

When Sheikh Zamba—for it is absurd to dignify those little patriarchal independencies of a dozen villages or less, by the title of kingdoms

* The Ancient World; or, Picturesque Sketches of Creation. By D. T. Ansted, M.A., F.R.S., F.G.S., Professor of Geology in King's College, London. John van Voorst.

† The Life and Adventures of Zamba, an African Negro-King; and his Experience of Slavery in South Carolina, written by himself. Corrected and Arranged by Peter Neilson. Smith, Elder, and Co.

—after being taught by a scheming American slaver to read his Bible, and rendered discontented with wife and home, was induced to visit, with gold and followers, the more civilised America; we do not know which feeling pains us most, pity for the decoyed, or indignation at the decoyer.

The sequel of his history is soon told. Captain Winton seizes upon the travelling prince, his gold and his followers, converts the gold to his own uses, and consigns the human beings to slavery, converting living flesh also into the same ambited dross. This may be imagined to be a thing impossible in the times we live in. Not at all. Zamba could speak English, could explain his case on his arrival at Charleston, the city of an imaginary civilised people; but no one would believe him, and the “law” of the country does not receive the oath or the asseveration of a race to whom the rights of man are denied. The prince became a slave, and lived a life of painful toil and unmerited persecution. But the ill-gained gold did not prosper with the inhuman captain, he became a pauper, and was ultimately killed in a duel. Zamba recovered, more than he deserved,—his wife, whom he had so shamefully abandoned—and he so prospered in his education, as to be able to communicate to the public these particulars of an eventful life, which is truly adapted to shame (if any thing could produce so desirable an effect) the Americans of the southern states, out of their atrocious trade in human beings.

HOME INFLUENCE.*

ONE of a class of works which recommend themselves rather for the lessons which they convey than for the dramatic interest of the narrative. Mrs. Hamilton has a seraphic gentleness of admonition, a sweet serenity of disposition, and an unapproachable wisdom in all that refers to domestic conduct and happiness. There are, at the same time, other charming people in the story, who illustrate, as it is intended they should, the virtues which flow from true Christian piety. The authoress is well known for her perception of character, her graceful diction, and earnest feeling; and these attributes shine more prominently than ever in these beautifully conceived volumes, which cannot fail to be as acceptable, as it is certain they will prove advantageous, to many a domestic circle.

MANTELL'S GEOLOGY OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.†

WITH Mr. Mantell's little book in his pocket, the pedestrian tourist may, in an excursion of less than a week, explore the curiosities and enjoy the scenery of our English Crimea; and, what is of far more importance, at the same time receive a great practical lesson in geological science, returning home with an instructive series of the organic remains of the island. The geological phenomena presented by the Isle of Wight

* Home Influence: a Tale for Mothers and Daughters. 2 vols. Groombridge and Sons.

† Geological Excursions round the Isle of Wight, and along the adjacent Coast of Dorsetshire; illustrative of the most interesting Geological Phenomena and Organic Remains. By Gideon A. Mantell, Esq., LL.D., F.R.S., &c. Henry G. Bohn.

are familiar to all naturalists as of the most interesting description, and as unique in this country; and it is to be hoped no tourist will think of a trip thither without availing himself of the great additions to his intellectual amusement which is afforded to him by this admirable guide-book.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

UNDER the title of a *Financial, Monetary, and Statistical History of England from the Revolution of 1688 to the Present Time*, Mr. Thomas Doubleday, author of the "True Law of Population," &c., has indited a philippic against ministers of state, fund-holders, and all who differ from him in his particular views of monetary matters.

The Rev. T. D. Gregg, Chaplain of St. Nicholas within, Dublin, has attempted to show, in a very able work, designated *Free Thoughts on Protestant Matters*, that a system of legislation on church principles would be the panacea for the evils of Ireland and the empire. The work is powerfully written by the well known and distinguished preacher, and if church principles could only bring about divine principles, the proposed panacea would be undoubtedly adequate and satisfactory.

A curious little work has fallen into our hands, having for title simply *Political Fame*, but which treats of such interesting subjects as literary statesmen and political novelists, as well as of more hackneyed themes, as the responsibility of politicians, Young England, Radicalism, Right and Might considered historically, &c. &c. There is a good deal of originality in the work, and a vein of speculative wisdom, which, if not always founded upon sound data, or emanating from a matured judgment, has at least the merit of being suggestive and amusing.

Dr. Bushman has published under the title of *Observations on Hydropathy*, what is in reality a guide to the principal cold water establishments of Germany. Whether there still remain many to follow such *igni fatui*, and avail themselves of such a guide, is as doubtful as the prolonged existence of the establishments themselves.

Mr. George Finlay, a name well known to all who are familiar with modern Greece, has, we strongly suspect, in his little pamphlet, *On the Site of the Holy Sepulchre*, settled a long discussed question in the topography of Jerusalem, and that by strictly historical evidence, that Constantine fixed on the true site, as at present traditionally handed down. It is to be regretted that Mr. Finlay had not considered Mr. Cox Dautrey's views, as given in his recent little work, the "Bible in Palestine," as well as Dr. Robinson's; both being opposed to the present admitted site.

The *Essays on Human Rights and their Political Guarantees*, by E. P. Hurlbut, Counsellor at Law in the city of New York, are ushered in under the auspices of a great name—George Combe—and are, if possible still further recommended by their own intrinsic and philosophic value, and a cheap form of publication, which places them within the reach of all classes.

Mr. Joseph Adshad is a most persevering opponent of the existing prison system. He has followed up his greater work, *Prisons and Prisoners*, which we noticed some time back, by a pamphlet entitled, *Our Present Gaol System deeply depraving to the Prisoner, and a Positive Evil to the Community*. As this is no doubt the case, it is sincerely to be hoped that Mr. Adshad's perseverance in denouncing the system may ultimately be productive of ameliorations.

The *Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Character of Henry Hatcher*, author of the *History of Salisbury*, is, we believe, to form a part of a more interesting work, which we are happy to see is forthcoming, *The Autobiography of John Britton, F.S.A. The Pilgrim of India, an Eastern Tale, and other Poems*, by James Hutchinson, Esq., published by Mr. Pickering, is a work that merited a notice of more than a few lines. It is, in fact, a poem full of feeling and information. —The *Vision of Peace*, by W. J. Edge, Rector of Waldringfield, Suffolk, also deserves a kindly notice, for the objects more than for the execution of the little poem. *Haisborough Hall* is a strange, we had almost said an extraordinary, production. The hero, "Hunks," having quarrelled with his father on account of

his love for a poor girl, is sent to sea in a slave-ship, is nearly murdered by the crew, but finds refuge in Brazil, where he lives to become an infidel and a misanthrope, and then returns to England to put such felicitous principles in action as a "parish officer." We almost suspect a satire at the bottom of this "heroic" poem.

SERIALS.—We have seen, with infinite pleasure and gratification, some of the early numbers of the New Testament, illustrated by Heath, and publishing in 2s. parts, by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. It will be a truly superb work, there is no falling off as it proceeds in the execution, and, as for choice of subject for illustration, it can have no rival. We have also received the second and third numbers of Dr. Trail's new translations, and Houlston's and Stoneman's new illustrated edition of the Works of Josephus. This is also a most splendid work, and does honour to the spirit and enterprise of its publishers. We hope to notice the work at length as it proceeds.

The publication of the collective edition of Mr. G. P. R. James's works has devolved itself upon the house of Parry, blenkarn, and Co., who have just issued the eleventh volume, comprising the admirable tale of "The Gentleman of the Old School."

Mr. Hurst has commenced the publication of a *Juvenile Library*, to be entirely written, it appears, by a pen well versed in that particular line—that of Captain Marryat. It is sufficient, after such an intimation, to tell our young friends that the first shilling number opens with the "Children of the New Forest," illustrated by Master Frank Marryat. Two new Atlases have been commenced at the same time in numbers, one by Mr. Wyld, the well-known geographer, in folio, at 1s. 6d., the other by Mr. Sharpe, in 4to., and published at 1s. by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. Mr. Sharpe's maps present a very novel feature, and we are inclined to think a very important improvement in corresponding in their scale, one with the other. It is surprising what false notions are imbibed by young people of the comparative extent of countries, by the habit of reference to maps upon varying scales. Besides, it led to national absurdities. French Atlases have always their own provinces twice the size of China, and the United States Atlases are devoted one-half to the "States," such being given in imposing magnitude, and the other half to the rest of the world, every country of which falls into insignificance by the side of a single "State."

We have received a third volume of *An Ecclesiastical Biography*, by Walter F. Hook, D.D., vicar of Leeds, and although we have not had an opportunity of examining the preceding volumes, still we can see that the work is in every respect one of an important and comprehensive character, and which contains, or is to contain, the lives both of ancient fathers and of distinguished modern Divines, of all classes and persuasions.

Dr. W. H. Robertson of Buxton has commenced the publication of his *Treatise on Diet and Regimen*, in quarterly parts. This new edition is materially improved and adapted to the present state of knowledge. The *Parlour Library*, which is to supply novel readers with works at the extraordinary low price of one shilling, has opened with *The Black Prophet, a Tale of the Irish Famine*, by William Carleton. The subject is ill-chosen and terribly Irish. The sad realities of suffering forbid the martyrdom of fiction, but the author has accomplished his task with his well-known power and ability. The monthly volume of *Bohn's Standard Library* contains the first volume of a most important work: *The History of Painting in Italy*, translated from the Italian of the Abate Luigi Lanzi, by Thomas Roscoe.—The second volume of the *Select Writings of Robert Chambers*, is still occupied with the familiar and humorous essays of this fertile and popular author. The complete work will certainly be a deserving monument to a deserving man. Four parts of the completion of the *Chronicles of the Bastille*, illustrated by Robert Cruikshank, have come to hand; the story appears to be full of stirring interest, but we must defer a notice of it till completed.—*A Comprehensive Tune-Book*, edited by H. I. Cauntlett, musical doctor, appears to possess high claims of merit, character, and cheapness. It is to be published monthly by Houlston and Stoneman.—Part I. of *Diseases of the Million*, with antipathic indications, is rather out of our path, nor is the principle of publishing medicine for the masses a judicious one.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE AND HUMORIST.

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Mr. AINSWORTH begs it to be distinctly understood that no Contributions whatever sent him, either for the NEW MONTHLY or AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINES will be returned. All articles are sent at the risk of the writers, who should invariably keep copies.

NOW READY,
THE JUNE NUMBER OF
AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE.

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W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

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CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE PRIEST OF ISIS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AZETH, THE EGYPTIAN."

I.

THE LOVELESS LAW.

It had been the day of the solemn ceremony in Philæ, when the priests celebrated the mystic burial of that dread god, whose name none might breathe aloud. The sad death of the king-deity, Osiris, by the hand of the cruel Typhon, had been again recalled to the minds of men; and the history of his interment, after his scattered members had been found by the persevering love of Isis, and, under her watchful care conveyed to this holy isle, again enacted. The jars, whose number was the same as the number of the days of the year, had been replenished with the milk of the sacred heifer—emblematic of the peace, richness, and innocence, spread over the earth during the joint sovereignty of these twin-consorts. The tomb had been crowned with flowers. A mournful ceremony—but how true its acted mythe! For are not flowers—those sweet children of gladness—the soft words of life which nature speaks in every chamber of the universe? Ay! even through the articulation of the rock and the desert-sand does she utter this universal language of life! And are not these flowers, when hung round the tomb of a god, her promises of a bright resurrection—her assurances of the nullity of death—of the truth of an immortality? The tomb was crowned with young blossoms; the cold sarcophagus was garlanded with the dearest creations of life laden with the night-dews, perfumed with odour from the skies, their colours part of the very orb of fire. And these wove the robe of the confined deity.

It was indeed a beautiful mythe, this yearly celebration of the burial of Osiris at Philæ, veiling the tomb, and making the grave a place of beauty! The silent guest of the banquets, with his flowery crown and glistening robe, *he* was a warning of annihilation in the midst of life; but this festival of the island was a promise of life in the midst of decay. It was the holiest and the most significant of all the rites in use among the sons of Khemi;* for it was the cord which bound this state of being with that which is unseen, before the altar of Besa.† Nature herself confessed its solemnity and deep import. For a spell lay around the islet, so that not a wing beat from its groves, nor a bright-scaled fish leaped about its shores, during the solemnisation.‡ A silence, like that of death, reigned over the holy place, and the meanest, as the grandest, child of animation was hushed in the stillness of awe. The very shadows fell heavier and more intense in depth, and the sun's path through the heavens seemed stiller and slower.

But now the moonlight again brooded over the island, enwrapping its

* The Black Land, or the Land of Khem (Ham), Egypt.

† The Egyptian God of Death.

‡ An ancient tradition, cited by Plutarch, and a little altered by the author.

groves, and obelisks, and sculptured temples, and holy sepulchres, in one robe of chastened loveliness. The ceremonies were over, and the charmed spell removed; and once more the tide of life rushed back in its boundless torrent. The birds sang blithely through the cloudless sky, the insects chirped their merry call while fanning their slender wings in the cool Nile-breeze, the heart of man again beat with emotions, and affections once more resumed their sway.

But though all other hearts might throb freely, when the yellow moon loosened those bands of insupportable awe—yet to the Isiac priest this solemn day was but as one of the unchanging moments in his long night of existence. No passions might stir, no affections warm, him who had devoted himself to the still worship of the chaste goddess. Love, the soul's best virtue, was his crime, and its purest aspirations forbidden. He was the bound prisoner of forms and mistaken religion, and he must stifle the urgent cry of the heart's necessity in the hymns of the bigot's false zeal. He must die while in life, and with his own hands dig his dark grave beneath the sunlight.

Is the murder of the heart a crime less heinous than the murder of the body? Is the suicide of feeling less guilty than the suicide of existence? Let the victims answer!

Yet all the votaries of this stern creed could not thus wholly turn from the beautiful of warm life, from its loves, its desires, its affections, to the cold contemplation of heavenly things, or the speculations of an abstract philosophy. All could not so closely enwrap themselves in the white garb of their office, as to forget their manhood's nature. Many a blackened corpse suddenly slain, and apparently by no human hand, whose place, when among men, had been before the altar of Isis, and who had outraged her laws of deadly coldness, attested to the impossibility of universal obedience. Yet the oracles—the hierophants—declarers of the mysteries of the Mighty Mother—gave to such more than honourable burial; and, to the herd, named their death the proof of Her gracious preference; for she it was who had rapt their souls away, to dwell among the stars, freed from the frailties of humanity.

The priests of Isis may not love. Woe to him who forgets this law! Of what avail are funeral honours and hired bewailers, when the blow has been struck home? The hierophant may weep—but it is not he who has slain? He may name the wretch's death, the heavenly love of Isis—would he, the dying sinner, have named it aught but murder clothed in the veil of punishment for crime? The juice of the chilling hemlock—fastings and prayers—vows—resolutions—all may prove insufficient, and woman's beauty may still exert her god-bestowed power, to kindle those flames which man has forbidden: yet if these are thus insufficient, and the flames rise high, and consume and scorch, the steel, and the deadly drug, and the life-long imprisonment, are as so many books, from which the incautious priest may study, when too late, the forgotten lessons of prudence. Many, crafty and subtle, transgressed these laws, yet were not punished. But these were the men of policy, whose secret sins, at which the spirit of a love, falsely named unlawful, would blush to be compared, were hidden in darkness, and cloaked in an outward, exceeding, strictness. There are many such in life, and they gain, for their day, the honour of their fellows: *after* life—what?

In which class must be placed this young Isiac priest, who, the Mysteries of the Death ended, and himself released from the painful duties of

his office, wandered through the sacred groves beneath the waves of the moonbeams? His dark eyes, and swarthy brow which burned with fire, might not be his claim to a place among the still, cold, perfect—the Herneesian philosophers,—the fit priests of Isis. And neither might he be named one of the crafty wise; for his frank and fearless bearing,—his youth's impetuosity impatient of control and concealment alike,—his independence, and his pride, spoke him one of the brave and open, whose heart was too noble for the false principle and distorted morality of his sect.

Beautiful in feature and in person, the young priest might have served as a model for the dear son of Isis, Horus the Beloved, when first escaped from childhood. Yet his features were not beautiful from shape alone; their chief grace consisted in the depth of expression,—in the heart,—the soul,—the intellect,—beaming from each line. But it was an intellect whose origin was feeling. It was not the cold logical reason of a subtle-witted man, whose thoughts could pierce like bladed spears; it was rather the warmth of the burning summer-cloud, which from *love* becomes the recipient of beauty and of gloriousness. But, alas! he was not rightly placed in his career of life! Zimnis, the Isiac priest, was a man born for action,—for an existence of outward energies,—an existence made up of deeds and strongest emotions. Nature never moulded him for a still, contemplative, inactive, mode of life—his most energetic deed, the priest's silent and secret influence,—his wildest passion, the zealot's pale, visionary faith. And oh! still less was he born to be a follower of the Loveless Law! Each word, each act, each thought, belied that law. His whole being was one with love and beauty. This was his life—his spirit—his fountain-spring of animation—without which he would lie in the sunlight, a stiffened corpse.

And now the dread ceremony over, Zimnis was again free to turn his steps whither he would:—though the name of Freedom was a mockery in that prison-isle of temples!—and with rapid feet, and unquiet mien, he hurried through the consecrated grove in which the awful Adytum, where the body of Osiris reposed, was placed. The bright flowers, which bloomed in such rich luxuriance round him, were passed by unheeded; their odorous sighs were breathed in vain; their gentle eyes lured unseen; and disregarded they held up their coloured, glancing cups, filled with the evening dew. The heart of Zimnis throbbed, and each nerve thrilled with strong emotion, and the fairest gifts and scenes lay as the dumb dead in his way. The songs of the parting birds,—the glorious plumage of some, such as the emerald bee-eater, and the painted snipe, and the golden lapwing,—the melodious tones of others,—the rainbow-like hues of the circling butterflies, as they hung on the lips of the white lily of the Nile, or hid in the bosoms of her brighter sisters, the blue and the crimson loti,—all these, beautiful as they were, and full of alluring charms, were neither seen nor heard by the youthful Hierophant. He pursued his way with a world in his own breast, which closed the avenues of outward sense, and, in the midst of the beautiful, rendered him ignorant of its loveliness.

As he passed the pylon, or gateway, of the magnificent Temple of Isis, to which he more immediately belonged, though an assistant and participator generally in the rites of the other adyta of the Holy Isle, a shudder ran through him, and involuntarily he covered his face in his robe. Was that strange horror the sting of remorse?—the pang of

shame, as he was thus forced to compare his office with his feelings,—to remember his vows in the midst of his passions? Or, was it not rather the dread of the prisoner, who, in his short space of freedom, was thus rudely reminded of the cell and the chain of his daily life? Ay! it was indeed the articulation of the heart's sorrows;—its dumb cry before the grave of its happiness! But the temple was now behind him; the dromos, or paved way, with its avenue of colossal sphynxes which led up to each *Ædes*, traversed; and Zimnis found himself on the shores of his Nile-girt home. The cool waves beat fresh against its rocks: the lines of silver, the path of the moon on the waters, lay like threads of Heaven's own weaving;—cords, by which to ascend, in heart at least, to the glories of the Place of Tpe.* The stars had crowded out in countless numbers, making the night radiant and beautiful; their long, shining hair fell athwart the sky's black brow, and circled the blue with a gleaming coronet of Life. But to Zimnis, they seemed like the eyes of those good genii who watched over the life of his beloved, Oëri of Thebes. For to the lover, what image doth not recall the dear form?—what sound doth not echo the dear voice?—what beauty is not as an emanation of the adored spirit? And when love is named unlawful,—when strong principles war against it,—when religion opposes, and superstition shrieks out aloud,—when vows bar its nurture, and custom names it crime, then does it grow deep and deeper; becoming like the tempest's consuming fire, where, with its course unchecked, it had glowed with a sunlight of gladness.

And because the love which the Isiac priest cherished for the Egyptian girl was deemed sinful, because it required courage in opposition and manliness in self-reliance, *because it was forbidden*, Zimnis nourished it yet more and more, according to the nature of man. And he kept it in his breast, tenderly as he would have hidden a young dove. He knew not that he had bound about his heart a snake—bright and flattering—but one whose kiss was death!

II.

O E R I.

A WOMAN's light step was heard. The sound struck the ear of the priest, and he started with a thrill of rapturous expectation. As he turned, a graceful figure swept from amongst the trees, and hastened to meet him. Her long thin veil she flung off with an impatient gesture, and her proud beauty stood revealed in the light of the moon. She was taller than most of her countrywomen; with limbs whose mould was at once firm and dignified, yet feminine and elegant; her feet, clad in the many-coloured sandals of Anthylla,† were as light and elastic in their tread as was the pace of the wild mouffon‡ of the hills; and the small ancles, glancing below the broad hem of her robe, had put the antelope to shame for delicacy. Her dark, almond-shaped eyes, with their jetty lashes resting against her pale cheek, spoke of a haughty, tameless spirit. Their glances were like lightning flashes from a night-black cloud, as she turned those full orbs with a steady gaze of a quenchless pride, which owns nor superior nor equal. But when her

* Tpe : a circling female form, representing the heavens.

† The royal pin-money city. Part of its revenues were paid to the reigning queen in wine, and part in sandals.

‡ According to Laurence, &c., the patriarch of the Ovine tribe.

mind was 'unoccupied by passions excited from without—when thought, or a dreamlike feeling made up her existence, then they spoke only of her queenly love. But it was not the love of a timid woman. It had nothing of the clinging yieldingness of the weaker, but was rather the haughty condescension of an empress, who names each small jewel of love's treasury a favour which a life-long gratitude could not repay. She honoured, not reciprocated. Her black hair hung round her stately neck in many glossy plaits, and her head was cinctured with a golden band, in which was placed a bud of the white lotus, drooping over her forehead.

She met Zimnis, who had rushed forward to her embrace, returning his caress, if not with a woman's timidity, yet with all a woman's pride, glorying in the nobleness of the thing loved. The same secret under-current of feeling, which had unconsciously operated on the heart of the priest, had also worked its effect on her. There was something grand in this bold denial of the right of vow or faith to restrain. This courage, so beyond the time and age, was, unknown to herself, flattering to her own self-love; for the influence of the hierarchy was not yet lost, and still the Egyptian Pontiff was held as an emanation from the gods, and still his authority was both unquestioned and undisputed. This, publicly. For, in secret, the great influx of strangers—of Greek philosophers, scoffers at religion, and deriders of its ministers—of warlike barbarians, too strong and too bold for the chains of the unarmed *Ædes*—of foreign zealots, who could bring proofs incontestable of the true godhead of each of their myriads of contradictory divinities—and more than all, the strange, pure doctrines, preached by the despised Israelites—had awakened a certain unexpressed mistrust with the people. In one instance this mistrust had penetrated even the women's chambers; and in *Oëri*, the daughter of the Priest *Osor*, had transformed the docile slave of another's thoughts into the self-sustaining heart, strong in its own judgments.

This love of *Zimnis* and *Oëri* was a desperate game, with a forfeit in the failure stern enough to appal the stoutest soul. If discovered, she, the daughter of a priest—one peculiarly favoured by the gods—the only offspring of the divine Pontiff of *Neph* ;* he, the sanctified, the hallowed, the sacred, vowed to *Isis*, the follower of the loveless law of the cold goddess—and they, standing thus, pouring out their love beneath the moonlight—what must be their fate but death? Or if not death to both, to him at the least. How, let the mouldering bones of so many slaughtered priests, whose hearts had rebelled against constraint, rise up and tell; and why the living heart was slain, let the dumb mouths open and reveal. The extreme punishment, which was the kindest, might not be given to her; but cruel mutilation, barbarous disfigurement, imprisonment, and maddening misery, for her weary length of life.

Oëri put back the hair from the priest's brow, and looked into his bloodshot eyes.

"Thou art feverish, dear love!" she said, after a long pause, as she passed her soft hands over his forehead, and pressed his throbbing lids together. "This is not well! Didst thou not promise me that thou wouldst be still and calm?"

"And wouldst thou that I should be calm, *Oëri*? Calmness! a fit quality for *thy* lover, when every moment may hurl ruin on thine head!"

* The grandest and the most *spiritual* Deity of Egypt.

"Ay! and by this thou wouldst work better to stay that ruin! Zimnis!" she added, with emphasis, "bethink thee; one indiscreet word, one tell-tale look, and the cruel Semmuthis holds us in his grasp. For thee, silence best names thy fate; for myself, a lot worse than death—with pollution even in that traitor's look!"

"Oëri, thou wouldst not bear his love?" and the priest's hand grasped her slender arm till it trembled. "Wouldst thou suffer his breath to blister thy soul like the trail of the poisonous scorpion? Thou knowest how to die?"

"Judge, thyself," she said calmly; and drawing aside her upper vest, she pointed to the gilded handle of a small dagger. "With this can I obtain me admission into the Awful Place,* and make my greeting to the dread boatman of the lake."†

"And I would rather see thee thus," cried Zimnis, passionately; "I had rather see thee lie there, thy fair bosom stained with thy life's blood, than live, the loved of Semmuthis."

"Thyself will be my best protector; in thy conduct lies my double fate; thou hast a perilous charge; it needs thee to be wary."

"Oëri, is this reproach kind?"

"Call it not that!" cried the girl, taking his hand within her own; "call it not reproach, dear love! Surely thou canst not believe that Oëri would reproach him whom she loves, ay, better than her own soul, Zimnis!—better than her faith, her father, her gods! But I am too hasty in my speech; and unwittingly I pain where I meant but to cheer; I condemn where I would but admonish! Thou wilt pardon me? Thou wilt not turn away in anger from thy beloved?"

"Rather would I clasp thee to my heart, though every throb of thine were a dagger to slay me! And fear thou not, Oëri! Semmuthis may rage, he may threaten, strike, slaughter, but here on this-breast thou art laid now and for ever. This shield shall not fail thee until I fall a helpless corpse at thy feet. And Semmuthis himself, lord of all as he is, dare not stain this sacred isle with blood!"

A low, hissing laugh sounded from the bushes. It was very faint, and lasted but a dream's instant; yet the lovers both checked their breath, and clung closer to each other. And now it passed, and only a bat's heavy wing clouded the light of the moon, as it rapidly flitted by.

"Thou art my fit mate!" cried the girl, proudly, as she drew herself a short distance from the priest.

"And its only mate, my beautiful?"

"Ah! jealous in thy very trust," she said, smiling; "how often must Oëri tell thee that her soul disdained a lord until thou brightened on her sight? How often must she remind thee, that her love could not be granted to every puling son of the valley of the Nile who sued for it, and her father's wealth together? To none but one worthy to bear a gem upon his breast could she bow her head in submission. And such art thou! Thy clear, manly voice woke up within me thoughts and feelings, until then unknown. For the first time I was conscious that my life was incomplete—that my soul was divided, and incorporate in different forms—that part of its very selfhood had been wanting. Thou art this double self; thou art this completion of the being of Oëri; for thee she has sinned against every law of Egypt; for her thou hast

* Amenti, or Hades.

† Horus, in his character of Charon, the ferryman of the lake of the dead.

broken every vow of thine order. And who could condemn when two of the same—when the distinct parts of the broken unity meet, recognise, and embrace?"

"Thou art right!" returned Zimnis, with a rapt look. "Our stars were born at the same moment, but the spirit of mine took shape ere thine had left its radiant cell.* But these separated particles of the same One have longed and mourned for each other, until again they were united in the forms of Zimnis, the Isiac Priest of Philæ, and Oëri, the daughter of Osor."

"And they will not part again," she whispered, bending her head till her lips touched his bared shoulder.

Zimnis strained her to his bosom. "Part! didst thou say? Blistered be the tongue that would so bid us! Curses wither the hand, and blight the heart of him who would tear asunder life and life, who would cut the living cords of two souls, and leave them both to death. Nay, nay, Oëri! we will not part."

"Necessity!" said an unknown voice from a distance.

Zimnis shuddered. "A word of evil omen!" he said to himself; then speaking very rapidly, he added: "If the cruel laws of a tyrannical faith have forbidden our love—if laws, stern as they are unjust,—ha! my lips may not utter blasphemy!" he cried, suddenly interrupting himself. "Say that I am one wrongly chosen; say that I love thee more than the goddess to whose altar I am bound, that thy dark eyes and the kiss of thy love are dearer to me than the smiles of Onnofre,† or the commendations of the fearful Assessors;‡ say this,—but I may not utter more."

"Thou may'st not utter *truth*!" said the girl, slowly, and fixing her eyes full upon the priest.

He turned away, troubled. So strong were the obligations of his order, that he must still make his tongue lie to his heart—he must still name virtue vice, and vice virtue. The commands of the Initiatory Trials must be obeyed; and the lesson learnt there, taught the priest that his most solemn duty was to support the temple, and its faith, and its ministers, through every monstrous contradiction and falsehood. And not only must he say, that such and such unworthiest symbols are, in fact, the living gods, when sickened at the falsehood of the public belief, his soul secretly denied even the esoteric doctrine of the supersensual divinity of the Adytum, but he must also uphold each caprice of the makers of these gods. And Zimnis must name the unnatural law of Isis—that most cruel act of man's tyranny—even to Oëri, a divine institution, and call it wisest, best.

But he could not bear the searching look which she threw upon him, as he made his hasty retraction; and he endeavoured to smile away his embarrassment.

"Nay," she said, half sorrowfully; "thou needst not fear my eyes, Zimnis. I know that to me, the uninitiated—as a very Gentile in the Adytum—thou must support thine order and the fame of the temple before all things. And yet—surely, unto love thou mightest speak freely! The woman doth not ask for her lover's secrets—her weakness doth not enkindle her curiosity—but it is to the double self, the fellow-

* A well-known poetical superstition of the East.

† Osiris in his mystic character of judge.

‡ The forty-two Assessors of Amenti.

spirit, that Oëri would sue Zimnis to speak. Why should even the fane cast its shadow over our hearts, so that the perfect sunlight of mutual sympathy should not be between them? Canst thou not be the man—forgetful of the priest?"

"Thou needst hardly ask me this," replied Zimnis, "when the priest lies thus buried in the grave of the man's forbidden passion. The hierophant of Isis, he, whose cold heart should hold nought but a chill love for the stone he names his goddess, clasps thee, a living maiden, in his arms—and thou bidst him forget his priesthood the while! Is not my very love, Oëri, proof of its obliteration? With every tie to bind me backward, every principle to restrain, and nought but thine eyes to lure me on, this love has burnt each band, and slain each other feeling. Thy lover lies at thy feet; thy head rests upon his heart; the white of his garments is stained with the blood of his slaughtered vows; and thou bidst him forget the altar! Surely, surely, its shadow hath not so fallen on the sun of his passion, as to dim its light! Oëri, thou believest that I love thee as maiden should be loved?—ardently as man can love?"

The girl was subdued before this fierce outburst. She turned aside her head, and said in a low voice:

"I believe it."

Hush!—the leaves rustle—the bushes part their boughs—a breath waves on the air. What step is that which glides so stealthily through the flowery copse? The moonlight showed nothing!

"That echo of our fancy checked my blood;" Oëri then said, drawing a deep breath.

"It calmed mine;" replied her lover, laying her hand upon his heart. It beat full and tranquil, for his energies had been aroused, and had stilled its tumult with a stronger necessity. And yet he had seen, unknown to Oëri, the shadow of a priest's white-shrouded figure retreating through the dark trees; and he knew that they were discovered, betrayed, and lost.

"The boat!" he cried, suddenly. "We may not delay. Let me place thee, at the least, in safety! Thou art lost if thou remainest here. Thy sex may not tread these holy shores, and thou hast hid within them, even during the awful ceremony. Come! swift be thy steps! I will bear thee across. I know the shoals and rocks,—I can guide thee well. Hasten, Oëri! Every moment is precious:—every instant is of more value than the tribute of the south. Thou must not delay. Come!—come swiftly, my beloved!"

"What sudden transport is this?" said the girl, wonderingly. "Thou didst promise me a safe and secret harbour until thou, thyself, couldst fly with me. Wouldst thou now abandon me, and place me on yonder lonely shore, with the Nile's blue waters surging between? What strange phantasy possesses thee? Thy glances, too, are wild, and almost terrify me as I look." But she did not draw from his side; she rather pressed more closely, as if endeavouring to sooth him with her sweet love.

"There is danger here," he said, slowly, turning very pale, while he gently sought to lead her to the shore.

"For thee?—or is it for me? I fear not!" and her voice was calm, with an accent of pride.

"Thou must fly," returned Zimnis evading the question, and pointing to where a small and light byblus bark lay moored close to the rocks.

"And leave thee to peril? Nay, Zimnis! not even thy influence can obtain that! Together we will live, together die. I quit not thy side."

"Both need not suffer where one victim would suffice," the priest cried in a tone of anguish.

"I leave thee, and leave thee to danger?" cried Oëri. "Dearest!—best beloved!—little hast thou read the heart of her thou hast wooed! In death, as in life, Oëri stands by thy side, and the mighty Gom* himself should not force her away! Nay, nay, thou needst not speak!" she added still more rapidly, arresting his words. "I must be obeyed;—ay, Zimnis, even obeyed, and by thee! I will yield to thee where the man's strength can work better than mine own. But when my choice lies between cowardice in submission, or faithfulness in opposition, I, the woman, will dare bid thee, the priest and the philosopher, to bow to my will. To part from thee, and thus,—oh! it would stain the cincture of my nobleness! I should stand in the morning's dawn a dishonoured thing—a very worm among the bright band of my country's daughters!" She drew herself up proudly, and shook back her beautiful tresses with an impatient air, as if the mere thought of dishonour had a blight on its wings.

"Thou art brave and noble," cried Zimnis still turned towards the shore; "but thou art fragile. Thou art a woman, and they with whom thou hast to combat are men stronger than the Eight Demigods† of old. Flight is not cowardice, sweet love, it is but the virtue of prudence. Come, come!—oh! we are tampering with death!" he added in agony.

"Once again I tell thee that I leave not this island alone. Thou didst promise me that we should flee, and flee together. Under the burning sun of the Cushite,‡ or with the wandering sons of Arabah§, our home is to be made. Why not seize this present instant? I will fly with thee. Circled by thine arm, what danger can befall me? And if it come, it comes to both at once; then danger will be life. Wilt thou fly with me?—then I go!"

Moved by a sudden impulse they both made a few steps forward. A moment more, they had gained the light boat, and been safe.

"Who talks of flight?" said a rough, harsh voice, and a high priest dressed in the robes of sacrifice—the leopard-skin mantle and embroidered apron—came near and laid his hand heavily on the shoulder of Zimnis.

"Semmuthis?" exclaimed Zimnis, recoiling in horror.

Oëri veiled her face. She was trembling strongly; and it was only with difficulty that she maintained any show of composure, when the hierophant, by force, loosened her hands from the arm of Zimnis, and kept her, as for safety, pressed close to his own heart.

"Thy denouncer and thy gaoler, traitor!" cried Semmuthis, in a loud tone. "Here, my sons, bind him fast, and lead him to the cell which has been prepared for him. Heed not his mad ravings, and secure his arms that they strike only the lifeless air. Fool!" he added bitterly, in an undertone to Zimnis; "didst thou believe that my eyes were closed in primeval darkness, so that I should not see thine iniquity? I have marked thee!" he continued, drawing his breath hard through his set teeth. "I have watched thee—I have seen thee, throughout, fall by gradual steps

* The Egyptian Hercules.

† The Ethiopians.

‡ The first kings of respectability.

§ Arabia.

into the pit of thy ruin! Is Isis, our great mother, a deity to be jeered at like the broken toy of a babe? Thou, thyself, hast sealed thy destruction! For thy pale maiden," and here he laughed meaningly, "ask yon young moon when in his manhood's fulness, where hath fled the beauty which he shone on this night, if, Zimnis—list thee—if she hangs not on this arm—my secret bride?" All this was said in a low undertone, so that the attendant priests who had crowded round, and were now binding him with strong cords, should not hear.

"And dost thou not fear my voice?" exclaimed the young priest, impetuously; "dost thou not fear that I, too, in turn denounce thee, and calling on the nation to witness the foul scene——"

"Bind his lips, they utter blasphemy," said Semmuthis, quietly.

The mouth of Zimnis streamed with blood, cut with the sharp edge of the iron gag.

"And keep thou still, shy bird," continued the hierophant, addressing the vainly struggling Oëri; "and yet, I love to feel thy young form press heavier and heavier still upon my breast, as thou strivest to escape. Thy breath, too, coming in its thick sobs, it brings me visions of the hour when it will wave over my lips in loving sighs. Struggle—still strive—thou art mine—mine own!"

"Courage, Zimnis," exclaimed Oëri, aloud, "thou shalt even yet be saved! Oëri promises thee liberty, and she shall not fail her vow."

"Thou canst buy his salvation," whispered Semmuthis. "Lay thy head upon my bosom—kiss my lips—promise to be mine—and yon boy is safe."

I KNOW THOU ART NOT CHANGED TO ME.

BY J. E. CARPENTER, ESQ.

I know thou art not changed to me,
 Though others pass me coldly by;
 I boast a treasure still in thee,
 And all the shafts of fate defy!
 Amid misfortune's wintry hour,
 Now friends prove false, if friends they be,
 E'en grief hath only half its pow'r,
 Because thou art not changed to me.

Yet thou, of all, had least to bind,
 The links of thy heart's chain to mine;
 Another form enslaved my mind,
 I knew not then the worth of thine!
 A glittering, but a worthless shrine,
 The idol where I bent the knee!
 I doubted—pass'd—neglected thine,
 And yet thou art not changed to me.

Lone star—now all beside are fled,
 That once upon my pathway shone,
 Thy purer ray a light hath shed,
 Their dazzling splendour ne'er could own.
 Not all the world hath pow'r to blight
 The hope renew'd again by thee;
 Thou star, amid my darkest night
 That only art not changed to me!

A GRAYBEARD'S GOSSIP ABOUT HIS LITERARY ACQUAINTANCE.

No. IV.

Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

Thomas Hill's Cottage at Sydenham—Names of his most frequent Guests—Proposed Reminiscences of the Deceased, and passing Allusions to the Survivors—Notice of Hill—Sale of his scarce Books—His insatiable Curiosity—Is ridiculed on the Stage as Paul Pry, and in Hook's Novel of "Gilbert Gurney" as Mr. Hull—Anecdote of Captain Morris and Mr. D'Israeli, sen.—Mystery of Hill's Age—His Travels—His Death.

IN my last paper, I briefly described the London residence of Thomas Hill, the Mæcenas of Queenhithe, where I first encountered George Colman the Younger. His large literary parties were always given at his Sydenham Tusculum, which, though close to the road-side, and making no pretensions to be "a cottage of gentility," was roomy and comfortable enough within, spite of its low-pitched thick-beamed ceilings, and the varieties of level with which the builder had pleasantly diversified his floors. The garden at the back, much more useful than ornamental, afforded an agreeable ambulatory for his guests, when they did not fall into the pond in their anxiety to gather currants; an accident not always escaped. Pleasant and never to be forgotten were the many days that I passed beneath that hospitable roof, with associates whose varied talents and invariable hilarity might have justified us in despising the triteness of the quotation, when we compared our convivial symposia with the *noctes cœnæque Deum*.

O qui amplexus et gaudia quanta fuerunt !

when, on the summer afternoons, we mounted the little grassy ascent that overlooked the road, and joyfully hailed each new guest as he arrived, well aware that he brought with him an accession of merriment for the jovial dinner, and fresh facetiousness for the wit-winged night ! Let it not be thought that I exaggerate the quality of the boon companions whom our Amphitryon delighted to assemble. If we had no philosophers who could make the world wiser, we had many a wit and wag who well knew how to make it merrier. Among those most frequently encountered at these jollifications, were Campbell, the poet, then occupying a cottage in the village, and by no means the least hilarious of the party ; Mathews, and sometimes his friend and brother comedian, Liston ; Theodore Hook ; Edward Dubois, at that time editor and main support of the *Monthly Mirror* ; Leigh Hunt and his brother John ; James and Horace Smith ; John Taylor, the editor of the *Sun* newspaper ; Horace Twiss ; Baron Field ; the present Sir George Rose ; John Barnes, who subsequently became editor for many years of the *Times* newspaper ; and a few others whom I need not specify, although some of them were "fellows of infinite jest and humour," since they never emerged from the ranks of the illustrious obscure.

Cumberland, in his memoirs, referring to the many delightful literary parties he had enjoyed at the house of his friend, Dilly, the bookseller, has the following passage :—

"From Mr. Dilly's hospitality I derive not only the recollection of pleasure past, but the enjoyment of happiness yet in my possession. Death has not struck so deeply into that circle, but that some are left whose names are dear to society, whom I have still to number among my living friends, to whom I can resort, and not find myself lost to their remembrance."—To the memory of my kind-hearted and hospitable friend, Thomas Hill, I cordially dedicate a similar record of gratitude for pleasure past; and I, too, have reason to be thankful that I may still reckon, among my living friends, some of those with whom I first made acquaintance beneath his roof, though my lengthened life has necessarily abridged the list.

To those of the above-mentioned circle who are yet wayfarers upon earth, my references, from obvious motives of delicacy, will be slight and cursory; but they who have completed life's journey are fair subjects for a Graybeard's gossip. By being taken away from us, they have become our property; death has made them a common upon which all may depasture; nor shall that man be deemed a literary ghoul who avails himself of this privilege, rather to recall the memory of those whom he loved, than to prey on their remains. Some of the parties with whom I shall thus make free were writers whose works are around me, as I sit in that cheerful cemetery of minds which bears the name of my book-room. Their spirits, still as vital and as vigorous as ever, hover about me, and, oh! how pleasant, how soothing, how companionable are their hauntings! As I open one of their books, I seem to lift up the grave-stone of its buried author, and to conjure him intellectually back into my society. Reader! will you take a passing peep with me into one or two of these volumes, and listen to such reminiscences of their writers as may not yet have faded from an old man's memory? I will endeavour to be as little garrulous as my weight of lustres will permit; and if I exceed in my claims upon your patience, you will not forget, I trust, that I am entitled to the superannuated allowance.

But before I betake myself to any of his guests, let me return to the hospitable Symposiarch of Sydenham. Tom Hill—for the world never gave him any less familiar appellation, had for many years pursued the pleasant life I have shadowed forth, when the Goddess of the Wheel, whose blindness is her only excuse, withdrew from him the light of her countenance, and his affairs became irretrievably embarrassed. Whether or not his literary avocations occasioned him to neglect those of the drysalter, and so Queenhithe threw off commercial allegiance to her Mæcenæ, this deponent sayeth not; but deep and sincere were the regrets of his numerous acquaintance, more especially of those who so often received welcome invitations "to put their legs under his mahogany," when it became known that he had been obliged to give up business, to sell his Tusculum as well as his Drysalterium, and even to part with that incontestable evidence of respectability—his gig! Not long, however, did our lamentations endure, for the subject of them, without engaging in any other pursuit, quickly arose like a Phoenix from his ashes, and settling himself in lodgings westward of Temple Bar, took up a new position as an independent "man about town." How this pecuniary resuscitation was accomplished, nobody "happened to know," except himself, and this formed a subject on which he kept his knowledge secret; although one addition to his ways and means fell within my own cognisance. During the whole progress of the Bibliomania which once raged

in England, with not less rabid intensity than the old Tulipomania in Holland; when the Archaica, the Heliconia, and the Roxburgh Club, were outbidding each other for old black letter works; and an otherwise enlightened nobleman was reported to have actually given 2500*l.* for a single volume;—when books, in short, which had only become scarce, because they were always worthless, were purchased upon the same principle as that costly and valueless coin, a Queen Anne's farthing, Hill had been a constant collector of these printed curiosities, and not an injudicious one, so far at least as concerned their market price. Taste appreciates works of art; collectors appraise them; and this was Hill's province. That he knew the contents of even a single volume in his own store, I very much doubt, and I have a strong suspicion that he lost nothing by his ignorance; but he could tell you pretty accurately how much each copy would bring at an auction, and how much it *had* brought at all previous sales! This was a species of information which he really did "happen to know," and when boasting of his own matchless rarities, he was much more trustworthy than when extolling his unobtainable *vin de Jurançon*.

Anxious to embark in so lucrative a branch of business, the eminent firm of Longman and Co. applied to Hill for advice and assistance, offering to begin by the purchase of his whole collection, a proposition to which he did "willingly incline his ear." He drew out accordingly a *catalogue raisonné* of his stores, affixing his price for each volume, to which no objection being made, the whole were despatched in three or four trunks to Paternoster-row, and he received in payment the acceptances of the firm for as many thousand pounds! Whether the Bibliomania had begun to wane; or the prices had been exorbitant, I know not, but the purchasers soon found grievous cause to repent their bargain, and as the friend of both parties, I was requested to make complaints to the vendor, and require some abatement of the charge, an application which he indignantly pooh, poohed! declaring that every volume was worth double the price he had received, and that *they* had volunteered, while *he* had never urged the purchase. The only reduction I could obtain was an extension in the term of payment, small compensation to the bibliopolists for their costly initiation into the mysteries of black letter rarities and unique copies.

Even before his embarrassment, if I mistake not, Hill had given up the *Monthly Mirror*, which had never been remunerative. In this periodical originally appeared the poetical imitations by James and Horace Smith, entitled "Horace in London," which, after the brilliant success of the "Rejected Addresses," were collected and published in a single volume. Our ex-Mæcenæ of Queenhithe, who had never been married, finally took chambers in James-street, Adelphi, wherein he resided till his death. With these humble third-floor apartments his establishment was commensurate, being usually limited to a forbidding old Urganda, occasionally aided by a nondescript boy. Here he practised a rigorous economy, little in accordance with his previous hospitality, however it might be adapted to his present limited means. Around the fireplace hung the portraits of his intimate friend Dubois, of Theodore Hook, of James Smith, and of Charles Mathews. The rest of the four walls, from ceiling to floor, as well as the table in the centre, were completely hidden by books, and his bed-room presented the same appearance, his couch being additionally enclosed in a lofty circumvallation of volumes piled up from the carpet. He was now, as I have said, an idle man about town, perpetually haunt-

ing the great thoroughfares, and from the marked peculiarity of his appearance becoming as well known to the public, by sight at least, as the statue at Charing-cross. He had long assisted Mr. Perry, then proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle*, in making selections for his rare library at Tavistock House, particularly in the department of the old facetiæ, in addition to which office he now became a regular caterer, or jackall, for the newspaper, picking up such anecdotes, tittle-tattle, and gossip as his almost universal acquaintance, his freedom of a theatrical club, and a matchless skill and perseverance in prying, enabled him to scrape together. If he were paid for this duty he certainly deserved his salary, for he brought both genius and industry to the performance of his task. Never did a man take such pains to undermine, overreach, and circumvent the victim from whom he wished to extort information of any sort. With a face of the blandest *bonhomie* he would run up and congratulate you on the actual occurrence of any event which he suspected to be impending; he would quote pretended paragraphs in the public papers, or confide to you some fabrication, of which he happened to know the truth, that he might hear what you said about it; and if he could not turn either of your flanks by oblique modes of attack, and all sorts of detective artifices, he would ask you a dozen questions, point blank, brow-beating you with a blustering "Pooh, pooh!" and a declaration that he happened to know better, when you protested your inability to give him any information. Most signally did he illustrate the wisdom of Horace's "*Percontatorem fugito, nam garrulus idem est*," beware of an inquisitive man, since he is sure to be a gossip, for his tittle-tattle, not always as harmless as it was meant to be, sometimes compromised his best friends; while he occasionally annoyed them and violated social confidence, by publishing their casual communications in the columns of the *Morning Chronicle*. As a Quidnunc he had the very first intelligence of events that had never happened, and as a retailer of anecdotes he might justly have piqued himself upon the matter-of-fact-like circumstantiality of his inventions.

A character and personal appearance so marked by idiosyncrasy, and forming so fine a subject for ridicule and malicious pleasantry, were not likely to be overlooked by the waggish writers who had opportunities of observing them. George Colman's threat of immortalising him as "the literary drysalter," had never been realised; but in his later phase of insatiable inquisitiveness, in his mania for peeping, prying, and peering into every body's affairs, Poole took his likeness to the life, and giving him to the stage and to the public as "Paul Pry," occasioned him "to wake one morning and find himself famous," or rather notorious. In prints and paintings, in mugs and jugs, in innumerable stalls, windows, and mantel-pieces, the chubby little man with his umbrella obtained an almost ubiquitous publicity; while crowded audiences seemed never weary of hailing his appearance on the stage. The likeness was unmistakeable, and though Hill affected not to recognise it, he saw it, felt it, and never forgave the artist who had thrust upon him such an unenviable celebrity.

Another and more favourable portraiture, by Theodore Hook, has introduced him to the world, in the second and third volumes of "Gilbert Gurney," under the slightly varied appellation of HULL. This is a presentment of his earlier Sydenham life, freely exposing his foibles, but giving him credit for the good qualities that he really possessed, and even

going so far, in extenuation of his hyperbolic statements, as to maintain that most of them had *some sort* of foundation—rather an equivocal defence. That he was the undoubted original of this representation Hill was quite willing to admit; and, indeed, I think he felt rather flattered by the interest it excited among his friends.

Having made allusion in this article to the proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle*, I must be indulged in a little episode. The reader was forewarned that I should be discursive, and unless I snatch a reminiscence ere it flies, “the Cynthia of the minute” will be gone for ever. Ever welcome did I find an invitation to Tavistock House, for there was I sure to meet persons of eminence in art or literature; the entertainments were of the most luxurious description, and no one could better discharge the duties of the convivial board than Mr. Perry, whose inexhaustible fund of information and anecdote was not rendered less piquant by his broad Scotch accent and high voice. One day he had assembled a large dinner party, having on his left hand Captain Morris, of lyrical celebrity, once the boon companion, compotator, and Bacchanalian minstrel of the Prince of Wales, but recently estranged from him because his royal highness had unceremoniously discarded all his old Whig friends, and had thrown himself into the arms of the Tory party. Expatiating upon the long intimacy, almost amounting to domiciliation, which he had enjoyed at Carlton House, where a bed-room was set apart for his use when their revels, as often happened, absorbed the greater portion of the night, and perchance had disqualified him from seeking his own home: the captain stated that Big Sam, the scarlet-cloaked Janitor in Pall-mall, had been ordered to admit him at all hours, so that he had liberty to run about the whole house “like a kitten;” adding, that the prince would often send for him before he rose in the morning, that he might sit by his bed-side and chat with him about the occurrences of the day, discuss the plan of some approaching entertainment, or settle the guests who were to form the next private symposium. “And now,” he continued, “I never cross the threshold of Carlton House, and his royal highness and myself are as much estranged as if we had never been acquainted.”

“And why have you thus become alienated from the prince?” inquired Mr. D’Israeli, senior, who sat on the same side, though at the further end of the table.

“Because, sir, I would not give up the political principles of my whole life.”

With a strange simplicity, or inadvertence, for he could hardly have weighed his words, the same inquirer quietly resumed.

“And what, upon such an occasion, prevented your giving up your principles?”

I saw the colour instantly rush into the cheeks of the captain, who jumped up, and fixed his flashing eyes upon his questioner, as he angrily and loudly exclaimed—

“Take off your spectacles, sir, that I may see the face of the man who dares to ask me such a question.”

Fully did I expect some fresh and instant illustration of the “Quarrels and Calamities of Authors;” but our host, urging that the words had been inconsiderately spoken, that no offence could possibly have been intended, succeeded in pacifying the fuming poet, whose geniality, however, was not fully restored, until the offender had quitted the party, when he was

easily persuaded to sing some of his own beautiful lyrics. This he did with as much *gusto* as if he had been a young, instead of an old, man, elevating his glass, for his odes were generally Bacchanalian, and tossing off its contents in a single gulp, at the end of every stanza, after which a recently written comic canticle, in ridicule of the Americans, wound up his vocal performances with universal applause.

Reference having been made to the fine health he enjoyed, he remarked, "Why, it may well seem wonderful, for I believe few men in England have led so hard a life as myself; but I attribute it mainly to a rule which I have rigorously observed for many years—that of always apportioning the exercise of the following day to the excess of the previous night. For this purpose I had a sort of scale, never walking less than ten miles for three bottles, so that you may guess what a rare pedestrian I have been!"

Whether the cessation of intimacy with the royal *Porcus de grege Epicuri* contracted his potations, and so expanded his life, I know not; but certain it is that he attained a patriarchal age, and repenting his loose companionship, and drunken orgies at Carlton House, became exceedingly devout. In this mood, I have been told, that he made atonement for the Fescennine verses, into which his youthful muse had been betrayed, by composing pious songs, which he sang after dinner, emptying his glass as he did so, from the force of habit, so that his convivial gestures and devout words presented a strange mixture of the Bacchanalian and the spiritual, the sinner and the saint!

But to return to Tom Hill. Such as I have described it, continued to be his Paul Pry life in his book-wilderness of the Adelphi, until the time of his death, nearly up to which period his plump, crimson, pæony face, and rotund figure, underwent no perceptible alteration, nor was there any diminution of his usual good spirits and superabundant energy. Instinct, with the vitality of an immortal curiosity, he remained as young and alert as ever, always prepared to sound, probe, and interrogate whomsoever he might encounter. So inveterate had this habit become, that on giving a penny to a street-sweeper he would stop, perhaps in the middle of a perilous crossing, to ask his name and address, having ascertained which important facts he would hurry on, and remark to his companion, "Well, now, *that's* information."

At last the pale summoner, who knocks alike at the door of the cottage and the palace (the *Latin* original is too hackneyed for quotation), found his way to the book-groaning third-floor in the Adelphi, and it was announced that poor Tom Hill was dead! The statement was not universally believed, for he had lived so long that many thought it had become, like his inquisitiveness, a habit which he could not shake off. For the last half century at least, his real age had been a mystery, and a subject of incessant discussion among his friends, none of whom could coax or cajole him out of the smallest admission that might throw light upon the subject.

The father of the late Charles Mathews, when a young man and a bookseller in the Strand, had remembered Hill coming to the shop, looking just the same as he did thirty years afterwards; adding, that *his* father knew still older people who had made a similar remark! There was so little of Mr. D'Israeli's mosaic Arab in his appearance, he was so thoroughly John Bullish, that the suggestion of his being, perchance, the Wandering Jew, was deemed untenable. James Smith once said to him,

"The fact is, Hill, that the register of your birth was destroyed in the great fire of London, and you take advantage of that accident to conceal your real age."

But Hook went much further, by suggesting that he might originally have been one of the little Hills recorded as skipping in the Psalms. No counter-statement, that might at least reduce him to the level of Jenkins or old Parr, was ever made by the ruddy patriarch. Perhaps he did not know his real age—at all events, he never told it; nor could others supply the information which he himself would not or could not furnish, for the Mæcenas of Queenhithe not being "*atavis edite regibus*," like his namesake of Rome, there were no known relations, dead or living, who could throw any light upon this chronological mystery. It has been stated, on what authority I know not, that he was only eighty-three when he died.

Incredible as it may sound, our original Paul Pry must have undergone a nearly *unquestioning* existence of several weeks' duration, for though he was literally a mono-linguist, not speaking a word of any language but his own, he once travelled as far as Naples, unaccompanied by any other interpreters than his own energy and perseverance. When asked, after his return, what had enabled him to make his way through France without difficulty, he answered,

"Frances and fingers! I had only to hold up a piece of money and point, and the whole country and every thing it contained instantly became mine. Talk French, indeed! pooh, pooh! I know better—don't tell me; if I had chosen to learn, in six weeks I would have undertaken to speak the language ten times better than the natives; yes, sir, fifty times, a hundred times better. But I would not pay them the compliment. I *hate* French."

Nor did Latin names find much favour with him, for in alluding to his excursions from Naples, he would talk of his visits to the buried city of *Pompey-ey-i-i*, laying a vehement emphasis on the last two vowels, and sympathetically enlarging his eyes as if they were so many incontestible proofs of his assertion.

Whatever might have been the doubts as to his birth, there could be none as to his death, and I can answer for one individual—doubtless there were many more, by whom that announcement was received with unfeigned regret. To the foibles of Tom Hill none could be blind; they were too glaring; his importunate cross-questioning, and the indiscreet gossiping which sometimes compromised himself and others, combined with his blustering manner, tended, in his latter life, to prevent any great increase in the circle of his acquaintance; but no one could deny that he was a kind-hearted, friendly man, ever ready to do a good service, and still social in his disposition, though his narrow circumstances would not allow him to renew the hospitalities of his earlier years. Great was my pleasure, in my infrequent visits to the metropolis, when I found my old friend in his lofty book lair, and could not only be placed *au courant* as to all the tittle-tattle of the passing day, but could conjure up, through the sympathy of our memories, the years that had long rolled away, and recall the deceased or surviving friends who had helped to wing the hours in our numerous merry meetings at Sydenham.

Of these associates my next paper will still further indulge in the remembrance.

SCHWERTING, DUKE OF SAXONY.

PARAPHRASED FROM KARL EBERT.

BY A. LODGE, Esq.

DUKE SCHWERTING in his banner'd hall sits at the festal board ;
 And see ! in iron goblets rude the mantling wine is pour'd ;
 Of iron trenchers to the roof resounds the ceaseless clang ;
 And loud on every warrior's breast the iron corslet rang.

A guest was there ;—'tis Denmark's king : all round in mute amaze
 He look'd ; the Saxon's trappings next have fix'd his wondering gaze ;
 For massy chains from Schwerting's neck and arms hung down before ;
 And gleaming iron spangles deck'd the sable garb he wore !

"How now, Sir Duke ! what boots the jest"—broke out the frowning Dane—
 "To greet with such strange revelry a monarch and his train ?
 To grace thy feast I left my home beyond the Baltic tide ;
 Why lack thy golden braveries and robes of courtly pride ?"

"Sir King, with our old Saxon saw my answer well is told ;
 The iron vest beseems the slave, the freeman pranks in gold ;
 Thy treacherous arm has bound our land in thralldom's iron chain ;—
 Thou tried'st thy golden fetters once—but those were forged in vain !

"You need, methinks, to burst our bonds, and proud in freedom rise,
 But holy trust, and heart untamed, and deed of stern emprise ;
 Thus may our oath in Heaven be loosed, and cleansed our bitter shame,—
 Thy gyves debase our limbs no more—thy power our Saxon fame !"

He spoke, and lo ! in swarthy file, slow pacing from the door,
 Twelve knights advance :—each mail'd right arm a flaming torch upbore ;
 In Schwerting's speaking eye they mark the signal to destroy ;
 Then waved their brands, and from the hall rush'd forth with furious joy.

Soon from beneath strange sounds confused the monarch's ears engage,
 Of roaring flames that o'er the house spread fast with crackling rage ;
 Nor long—each cheek with felt annoy of sultry breathings glows,
 And deep, not loud, "The hour is come !" in mournful concert rose !

The King would fly, but Schwerting's hand and voice his steps refrain ;
 "Now prove thy soul of Chivalry, and test thy royal strain !
 If thou canst quell yon wasting foe whose arms so brightly shine,
 My Saxon mantle thou may'st wear, my Saxon lands are thine !"

And now thro' all the lofty dome the scorch'd and stifling air
 Blows fierce ; the walls and vaulted roof give back a ruddy glare ;
 Loud and more loud of crumbling beams the thundering sound dismays ;
 The ponderous portal sinks at last—and inward shoots the blaze !

The Saxons kneel in suppliant guise, and hymn the throne on high,
 Thy pardon, Lord ! for not in vain shall Freedom's martyrs die ;
 The Duke, with steadfast mien resolved, confronts the rushing flame ;
 The King has fall'n—his arm uprears the dull, half breathing frame !

Awake ! proud conqueror—mighty Lord ! thou craven heart, and see
 How melt the vassal's iron chains, how Saxons dare be free :—
 He spoke—and in the fiery surge together whelm'd they fall,
 The crashing pile in smoke descends, and ruin covers all !

STREET HARMONIES AND DISCORDS.

SPRING STREET CRIES.

IT is some solace to me, the denizen of a narrow street, no longer looking on the face of nature for the index of her daily doings, learning, literally, the primrose time of the year from the sweet evidence of wood paths and hedge-rows—recognising her first timid steps in the scattered handfuls of pelucid snowdrops, and the impromptu clusters of pink and blue hepaticas, that in their eagerness to greet her, have risen to the sunny borders without their leaves. It is some solace in the absence of these simple remembrancers—wayfaring flowers and their cultivated sisters of the parterre—to find, upon the city pavement vocal substitutes, sounds that serve me for signs and for seasons. To hear the approach of Spring, since I can no longer see it, is better than not to be reminded of Spring at all, so I always note, after the middle of March, the cries that day by day proclaim its coming. I do not regard your “Spring water-cresses” as any better than a cheat. We hear it soon after Christmas, certainly before Old Ladytide, when the vernal season begins, and long ere the roscid fingers of Spring have pranked the running streams with verdure. It is that softest and most poetic of all street cries, “Sweet primroses !” that fairly wakens within us the sense of her presence, carrying us in spirit to the sylvan places made luminous with the white track of their countless blossoms. Earth-born stars! flowery constellations! stretching through the shadowy woods a terrestrial milky way, and with pale, appealing eyes, lifting upwards the grateful thoughts which this outpouring of efflorescence for no apparent purpose but that of ornament creates in us. Most poetic is the cry, though the vendor be no rosy fingered flower-girl, with sun-touched cheek, dewy lip, and laughing eye, but a bowed, feeble-voiced old man, tottering, as his short steps bear him along the pavement, and hardly equal to the weight of the flat basket before him. Into the crowded courts he carries his fresh burden of green roots and pallid flowers, and forthwith old wrinkled crones gather round him at the door-steps, and babble of green fields and of the pleasant time of youth, when under wood-boughs, where primroses carpeted the earth as thickly as the winter leaves had done, they wove the flowers in their *then* bright hair, with fingers smooth and shapely. Through the close, fetid lanes and alleys you may hear his pandian cry. Young girls spring forth at the sound, and his course may be tracked through these places and the humble back streets, by the blacking-pots in area and attic-windows, in which a solitary root is seen for a day or two afterwards struggling to live, or rather dying slowly, despite the care of the poor sempstress to whose lowly room that little nest of leaves, with its one open flower and two-folded buds, gives so much of pure beauty—constituting an ornament infinitely more effective, though she does not think so, than the tinselled things upon the chimney-piece that cost six times as much !

“Sweet primroses !”—the little children clap their hands and the bigger ones gaze wistfully as their soft and alas ! dying breaths are

wafted by them. Now the grey prophet of the Spring halts at the corner of the street, where the gin-palace spreads its snare each way, catching at the second door the wretch who has managed to escape the temptation of the first, and amidst the human ghouls who haunt these graves of home, affection, and life's highest interests, whose lips are red with the blood of their wasting children, even they start at the sound, and gaze (who shall say with what awakenings?) upon the basket of the primrose-gatherer.

This cry is prelusive of Spring. Henceforth on sunny mornings you will hear the responsive, half beseeching, half-persuasive inquiry, "Any flowers to-day?" sounding at one and the same time from both sides of the street, while the red-elbowed *bouquetière*, holds up her shallow pannier, full of paper-frilled flower-pots, and lets the fresh-blown beauty of the plants plead for themselves. Here comes one, like Flora, crowned with flowers, her basket a very cornucopia of bright colours, the painted tulip, the broad leaved arum, with its massive foot-stalk, and towering chalice, not yet unfolded—valley-lilies with their papery blossoms tremulously cowering within their sheath-like leaves, and hyacinths, "purple, and white, and blue," or tinted pink, or steeped in rose colour, whose waxen bells chime to the city clerk, of far-off flower-beds, or the southern windows of his childhood's home. A little later, and there comes the sprightlier cry of the barrow-boy, "all a-growing and a-blowing!" or just as eloquent of Spring, "musk, a penny a root," and instantly a desire for floral culture seizes upon the proprietors of back-yards and front borders, of hanging gardens on the leads, and flower-boxes in balconies, and where a hand's width of sterile heavy clay existed yesterday, an extemporaneous parterre appears to-day. Nay, I have witnessed the conversion of a tea-chest to the purposes of an arboretum, and have seen a dilapidated packing-case basking on the roof, the repository of half-a-dozen stunted shrubs, two roots of bachelor's buttons, a polyanthus, a wall-flower, and a ten-weeks stock, besides a plant or two of London pride, and a sprig of southern-wood, the crowning glory of its attic possessor. Far be it from me to mock that element of beauty in the soul, however humbly shadowed forth, that can solace itself even amidst indigence, with the grace and perfume of a flower.

Simultaneous with these prognostics of the Spring, is heard the sister sound of "ornaments for your fire-stoves!" a cry of the same genius as those which have preceded it, born of sunshine, and of the desire for cleanliness, which epidemically seizes on every housewife about the coming of Easter; and traffickers in coloured straw, flag-like screens of tissue paper, and ornamental baskets for the fire-place, make the pavement gay with their frail, bright-hued wares. But except in households, where the seasons are managed as systematically as a certain Professor's great coat, who, whatever might be the weather, annually divested himself of it on the 20th of April, and as punctually got into it again on the first day of September; except where fires are extinguished chronologically, and the inmates sit with cold hearth stones by a similar rule; the cry is an anticipation rarely responded to till Whitsuntide be past. Amongst the street signs of the vernal season, the foot passengers on one particular Saturday will perceive, it may be at the corner of a street, beside the basket of a vendor of water-cresses, or heaped on the pavement where a blind girl sits feeling flowers into nosebags, bundles of willow twigs, with their downy yel-

low palms, filling a little space around themselves with an odour soft as that of fragrant coltsfoot. Better than the golden numbers, to tell when Easter falls, are these same gatherings of willow slips. It is the eve of Palm Sunday when they appear, and being the earliest blossoming tree, these branches are worn by the devout Catholic, or purchased by numbers of the working classes of all sects, in honour of the Eastern strewings and hosannas, which the day commemorates in the Church. About this time, the street markets and other portions of the pavement are gay with flaunting sheaves of the amber jonquill, for which moist meads and shadowy dells have been rifled, and redolent of the rich-hued and fragrant wall-flower, never so abundant and delicious as in the tearful month of April. Already the cry of "sweet primroses!" has given place to that of "violets!" and at every corner a little corbeille of the flowers that withered for Ophelia when her father died, are projected towards you, —blue clusters, each in its rim of snowy paper, and so fresh and plentiful, that the very winds in Oxford-street and Regent-street are violet-scented. A little later in the season, when the purple haze of the blue-bell spreads through our English lanes odours delicious as the hyacinth meadows of Haerlem, the basket of the primrose gatherer is seen filled with these and bunches of the freckled cowslip, and thus between the marshes and the woods, nature, more generous than humanity, helps the superannuated to sweeten his morsel of pauper bread with a free trade, whose only tax is labour.

It is a pity that the itinerant vendors of gold and silver fish, do not come into the category of vernal street-cries. It is the noon of summer when one hears them, when the pavement shines white with dog-day heat, and their globes of limpid water, filled with a spangled freight have an illusion of coolness about them in itself, an inducement to purchase. As yet this craft is by no means common. I have not heard more than half a dozen times the plaintively intonated, "Buy my gold and silver fish!" with which its followers proclaim their calling—and the whole thing, from the hand-net no bigger than a punch-ladle, to the glittering merchandise, darting hither and thither, like imprisoned sunbeams in their crystal sphere, is pretty—ornamental, and new. For myself, however, I must confess I have no pleasure in captive fish, any more than in caged birds. Apropos of the latter, ignorance, cruelty, and cupidity, among them, have induced a branch of traffic, which though, for very shame's sake, it finds no place in our street-cries, has identified itself with those spots of the pavement, which the poverty-stricken sellers of herbs and wild flowers have appropriated to themselves, and there, any day in May, you will hear the hungry twitter of gasping, scarce fledged birds, whole basketfuls of which are exposed in their pretty moss-woven nests, to the ogre gaze of multitudes of boys, whose desire of possession makes horrid war with the conscious want of pence. Except to make the pittance of poverty change hands, by cozening halfpence from half-starved children, there is no shadow of rationality in the undertaking. Too young to make the matter of rearing them even a possibility—the most inveterate bird-fancier is never tempted into purchasing the poor little creatures. The strata-gem only succeeds with children, and with those, as a matter of course, of the lowest class—and for such motives, to shut the heart to the voice of nature in lonely places, even when uttered in the language of birds, to

close the eyes to all the touching evidences of pre-arrangement, of skill and care, which the ravaged nest discloses—oh! it is shameful—disgraceful to humanity. Have the Society for the Protection of Animals no sympathy for the sufferings of birds?

STREET MUSIC.

THERE are misfortunes of locality in London, which thousands of its inhabitants know not—enviable beings whom business obliges to dwell in, the broad thoroughfares and public streets—or fortunate ones, whose round of existence is confined to the squares or elevated to terraces. These extremes of public and private life, like all extremes, meet in the mutual blessing of freedom from the bore alluded to. It is the miserable mediocrity of small streets (falsely called private, but open to all sorts of noisy nuisances), that lets you literally in over head and ears to the full conception of its horrors. It is nonsense, madam, because half-a-dozen organ-boys in the course of the day lift their great black or brown eyes to your window, and by means of the pathos in them, and the supplicating action of the sun-burnt hand, carried humbly, not servilely, to the old brown conical hat, persuade you out of an alms, and into supporting a very monstrous trade in beggary—it is nonsense in you, I say, madam, to imagine you know any thing of the matter. As well might you suppose that the clarionet of that particular member of the “Biffen” tribe, whom you may sometimes perceive in stepping from your carriage to the kerb-stone in Regent-street, was the worst you had to learn in the varieties of street music. In the second-rate, or as they are sometimes felicitously called, “hum-drum” situations referred to, the paucity of passengers on the pavement, and the comparative absence of vehicles, renders them particularly adapted for all the purposes of ambulatory vocal or instrumental extortionists; and as a consequence, from “dewy morn to balmy eve,” an uninterrupted current of sing-song and instrumentation goes on in them.

Nebuchadnezzar’s morning concert, at the inauguration of his golden calf, offered no such diversified programme as the rehearsal of a day’s entertainment in such places. You get up on a summer’s morning, and throw your window wide open, that the scent of the heliotrope, and the musk and mignonette in the balcony beneath may come in. Poor substitute as it is for the missing flower-garden of one’s early home, there is a sense wafted in by their breath of the earth’s bloom and beauty—of sunshine and freshness. You almost hear the bombus of the bee in the clustering honeysuckle and fruit-like blossoms of the burlegima, or see the butterflies in amorous pursuit chase each other through the open casement; and the cup of imagination thus filled, as with soothing syrup, leaves us in the very vein to love our neighbour as ourself—that rosy-fingered little Phyllis especially, whose heliotropes have helped us to such sweet reminiscences.

Well, at this moment, and while the early postman is doing his spiriting, any thing but gently, at the different door-knockers, the carnival of beggary begins, and discord, in the divided shape of a man, his wife, and three

small children, is heard approaching from the top of the street. Down goes the window, and away flies the "dream of home" in its place, all the *disagréments* of a London bed-room are about you—close air, hard water, and towels tainted with smoke.

Meanwhile, no closing of window-sashes can shut out the dolorous, snuffling, timeless, tuneless vocalisation of the quintet party beneath, who, compressing their family history into the limits of Haynes Bailey's song—proclaim in the most disunited and inharmonious manner what appearances rather lugubriously indicate that they have "lived and loved together." Sentiment in shirt-sleeves—a paper-cap and snow-white apron, though seconded by a partner as airily apparelled, and a triad of sleek-headed children in spotless pinafores, does, I confess, harden my heart effectively. I see nothing in the well-polished shoes and strapped-down trousers of the man—in the black petticoat and fresh-washed apron of the woman—in his coatless condition, and her bare shoulders, but the mummery of mendicity—idleness masking itself in the pretence of poverty; and by this magpie arrangement of colours, and an appearance of ultra cleanliness in the few garments they display, appealing but too effectively to the commiseration of a class, often themselves exposed to suffer the hard teaching of necessity, but who with the charity that thinketh no ill, regard this exposition of cleanliness at the expense of upper clothing with pitying admiration, and shower from attic and area a fair average of halfpence to the well-brushed and well-washed impostors.

Scarcely have they passed, when amidst the hurly-burly of street cries, never louder than about breakfast-time, and the incessant tinkling of French pianos—(they count for nothing—who thinks of listening to them?) scarcely, as I said, have they, "the poor distressed family" passed, when a new batch, three real or affected Bartimeuses, each hugging a great droning bass-viol, march along the pavement in procession. Who would raise a doubt of their "heavy eyes and light purses?" Their wary steps and worn-out garments are surely genuine—but for pity's sake give an oblation quickly to rid us of their dismal performance. You may hear the boom, boom, boom of their sonorous instruments long after they have left the street, and the little yellow-faced man, with his small voice, his melancholy one song, and his veteran guitar, who has followed close upon their heels, and proceeds at once to take up a position in the centre of the throughfare, is absolutely delightful by comparison. Every one must have seen this sexagenarian—this street-singer of I know not how many years' standing. I can remember him ten years, and how long before he might have been a familiar object to the dwellers in these haunts of wandering minstrels, singing over and over the one sad air, striking a few chords on the guitar, and at its close dropping his head upon the pandean-pipes, to be found somewhere in the neighbourhood of his shirt-frill, and sending forth a very shrill, and withal, highly-ornamented symphony—he only can tell.

It has been at long intervals that I have heard him, and so have witnessed the gradual going out of a clear and somewhat cultivated voice, and the sympathetic wearing away of the tones and condition of the guitar. I rather think the thread-bare, half-military blue-frock that hangs so loosely upon the poor man now, the same that characterised

him in those, I fear, better days, when voice and instrument were by two lustres nearer to their prime.

Ere he has got half way through the street, a band of young Germans, in green coats and peaked caps, circle themselves at one end of it, and forthwith a burst of rich harmony that raises every window, and sets every heart—if there be music in it—beating with delight, extinguishes the tremulous tones and feeble accompaniment of the poor Italian. His trinal performance ends—the pandean pipes are thrust deeper into his bosom—the guitar is hidden somewhere within the folds of the old blue frock—he seems willing to put his pretensions even out of his own sight, and walks spiritlessly away, his hopes not worth a halfpenny in any direction this flood of melody may chance to take. Yes, rude and uncultivated as are the ears of the million—where Mr. Hullah and cheap music have not penetrated—they can yet distinguish sounds, and the enthusiasm I have seen exhibited by immense crowds drawn together by the admirable playing of this itinerant brass band, might prove an incentive to the efforts of local musicians, who make at present not only night, but day hideous, in the vicinities where they abound.

Notes from the Zauberflöte seem to hang about the street five minutes after the German wanderers have left it, and are then perchance rudely dispersed by the barbarous sounds of that most horrible of all instruments, a Calabrian bag-pipe—the inflated skin looking like some half-decayed animal, and the pipes hanging about like its lax limbs. I know not which of the two, the operator on the instrument, or the miserable creature who shuffles round and round, to its strange dissonance, appears the most melancholic. The rude garb of the latter—his clumsy shoes of untanned leather—the striped woollen cap hanging down his back, and moving in unison with his monotonous gyrations, are so many incentives to the mirth of a ring of little children who encircle them, and who presently range themselves around the dancer, and moving from impulse to the singular sounds, afford a touching contrast, by their natural and graceful movements, to the forced and awkward passes of the miserable boy, writhing his form about for his daily bread.

After them it is an absolute relief to recognise the low voice and unvaried thrumming of the Oriental, who, in turban, loose calico trousers, and pink-striped vest, has lately strengthened the corps of street musicians, and goes softly along, keeping time to his Hindoo ditty, by tapping delicately with the tips of his small fingers upon a little Indian drum, not larger than a water-melon, and which, to an English eye, looks very like a miniature butter-firkin, highly polished, and covered at both ends with parchment. The Hindoo has passed, and a harp, a hautboy, and cornet-à-piston, replenish in succession the stream of sound, which, in our street, like nature everywhere, would seem to abhor a vacuum.

I have been sitting for the last half-hour, with my hands over my ears, in the hope that a Highland piper in full fig, at the other end of it, would blow himself out; but just as I fancied I might withdraw them, off went the wheezing instrument again; and the sounds in a farm-yard, when pigs are being ringed, lose by comparison.

I remember on one of the occasions when the Ojibway Indians exhibited at Lord's Cricket Ground, during the stamping, howling, and beat-

ing of a native drum which accompanied what was called their war dance, hearing a nursery-maid exclaim to her mistress, "Lor, ma'am, what spiteful music!" and the force of the phrase has only now become apparent to me. The rasping, screeching, and *shirling* of the Highlander has filled the street for the last five-and-thirty minutes. He has contorted its tones into a Strathspey, and is footing away to his own music with as lively a fury as a dancing dervish. Alas! the wire that pulls the human puppet to such strenuous exertions is poverty. All that action, with half-a-dozen airs, has been for a halfpenny, and up to number five he has not got it.

And now as evening steals on, other minstrels will follow in the wake of the Highlander, who, in all the glory of philibeg and tartans, plumed bonnet, and gay streamers waving from his pipes, has boldly dashed into the adjacent square, and will continue till far into the night these ceaseless vocal or instrumental alternations.

Hark! already an orchestra, with its hundred sounds, giving forth great gusts of harmony, not at all to be despised by the listeners, who have never heard the magnificent overture of "*Guillaume Tell*," now bursting close upon us, and anon "in notes by distance made more sweet," dying afar off, and then again thundering round the circle of the Opera-house, till the senses almost ache with a too intense sensation of excitement and delight.

It is to be encouraged on a still night, and when not too near. I welcome the glimmering of its two small lamps at the corner of the street, and look up stray pence for its modest remuneration. Even a good organ is pleasant—an organ that has only lately made its débüt—the strength and sharpness of its tones, mellowed by a few days hard practice, and not yet initiated into any of those ballad-singing turns which street-organs as well as human ones appear to take in them; but the hackneyed, every-day instrument, with its repetition of old tunes, its fragmentary overtures and fag-ends of opera airs, I utterly abhor.

I had once occasion to visit one of the dark and horrid courts that nestle so closely to the great squares of the metropolis, and in the early dusk of an autumn evening I and my companion set forth for it. As we approached the court, we heard an Italian boy grinding the everlasting polka, and the tripping of little feet to the measure, and in its narrow passage appeared half-a-dozen boys and girls moving in perfect time, but with uncouth steps, to the organ notes; while their merry laughter seemed to render the poor performer as delighted as themselves. You saw his large eyes shining lustroously, and his white teeth glittering whenever the change of his position brought his dark face within the focus of the gas-light above the court-way. If the instrument had been a hurdy-gurdy, one would henceforth have tolerated it—so much poetry had the pure kindness of the lad invested it with. From that period, despite its vexations, I am disposed to be more tolerant to the bore of street music.

FAMINE'S BURNT-OFFERING.

BY CYRUS REDDING, ESQ.

THE streamlet by the cottage wall
 With the same murmur flows ;
 Nature is cheerful amid all
 The ravage wrought by human woes—
 There, by that cottage wall, so rent,
 Few would have known the tenement,
 Heaps of black ashes lie,
 Charr'd rafters, calcined stones,
 And here and there gray bones
 Peer through to the passer by.
 Strange how such relics can mingled be
 In one common wreck of mortality—
 The poor souls, perhaps, were burn'd while sleeping,
 And their kindred yet their doom is weeping.
 They were not in sleep—oh, no !
 Famine and fever laid them low,
 Famine had left them—gaunt and grim
 They had no more to batten him.
 Features of bone and cavernous eyes,
 Bright as the snake's that in darkness lies,
 Told he had closed his revelries.
 As the lank hound when the hunters pause,
 Famine had snapp'd his ravening jaws,
 Till Fever came and bade him repair
 To sniff more prey on the trail elsewhere,—
 Fever came and dropp'd them there,
 One and one on the ground.
 With limb of the atomy, strength of the air,
 When the feather falls with a sound,
 One and one had watch'd over their dead—
 The young died first ; the spirit fled,
 The survivors drew them side by side,
 Till they had no power to lift the head,
 But on them fell and died.
 Two generations, race and name,
 Had there gone out like a perish'd flame !
 While on every face lay a ghastly laugh,*
 As though when senseless it still could quaff
 Delight that mortality's bitter pain,
 Should never its destiny be again !
 The living found the dead,
 Saw, and feared, and fled—
 Contagion's poison had curdled the air,
 'Twas death for the living to enter there,
 To enshroud or bathe the kindred clay
 They had embraced but yesterday,
 The exulting destroyer was by and smiled
 As they fired the roof, and with howlings wild
 "Waked" the dead together, parent and child.
 Flame for their shroud, smoke for their pall,
 Smouldering ashes the record of all—
 History, fate, and funeral !

* A singular fact often seen in those who die of hunger caused by muscular contraction. The above incident in Ireland must be in every recollection.

MARGARET GRAHAM.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "DARNLEY," "RICHELIEU," &c.

PART THE THIRD.

CHAP. XV.

THE FIRST CLOUD.

FIVE or six days passed; visits were received and returned. Allan Fairfax went more than once to Brunswick without telling Margaret why or wherefore; he visited Ben Halliday in his cottage, too, several times; and there seemed to be grand consultations going on. Margaret perceived that there was a secret, but she only smiled and let it take its course, for she felt sure that she should know it all in time, and she was so happy, so very happy, that every thing took its colour from the hue of her own mind.

At length on the Tuesday morning, after being absent from the drawing-room for some minutes, Fairfax returned to his beautiful wife with an open note in his hand.

"I must go over to Brunswick directly, dearest," he said, and then, throwing his arms round her, he kissed her tenderly, adding, "I will now tell you, my Margaret, I have bought Allerdale, and in the beloved scenes where we first met we will pass a part of every year."

"Oh, I am glad to hear it," replied Margaret; "but the money, Allan? I know it was sold for fifty thousand pounds. I hope you have not disposed of your old family estate merely to gratify me."

"Not an acre, dear Margaret," he answered, "I told you some time ago that a circumstance which I cannot relate placed in my possession a hundred pounds at the moment when my fate was in the balance for want of money. That hundred pounds procured me a number of old papers of my father's, which his clerk had kept, or rather stolen. Those papers compelled my brothers to share my father's property with me, and the sum I received was more than forty thousand pounds. Since then some interest has accumulated, so that the amount wants but little of the sum demanded for Allerdale. It is agreed that a part shall remain upon mortgage, and I thought I could not invest my money better than in the purchase of a place so dear to you and me. However, I must go over to Brunswick at once to conclude the bargain."

Margaret was very happy at this arrangement, for all the memories of Allerdale were sweet to her. She had there spent the early, bright days of life, she had there enjoyed in the days of his beneficent prosperity the society of her kind and high-minded father, she had there first become acquainted with him who was now her husband, and she thanked Fairfax

for the thought of buying Allerdale as if it were all a favour to herself. His horse was soon brought round, his groom was ready at the precise moment named, and Allan Fairfax rode on eagerly towards Brownswick, entered the little town, and trotted up to the door of the dwelling-house attached to the greatest manufactory in the place. A servant in gorgeous livery presented himself, and informed Sir Allan that Mr. Hankum was not at home, but had left word if he called that he would be with the other magistrates at the Town-hall. To the Town-hall rode Sir Allan, and after sending in his card for Mr. Hankum to the magistrates'-room, was soon joined by that gentleman, who was peculiarly polite and courteous. He led the young baronet into a committee-room, and begging him to be seated, said,

"Well, Sir Allan, I suppose all is settled except signing a little memorandum of the terms. It is a beautiful place, and nothing would induce me to part with it but that I find it takes me away from my business. However, I am delighted that it falls into the hands of a gentleman of such distinction, and a friend of poor Graham's, who, I may say, made it."

"You are very kind," replied Sir Allan, "and I think we may as well draw up the memorandum at once. You are more conversant with such things than I am, perhaps you will have the kindness to do so."

"Certainly, certainly," answered the manufacturer, and taking a pen he wrote a little preamble, and began to state the terms agreed upon.

At the very first, however, a difference of opinion arose between him and Fairfax, as to whether timber trees were to be included in the purchase for the sum named. Mr. Hankum thought that he had expressly reserved them in his first letter on the subject. Fairfax assured him he had not. Mr. Hankum, in the politest manner, requested to see the letter, declaring himself quite ready to abide by whatever he had said.

Sir Allan answered that he had not the letter with him, but that it could be procured in a short time, and he would send his servant for it while they went over the other particulars. Taking up a pen and a piece of the committee-room paper, he wrote as follows,—

"Dearest Margaret,—Open my writing-desk, of which I send the key, and take out the packet of letters which you will find on the right-hand side at the top. If you have any doubt as to which I mean, the signature, 'Josiah Hankum,' will show you. Send the packet to me by the groom who bears this.

"Your affectionate husband,
"ALLAN FAIRFAX."

Enclosing the key of his writing-desk, he sealed the packet and gave it to his groom, ordering him to make haste and bring back an answer.

Then returning to Mr. Hankum he proceeded to discuss the other items of the memorandum, which were gone through in less than ten minutes, as no further difficulty occurred.

"Pray do not let me detain you from business, Mr. Hankum," said Fairfax, as soon as all was concluded; "I will wait here and send in for you when the servant returns."

"Why not walk into the justice-room with me, Sir Allan?" said the great manufacturer, "you will doubtless be soon upon the bench, and by the way, there is a case coming on that may interest you, for the man is a

notorious poacher who has been at my preserves up there—yours they will soon be I trust.”

“What is his name,” asked Fairfax.

“Jacob Halliday,” replied Mr. Hankum, “a cousin, I think, of Lady Fairfax’s bailiff.”

“Poor fellow,” answered Fairfax, in a tone of commiseration, “I am sorry for him, he was hardly treated by the farmer who employed him, I have understood, and driven to desperation.”

Mr. Hankum was not sorry to have this indication of his companion’s views, for he was very well inclined to court the friendship of the young baronet, who was about to become his neighbour, and he led the way to the justice-room determined to take the best possible view of Jacob Halliday’s case. It was already before the magistrates when the two gentlemen entered, but the proceedings were interrupted immediately on their appearance, and Mr. Hankum introduced the young baronet to a fat, shrewd, small-eyed man, in the chair, named Sir Stephen Grizley, knight. He was a jocular magistrate, very lenient in his way, and who seemed to look upon all the functions of justice as the best joke in the world. We must all have seen such men on country benches, and therefore it would be useless to describe him further, merely noticing, that notwithstanding his lenity and his merriment, he had great tact in finding out the truth, by not the most formal or customary processes.

As soon as the magistrates were seated again, and Fairfax with them, the case of Jacob Halliday was resumed; and as he stood before the justices, with a wild and haggard, but not irresolute look, he turned his eyes towards the face of the young baronet, with an expression of hope, as if he expected to find sympathy there.

A gamekeeper and a looker-out proved that they had found the prisoner in one of the copses of Allerdale during the preceding night, and that a little further on they had found a hare in a springe. There had also been found upon Jacob Halliday’s person several very suspicious looking bits of wire, but none of them made up into the form of a noose, springe, or gin, nor was there any game found upon him. This was the whole of the evidence, and it was just the sort of case in which one bench of magistrates would convict and another dismiss, according as their prejudices led them.

“Now, Jacob,” said Sir Stephen Grizley, “you know, my good fellow, you are a terrible poacher.”

“Perhaps I may be, your worship,” replied Halliday; “but if I am, I should like to know what made me?”

“My good friend, you must not put awkward interrogatories to the bench,” said Sir Stephen, chuckling, “perhaps you may say it was Farmer Stumps—Stumps is a hard fellow. Perhaps the new poor law—the new poor law is a hard fellow, but I am afraid hungry guts and empty purse cannot be received by us as an apology for poaching.”

“But I was not poaching then,” answered Halliday.

“You were trespassing, at all events,” observed one of the magistrates.

“No, I was not,” said the prisoner, “the path is a beaten path, and every one about there knows it is.”

“I think I can answer for that fact myself,” said Fairfax; “I have crossed through the coppice by that path several times.”

"What at night?" asked Sir Stephen.

"Yes, at night," replied Fairfax, "if I understand the description rightly."

"It is the path that crosses away from the red post," said the game-keeper in a surly tone; "people do go along it, I know, but they've no right, and they had better not let me catch 'em."

"In regard to the right," said the young baronet, "I can form no correct judgment; but I know that it is frequently used by people of all classes, and it was first pointed out to me by the late Mr. Graham, as a short cut from his house to the moor."

"What do you say to all this, Hankum?" asked the jolly chairman, "if you are fond of roast pheasant you must block up that path, I think."

"I think, Sir Stephen, the case won't stand," said Mr. Hankum. "I love pheasant well, but justice better."

"Bravo!" cried the knight; "did the prisoner make any resistance, keeper?"

"I can't say he did," answered the person questioned, "but that was 'cause he knew he had nothing upon him. If he had there would have been precious work going."

"Case dismissed," said Sir Stephen; "but take my advice, Master Jacob, and cure yourself of your taste for game."

"I don't mean to be saucy, sir," replied Jacob Halliday, "for you're a good, kind gentleman, and as ready to do justice to the poor as to the rich. But I will feed my wife and children somehow; and as for this fellow, if he stops me in that path again, he had better mind his bones."

"I'll stop thee, wherever I find thee," replied the keeper, and with these mutual indications of good will they left the justice-room.

Another case was being called on, when the groom of Sir Allan Fairfax returned, and sent in the packet of letters to his master, who retired with Mr. Hankum to the committee-room, and the first proposal of the manufacturer was read. It turned out that Fairfax was neither quite right nor quite wrong, for the stipulation regarding the timber trees was not very distinctly put, yet it might be implied, and both yielding a little, it was agreed that the timber should be surveyed and valued, and that Sir Allan should pay one-half the estimated worth. Some other minor arrangements regarding the speedy transfer of the property occupied about half an hour more, and then Fairfax mounted his horse and rode home to find all its sunshine clouded.

"I am sorry to say, sir, my lady is very ill," said a servant meeting him in the hall.

"Ill!" exclaimed Fairfax, in great alarm, "what is the matter?"

"She has fainted twice, sir," said the man, "and this time we cannot bring her to, all we can do."

Fairfax passed him in an instant, and ran up stairs to Margaret's bedroom, with feelings in his bosom which he had not known that he could experience.

CHAP. XVI.

THE WORST STORM.

MARGARET GRAHAM was sitting calmly writing a note, about an hour

after her husband had left her, when a servant entered with a small packet in his hand, saying, "John says, my lady, that Sir Allan wishes for an answer directly."

The lady took the letter, and, opening it, found the words which, as we have already seen, her husband had written from the Town Hall.

"Wait a moment," she said, "and I will bring the papers directly;" and, proceeding with the little key in her hand to a room which had been fitted up expressly for Fairfax during their absence, she advanced to the table on which the writing-desk stood, and put the key into the lock. It opened with some difficulty; for, in more than one campaign which it had gone through, the lock had been somewhat damaged, and on arriving at the inside, Margaret deranged the position of the desk on the table, and nearly threw it down. It opened at length, however, and she found the papers where Fairfax had told her, methodically tied up by themselves. Without closing the desk again, she went to the door, called the servant to her and gave him the packet for his master, and then returning, she shut down the upper part of the writing case, and pressed it down to lock it. In so doing she overset the balance of the desk upon the table, and it fell to the ground almost upon her feet; but the sudden concussion caused both upper and lower part to fly open; a number of papers strewed the floor, and a secret drawer, common in all writing-cases, I believe, came partly out. Margaret hurried to gather up the papers, placed them on the table, and then lifted the desk, when the drawer came further out, and she could not help seeing what it contained. How strange is association! There was nothing there but a pair of old-fashioned silver shoe-buckles; but the sight made Margaret in a moment tremble violently. She turned away her eyes, she would not look at them at first; but, with a cheek like marble, she gathered up the papers from the table with a hasty hand, and thrust them in confusion into the lower part of the desk. The buckles were still staring her in the face; there they lay before her, and it seemed as if they had some strange power of attracting her eyes to themselves, till at length she stood and gazed at them unable to close the desk. She could not resist it; she took them out; she turned them round. There was a mark upon one of them as if a bloody finger had pressed it; and on the inner rim of each was engraved "A. K.," "Andrew Kenmore."

There could be no doubt of the fact; they were the buckles worn by her murdered husband at the time of his death; there was the mark of his blood upon them!

Margaret put them hastily back again, shut the drawer and the desk, and then stood leaning on the table in thought.

"How can Fairfax have got them?" she asked herself, while a crowd of painful and terrible memories crowded upon her; "this may lead to the detection of the murderer. He was down wandering about here at the time, I know, for Dr. Kenmore saw him. Where could he have found them? I must tell him what has happened, and ask him—yet I hardly dare. Any reference to that time or the poor old man seems to pain and irritate him. Yet it is a duty, and I must do it. It is very strange that he should be so unwilling to speak upon that which surely can wake no jealous susceptibility in his heart."

Margaret's thoughts were approaching dangerous ground. As yet the emotion she had felt proceeded solely, from the associations which the

sight had called up. What made her turn so suddenly pale again? The first whisper of a doubt was heard. Oh how indignantly she repelled it the next moment, with expanded nostril and curling lip, as if some one else had hinted a suspicion of him she loved. It was folly—madness to think of such a thing. What Fairfax, the brave, the noble, the generous, to hurt a poor old man like that! But, oh, that clinging thing, doubt, how it adheres to the human mind when once it has got the least hold! She asked herself whether the lover might not have met the husband, and whether some quarrel might not have ensued? A chance blow!—Heaven and earth, how her brain reeled! that mysterious hundred pounds which he had more than once mentioned, without ever stating how it had been obtained, telling her he could not explain—his abhorrence of the subject of her ill-starred marriage—of the very name of Kenmore—all came rushing upon her in a moment.

“Nonsense, nonsense!” she cried; but the agitation of the very thought was too much, and she fell fainting upon the floor.

She did not lie there long, for the man-servant came seeking her, to tell her that Ben Halliday was in the hall, and wished to speak with her. When he found his fair mistress fainting on the carpet he rang loud, and called for help, and Halliday himself ran in with the maid. When laid upon the sofa, a little water sprinkled on her face soon brought Margaret back to consciousness, and when her recollection fully returned she felt ashamed of the agitation she had experienced and its cause. Rising gracefully from the couch, she thanked the faithful people round her, said she was better, and seeing Halliday there, asked if he wanted any thing.

“Yes, my lady,” replied the good man; “but it will do quite well another time.”

“No, Halliday, no,” she answered, “I am nearly well again now. I will speak with you in a minute,” and she put her hand to her head as the same train of thoughts which she strove to banish returned. “What is it, Halliday?” she inquired.

The man paused, looking at the servants, and then replied, “Another time will do quite well, my lady.”

“Leave us, William, and you too, Martha,” said Margaret, speaking to the footman and her maid, “now, Halliday, what is it?”

“Why it was first about my cousin Jacob, my lady,” replied Ben Halliday, “I have never yet liked to ask you to give him work, for poor fellow he has been driven by poverty and other things to do a good deal that he ought not to do, and I have helped him as far as I could myself; but he spoke to me about it the other day, and seemed very much vexed that he could not earn his bread honestly, and he promised upon his word if you would give him a trial he would never do a wrong thing again. I told him that I would let you know what he said, but that I would not hide from you that I knew he had been a good deal out poaching; but I do believe it was only to feed his wife and boy.”

“Well, try him, Ben,” replied Lady Fairfax, with an absent air, “but only you must see he keeps his word. Was there any thing else you wished to say?”

“Nothing, my lady,” replied Ben Halliday, “but only, if Sir Allan had been at home, to give him back something he left at my cottage one morning, between two and three years ago.”

"Ah, when was that?" asked Margaret, eagerly.

"Oh, ma'am, it was just at a time that is not pleasant to speak of," replied the good man, "he came so kindly—it was the very morning after, and hardly daylight; and when he found how ill I was he gave me five sovereigns. When he went away we found a key upon the floor, just where he had been sitting. He must have dropped it when he took out his purse, I think, and I have always been wishing to give it back, but have forgotten."

"The morning after?" said Margaret, gazing at him with a straining eye, "after what?"

"Oh, a very sad night, my lady," replied Halliday, "when we lost a very good man in these parts."

"A key!" said Margaret, "a key! let me see it."

"Oh yes, my lady," replied the peasant, feeling in his pockets. "Ay, here it is," and he produced a strong and very peculiar key.

Margaret started up and caught it from his hand. "It is mine," she said, with a gasp, gazing at it with deep melancholy, "it is mine."

She knew it too well; it was the key of Kenmore's iron safe, and the next moment she fell back again in another death-like swoon.

"What a fool I was to talk to her about the good Doctor's murder," said Halliday, running to the door to call the servants. But this time all their efforts were unavailing to recall her to herself, and they had carried her to her bed-room about five minutes, when Fairfax himself returned.

He was by her side in a moment; he held her in his arms; he directed prompt and judicious means for her recovery, and in about a quarter of an hour Margaret opened her eyes again, and found her head resting on her husband's bosom.

Who can tell the emotions of that moment? love, confidence, fear, doubt, suspicion, mingling in the most strange and fearful chaos that ever found place in human heart. She lay there and sobbed, and Fairfax soothed and supported her, utterly ignorant of all that was passing within. She grew a little calmer, but fits of deep and intense thought seized her, which he could not at all comprehend; and though she declared she was better, and rose from her bed, re-adjusted her dress, and strove to appear as ordinary, her manner was so different from that of the frank, straightforward, warm-hearted Margaret Graham, that her husband was pained as well as alarmed. She was cold, absent, thoughtful, and sometimes she gazed at him with eyes full of tenderness and affection, sometimes seemed to shrink from him with a chilly shudder. Then she would fall into reveries so profound that he would speak without her hearing him, and start when he repeated his words, as if caught in some guilty act. The conflict in her breast was terrible during all that live-long day and the night that followed. Sometimes the emotions of different kinds would come upon her all at once; sometimes present themselves singly. Now love would be triumphant, and she would say to herself that it was impossible he could be guilty; such deeds were not in his nature; and she would resolve to tell him all; but then again she would recollect that he had told her the news of her marriage to another had well nigh driven him mad—that it had changed his nature and his character—that for some time he had hardly known what he did. She would ask herself, if she did tell him, and the dreadful suspicion should prove true, what was to follow then?

It had well nigh turned her brain; but still she paused and pondered, weighing all the circumstances, thinking over all the events, and still she found fearful evidence against which she had nothing to oppose but love and love's confidence. At one moment she thought that any thing would be better than such terrible doubt, and she determined boldly to speak; but then her courage failed her. She felt she dared not; it seemed as if the first words might blast all her happiness for ever. It was plucking the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, the taste of which would bring death into the Eden of her love. She thought what would be her feelings if he hesitated, if he faltered, if all could not be explained clearly; of what must be her conduct if her dreadful doubts were confirmed—of the new struggles that must take place, of the anguish and the fears that would be in store; and she fancied that ignorance—even partial ignorance were better than more certain knowledge. At length she resolved to believe him innocent, to forget what she had seen and learned, to trust implicitly that all could be explained. To believe! to forget! to trust! Those are things beyond man's will to accomplish. She felt it—she felt that if she could believe, and forget, and trust, why not to speak at once? But her heart failed her, and her mind vacillated between convictions and lines of conduct incompatible with one another. No sleep visited her eyes that night, and she rose pale and wan, and still sad and thoughtful. Fairfax sent for a physician, but what could the man of healing do? He felt her pulse; he declared her somewhat hysterical. He could see nothing more. He ordered her some insignificant draught. He could do nothing less. Fairfax questioned the servants as to whether any thing had occurred to agitate or alarm their mistress during his absence. They knew of nothing. He questioned Margaret herself, and she burst into tears, but did not answer. The tone of her mind was shaken with the struggle. The natural frankness of her character was overawed by a great terror, and though now she longed to speak she could not.

Fairfax was puzzled, grieved, alarmed, somewhat offended. Another day passed, and another. The physician saw her twice, and hinted that there was no disease—that there must be something mental. Fairfax tried to sooth; but the delay had rendered that conduct still more difficult, which she had at first shrunk from, and had given suspicion stronger hold upon her mind. The facts had arranged themselves more clearly. Two articles of the dead man's property seemed clearly traced to her husband's possession. He had suddenly, as he acknowledged, become possessed of a sum of money, which she knew must have been about the amount on the murdered man's person; he must have been near the spot at the time; he never explained how he had obtained that sum; he studiously avoided naming the dead. She tried hard not to believe it, not to doubt, not to suspect, but still she could not avoid a sensation of shrinking fear when he touched her.

Fairfax perceived it, and his spirit took fire. His brain, too, seemed to give way. He grew cold, and haughty, and stern. He called Margaret—his Margaret, "Madam," and at length, on the morning of the fifth day, he started at daybreak from the bed which had become a place of torture for him, and which Margaret had bedewed with her tears; and telling his servant that he should most likely not return all day, he went forth, and took his way in search of utter solitude towards the moors.

SECRET HISTORY OF THE COURT, MINISTRY, AND TIMES OF GEORGE IV.

WITH ANECDOTES OF REIGNING DYNASTIES, ARISTOCRACIES, AND PUBLIC
MEN, INCLUDING RUSSIAN CZARS, AUSTRIAN EMPERORS, FRENCH
KINGS, ROYAL DUKES, SECRET SERVICES, &c. &c.

BY AN OLD DIPLOMATIST.

CHAP. VIII.

London, 5th of July, 1816.

THE documents relative to the proposed treaty between America and Russia are of amazing importance. The Opposition are astonished! They say, if no other evidence appeared before their eyes, these reports, if true, are sufficient to deter them from taking office on any terms whatever. "Instead of five years, the country will be finished in three." "They are right;" *ad interim*, affairs go on progressively with great strides! Liverpool emphatically said, a few days since, to Byrne of the Post, "During the war we looked forward with hope to its termination, now the war is at end we have nothing to hope for."

The more minutely we examine the present crisis of affairs, at home and abroad, the more strongly are we impressed with the belief that things are drawing to a close! If we pass in review the private lives and public characters of every individual, in every department of the state, we can entertain little doubt whether they rest their stability on popular esteem or public services, or on the strength of private combination. There was a day when the virtue of Britons shone in its fullest lustre, when public spirit influenced the hearts and guided the judgments of men; when the pen of a Junius probed each public character, and marked the worthless with the indelible stigma of infamy. He was then believed. Our opinions have changed with the times. But shall England become the helpless prey of *northern*,* as well as *native* locusts? Shall we, with cool indifference, see our country chained like Prometheus to a rock, and her remaining vitals devoured by vultures, yet make no effort to relieve her? Shall the historian of our times, comparing the late Lord Chatham to the Philopœmen of the Greeks, or the Brutus of the Romans, say "That he was the LAST of ENGLISH FREEMEN?"

The town is still lost in conjecture as to the object of W——'s return; some assert that he is to be at the head of a new administration. This the Opposition do not believe; they add that not the best understanding

* Witness the repeated and disgraceful renewal of the Anglo-Dutch pension to Russia, when the causes of it had wholly ceased, when the law of nations had pronounced England wholly exonerated, and the contracting party (Russia) had violated every compact upon which it was based. And the country is still doomed to hear from the lips of the first minister of the crown, the humiliating avowal, that the dishonourable tribute—for such it really is—must still be paid from apprehension of the consequences, if we should dare to act with justice and dignity, to vindicate our insulted honour, and our national independence, from so galling a money-yoke borne for the most sanguinary and unprincipled of all European powers.—*Ed.*

subsists between the Marquis and the Duke—the former accuses the latter of double dealing!

I saw Lord G—— yesterday for the first time. He received me politely yet coldly. I asked him a few questions which he answered with such *nonchalance*, that I was not induced to prolong the interview. I showed him the paragraph in your last letter; he said “he did not believe it,” thought that things would remain in the same state on the continent. “It was desirable that they should continue so.”

The Regent is not the man he was! Still nothing but the divorce occupies his attention. A mass of evidence has been collected by Lord Ex——th, the Prince is continually harassing the ministers on this ungracious subject.

What think you of Count Munster's playing a leading card? It is thus contrived: a dutiful and legal address shall be presented in the name of the people of Hanover, stating that they are apprehensive of being separated from the crown of England, in consequence of the relative situation of the royal family; they therefore pray that the Regent will adopt such measures as may be likely to prevent such an event.

The plot to blow up the Duke of Wellington with all his host, and the royal family of France, at his lordship's farewell ball, in France, I find, has ended in *smoke*. The *Courier*, whose active and intelligent correspondent claims credit for being the original reporter of this great explosion, has been, since the first announcement of this tremendous plot, endeavouring to fight out of it. The first account stated that it was the act of a conspiracy, of which several of the members were in custody. It is now said to have been the single act of an individual not yet discovered. This is a most rare plot. Paddy M'Kew's plot, or even the Roscrea plot, in which the Rev. Mr. Hamilton was burnt in effigy, sinks into nothing, compared with the plot to *smoke* the Duke of Wellington and his company out of his hotel. To be serious, what is really the cause of the Duke's return?

The W—— bankers are gone to Newgate. The extents are gone down to Durham and Newcastle for 130,000*l*. The collieries are stopped! Several magistrates left town last week with their pockets well lined from the Treasury. “There, my good fellows, is a pound note for each of you, return home to your friends or families.” The poor fellows gave three cheers, and “to the right about wheel.”

Four o'clock p. m.—A report is in circulation that government have issued impress warrants, I have it from a naval officer; he says that ministers have received information of a bustle in the Dutch ports.

No less than twenty-eight banks (Scotch ones) drew upon Bruce's house which lately stopped.

Lord —— was the bearer of the evidence against the princess; he is said to have planted two persons in her establishment who made a regular report, in writing, of what they saw and heard.

Daily conferences are held at C—— House between W. and the Regent. The ministers are in a state of horrible alarm and dismay. Liverpool declares that he is quite broken down. Despondency has already so far prevailed that even the wonted energies of Castlereagh have sunk into a state of apathy. What a change!

The Prince Regent yesterday prorogued the Parliament by a speech from the throne, in which we find the following important passage:—

“The assurances which I have received of the pacific and friendly

disposition of the powers engaged in the late war, and of their resolution to execute inviolably the terms of the treaties which I announced to you at the opening of the session, promise the continuance of that peace, so essential to the interests of all the nations in the world."

This statement is a contradiction to appearances. In Hyde Park the drilling system is revived; as early as six o'clock every morning some corps or other is inspected; and in the Bird-cage Walk, in St. James's Park, the recruits are mustered at five A.M.

Every branch of trade remains in a stagnant state, from the wholesale dealer downwards. Agriculture is in the same state.

I gave to R. yesterday the *Observer*, containing Smith's narrative, and directed him to forward it. I have been waiting all day for a communication from G.—*Four o'clock*.—Still no arrival from G. If important you shall hear from me again to-morrow.

London, 9th July, 1816.

The Marquis of Wellesley is hardly expected to join the administration; Lord Erskine is the negotiator. It is rumoured that the Favourite of Fortune, also, will come in. The popularity of a Wellington ministry, C—— thinks, will throw a mist over the intellects of John Bull. As to the Grenvilles, they cannot join; nor, indeed, does the Regent feel at all disposed to throw himself into their trammels. Liverpool and the marquis cannot amalgamate; the former, therefore, immediately resigns.

It would be idle to suppose that this change will produce any good effect. The marquis will not please the nation. He is known to be a very expensive man; and his talents are not so highly rated: egotism has not added to his fair fame. A dissolution of Parliament is determined upon. The want of money among the Independents, the courtiers say, is the very thing. "We shall carry the election hollow." The five per cent. will again be attempted, &c.

London, July 12, 1816.

It is quite impossible, in the present state of things, to ascertain the exact bias of public affairs, or public men. They vacillate hourly. A leader of the Whigs said yesterday, "The Marquis of Wellesley continues firm; but we distrust the Grenvilles." E—— (the creature of Carlton House) is indefatigable; his friends are confident that he will be again Lord Chancellor. This is not true. Leach, whenever Eldon resigns, will have the post for certain. E—— will be made Lord Privy Seal; Castlereagh go to the Upper House; Canning lead in the Commons; and Huskisson is to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. Liverpool retires to Buckingham House, to direct the helm *au secret*! "How can the Prince Regent think of employing men who have so grossly abused him?" exclaimed ——, when she first heard that a proposition had been made to the Whigs. "Observations, arising from the heat of debate, ought to be forgiven and forgotten." "Never!" vociferated the indignant lady. Doubtless, her ladyship felt for herself—she recollected the pointed inuendos from Lord Donoughmore, respecting improper female influence!!!

The Carlton House *fête* takes place this evening. It is likely to be attended by more discord than harmony, in consequence of a blunder, originating from the state secretary. You must know that a singular

kind of depredation has been committed—no less than the stealing of the list of privileged persons, usually invited to the royal entertainments. — has, upon speculation, issued the cards; and now, when it is too late, finds that the proscribed are invited, and many of those who ought on no consideration to be neglected, have been forgotten: this was the state of things last night. The Regent was in a frenzy; and poor — dreadfully bewildered. There will certainly be the devil to pay!

A pretty *denouement* has taken place in the affairs of —. You recollect the late duel, and its attendant circumstances. The anonymous letters, received by —, were actually written by the direction of the other; and they were traced to him in a singular way—as follows. On the evening preceding the duel, a person, muffled up, attended the different police offices, and left there, with one of the officers, a letter, mentioning particulars of the intended duel, and accompanying it with a one pound note. The individual was described as having a squeaking voice, &c.; it was the person personified. On still further investigation, the paper had the same water-marks and date as that used by the writer of the communications to —, and the hand was the same. “The consummation devoutly to be wished” was completely elicited by a corroborating discovery—the paper used was actually the same which the party had taken from the Stationery Office on the day subsequent to his dismissal. There was a row about this in the journals of the day: the quantity taken was a cart-load. An investigation of all the circumstances has taken place. “Guilty, upon my honour!” pronounced at the club-house, at a full meeting, including the Earls of Pembroke, Lauderdale, &c. Recollect, these were the culprit’s particular friends. What further steps — means to take, is as yet a secret.

Letters were received yesterday from the East Indies, bearing the most gloomy intelligence: one says that an insurrection in Batavia has proved fatal to the British interests—many officers killed. A Major Petre, or Peters, alluded to a report that the Nepaulese are under the direction of the northern powers (he names Russia). If so, we shall be compromised at last. From the West Indies arises nothing but despondency.

The Chronicle, yesterday, alludes to a mysterious process in Hanover. In the laws of Hanover, as they formerly stood, the assent of the elector to marriage-contracts in his family was not legally indispensable; and as there is male issue from the marriage of the Duke of Sussex and Lady Augusta Murray, it is deemed politically expedient, notwithstanding the marriage has been declared null and void by the law of England, to guard against any pretensions that may in possibility be set up by such issue to the crown and government of the Kingdom of Hanover; and for this due provision is to be made.

London, 16th of July, 1816.

Since my last, no event has occurred in political life worth recording. Things remain in the same uncertain state as to the formation of a new administration. The Queen continues to direct the Regent’s councils, under the control of Liverpool. The policy which guided the Bute faction is now manifest by lively elucidation. Canning is daily with Wellesley, zealously exerting himself, in every possible way, to bring him over. The

failure will be serious, indeed. If Wellesley does not join, Canning will secede. Wellington, who came home, as we are told, purely on account of indisposition, could travel post from Cheltenham to attend the Regent's *fête*. At three in the morning he mounted his horse, and rode to Hounslow; returned to breakfast; again started at eight o'clock, A. M., on his return to Cheltenham. He must have been "very seriously ill, indeed!"

The measure of the divorce is not abandoned. It is rumoured that the Prince Leopold is actually a party: it was the *sine qua non* before the 60,000*l.* per annum was settled upon him in the event of her highness's demise. The Queen and the Regent are determined to debar the Princess Charlotte from the succession. Poor souls! they are not aware that public opinion begins to put on a formidable front. Lord Thanet spoke yesterday at R.—'s upon the subject. Let us hear him. His lordship was in conversation with one of the king's chaplains, upon the state of the agricultural interest; for you must know that he (Lord T.) is a great farmer, who devotes all his time to the pursuit. His lordship spoke thus: "I have heard much said about the intended proceedings in the Ecclesiastical Court, but if the Regent thinks that he can act the part of Henry VIII., he is mistaken; there is a popular feeling against him, not confined to the lower orders, but it is pretty generally disseminated among the landowners, in every district throughout the kingdom." Alluding to the state of the revenue, his lordship said, "In a conversation, the other day, with my tenants, when they were complaining of the disability to pay their last year's rent, I asked them, if I reduced the amount to one-half, what security could they give for the remainder—they were silent."

Property Tax.—Notwithstanding the accommodation given by government, of only paying half the present tax, and the other half in January next, I understand the receivers-general have returned from their different districts nearly empty-handed, as, whatever trade now remains, is obliged to be undertaken upon very long credit; and of course no money is forthcoming.

You will scarcely credit the alarm which prevails in the family of Johnny, in consequence of the approach of the fatal epoch—the 18th instant!—the astrologer's prediction they think will be realised. Certainly the weather is the most extraordinary I ever knew—the thermometer has not been at summer-heat this year. At the time of writing this, the rain descends in torrents—it has not ceased for the last twelve hours—the town and country are enveloped in gloom, *i. e.* a November fog! The water is rising in every direction; I expected my house to be flooded.

London, 19th of July, 1816.

Still no change in the administration; nor, at present, is there likely to be any. The reports of the wavering conduct of the Grenvilles—their tergiversations—were premature. The Whigs were alarmed without reason. Lord Grenville adheres to his first declaration, that "he cannot see any good can arise from his coming into office." So, whatever changes are brought about by the ministers, it must be among themselves. Rumour names Ward to the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer. As to Huskisson, the moneyed men in the city exclaim "God forbid!"

whenever he is mentioned as the successor to Vansittart. "Pray tell me," said I, yesterday, to a friend of Rothschild, "why the name of Huskisson is so offensive at the Stock Exchange?" "Because nothing but stock-jobbing would be going on."

Whatever disunion might prevail some time since between the Queen and —, it now no longer exists; a perfectly good understanding prevails in the whole phalanx. Her Majesty does not quit town for a single day; and is, as indeed she always has been, a complete woman of business. Liverpool, her right-hand man, with all his repugnance, must remain in office; it was truly said of the noble lord, that he was "bequeathed as a legacy to the crown," for quit he cannot but with life! To put the best face upon things, Castlereagh still affects to talk of the distresses of the country with *nonchalance*. He said, a few days since, "The people calculate upon a gradual fall, and they will receive it quietly." How far the sapient secretary is right, time will show.

Emigration to France.—You have seen the account of the refractory disposition of the men of Kent in one instance. Lord T—— says they mean to give another, by insulting any individual, moving in a superior sphere, who takes that route on the way to France; they even threaten to cut the traces of their carriages. "If you go, after Saturday next, pray take the Sussex coast," added his lordship.

The Prince Regent's Fête.—We were all deceived by a *ruse de guerre* in an arrangement of that assembly. The story of the lost list (which came from Lord Lauderdale) was a hoax played off on the Opposition. The fact is that the Queen and the Prince laid their heads together. They wanted a pretence for inviting the Duke of Devonshire, and many other persons, whom the Regent could not in decency send a card to, after the Billingsgate abuse he had poured out upon them. The Marchioness of H—— and S—— settled the list, and the blunders were fathered on M'Mahon, the state-secretary. As the fair lioness and Sir B—— were the *arbiters elegantiarum*, need I add that, under such high and mighty control, the *divertissement*, or rather the *olla podrida*, gave perfect satisfaction to all.

The Law.—Every person in the profession is occupied in drawing up annuities at fifteen per cent. for persons who are compelled to raise money on their estates.

The Poor-Rates.—Have increased from five to ten millions within the last three months. There are 30,000 female servants out of employ in London alone.

The New Levy.—A circular has been sent round to the head borough of parishes to know what number of men are willing to enrol themselves for the preservation of the public peace.

Recruiting.—The drills continue daily at five in the morning, in the Birdcage-walk, and inspections at six o'clock in Hyde Park—in spite of wind and weather—never witnessed any thing like it during the late war.

The Algerine Expedition.—A whisper is circulated that this enterprize has some other destination.

Nicholls, late an M. P., says that he has eleven hundred acres of land on the banks of the Thames in Oxfordshire, for which he gave 40,000*l.*, and that he cannot raise 5000*l.* upon it, notwithstanding a personal canvass, which has occupied his attention solely for three weeks.

Four o'clock, p. m.—I have just learned that the intelligence received from the East Indies is of a most disastrous nature. The British army has been totally defeated by the Nepaulese, &c.; General Russell told a leader in the Opposition this not an hour since. This general is a native officer just arrived. He says that the great northern powers are in a confederacy against us," he added, "our possessions will go." Government have suppressed all letters and papers upon this delicate subject.

Half-past four.—An application has just been made to me not to divulge a tittle of the above information. I have given a pledge not to publish it. General Russell said, "more disastrous news we have not had for fifty years!" The insurrection of the Sepoys was tremendous: many lives were lost before tranquillity was restored.

London, the 24th of July, 1816.

This once "favoured isle" is no longer under the influence of a benign planet. Not even the capricious successions of misfortune and prosperity is she blessed with.

No fits of enthusiasm now.—Castlereagh (oh, ominous confession!) admits the distresses of the country to their fullest extent, he even says that the accounts published in the journals are not exaggerated! *Entre nous*, this was not a public declaration. "However, notwithstanding," he added "we shall yet triumph; the public are with us, and that popularity will carry us through."

"What," said one of our life and fortune men, "do you say this, after admitting that the next dividends cannot be paid."

"That is an unfortunate point to touch upon," rejoined his lordship, "but—" (here ensued a long pause) "we live in hope."

"Yes, and die in despair—a broken reed, my lord, a broken reed."

The ministers calculate upon the odium under which the Whigs labour; they are most confident in their assurances of the durability of the peace; they assert that the house of Bourbon is as firmly seated as that of Brunswick; they contradict most positively the reports of a misunderstanding among the allies. They quote the conduct of the Emperor Francis as particularly friendly, and elucidate this by mentioning the residence of the Esterhazys among us, and their intimacy at Carlton House. Then they laugh to scorn the letters in the Chronicle—"the writer is a person employed to write; and write he must or he'll get no pay."

State of the Helm.—Still no change. The Marquis of Wellesley is more decidedly against the system of the present ministers than ever. They say all this arises not from principle but from rank jealousy—jealous of his brother! Lord Grenville admits that ruin is at our door, and nothing can avert it. The noble marquis is loud in his clamour for recalling the troops from France. The Chancellor (Eldon) is most strenuous in his opposition to the coming in of Huskisson. The Queen and Liverpool are with him. Canning says still that unless he does come in, he will abandon the party.

The opinion of the chancellor has no weight at Carlton House. The Regent treats him with marked neglect—he did not even invite him to the banquet he gave the other day; nor his family to the evening party.

Liverpool boasts that he is recovering his health and spirits; he is doing all he can to keep in Vansittart. As to Castlereagh, he talks—gods, how

he talks!—he imposes even upon Lauderdale, who actually begins to take what he says for gospel. The noble viscount and his lady frequent balls and routs. At Lady A——’s he had the honour of waltzing with one of the Ladies B——, so says the world.

As to the Regent he ingurgitates as fast and as voraciously as ever, as any well-bred friar within the pale of the Roman Church. I saw him at Lady Heathcote’s *divertissement*, on Friday night, seated by the side of the Marchioness of Hertford, Mrs. Fitzherbert, and the Dowager of Jersey, “What think you of that, Master Brook?” When he walked he placed the right foot forward and then drew the left after it, absolutely trailing it along the ground. He has increased prodigiously in size—his stomach is good or he would go! So says Sir H. Halford. Yesterday, in the evening, he passed me in Pall Mall, taking an easy canter, on horseback; a crowd of boys were running after him. He looked to the right and left to catch applause—he met with some—here and there a man of gentleman-like appearance would put his hand to his hat, which his highness caught at with eagerness and returned a profound bow, not in the slight way the royal family have heretofore been accustomed to treat that mode of attention in the public. The editor of the Morning Post says that the prince always makes a point of running his horse to the kerb-stone whenever he sees him, and then displays his obeisance! “Soh! Nash, they call our architectural improvements squint-eyed—curse ’em.” “Extremes,” says Lady Townley, “are odious.”

What I told you in my last respecting the East Indies, will, I doubt not, prove to be correct, although the ministers affect to know nothing about it. They said yesterday to Lord Lauderdale at York House that although those letters written subsequently to the report of a defeat of our army, at the Cape of Good Hope, do not mention it, yet it is possible they might not be in possession of the information—a likely story, truly! *Ad interim*, the company are in a rage with Lord Moira for his indolent conduct. They say if he had well applied the secret service money, he would have been in possession of the intended movements of the Nepaulese. A rumour is in circulation of the death of the King of Wurtemberg—it is denied at Carlton House. The town is enveloped in gloom—nothing but wet weather—the rain is almost incessant. The H——s leave town on Friday; the Regent follows.

Four o’clock, p. m.—Nothing new—it still rains.

London, the 26th of July, 1816.

General P——, the Neapolitan who commanded the Italian troops in Spain, is one of the individuals against whom the evidence of a criminal connexion with the Princess of Wales will be brought forward; the proofs are said to be most decisive. There are letters also, to which I have had access, charging her with intimacy with the boy A——. It is said that Lady C—— is ready to give testimony as far as respects her conduct at the court of Murat. All this may be very true.

To divert his chagrin the Regent leaves town next week for —— Hall; the owner leaves the square this day to prepare for the reception of her illustrious guest. Amid all these contemptible proceedings, when even the throne itself totters, there are not wanting whispers abroad that a confederacy of another description is forming—a revulsion!!! What think you of the hostile appearances in every part of the kingdom?

"What number of men do you suppose we have in Staffordshire, rendered desperate by the course of events, and ready to cut throats?" said Wrottesley, yesterday to the brother of Sir John. "No less than sixty thousand, I assure you." Government calculate upon the adherence of the military. The drills are incessant; they continue in the Birdcage-walk, and the inspection in Hyde Park every morning at five and six o'clock—never saw any like the present war-like display. Should a revolt take place, a step by no means improbable, down would go the Temple of Dagon, the Gods and the Philistines.

The present administration are to jog on; no change will take place; neither Vansittart nor Liverpool will go out. Castlereagh said the other day, "Well, if affairs do not go on so well as we represented they would, the people surely cannot blame us."

Three o'clock, p.m.—The papers of this day all teem with threatened reductions in the army. The report is, that 10,000 men will be discharged; two troops in every regiment of cavalry, and two companies in every foot. If the public peace requires more aid, government must request the assistance of the militia. A rumour prevails, that Lord Harrowby is gone on a special mission; on his return depends the departure of the Duke of Wellington.

"Prime Salt Beef at Twopence per Pound." What think you of the Grand Hotel, Piazzas, Covent Garden, being placarded yesterday with the above notice? This emanates, no doubt, from the government.

Saw William Ward, M.P., yesterday at R——'s; Mr. B. Kerr asked him what part he meant to take? "The premiership, of course," added the querist. Ward said that he was not so exalted in his ideas; he should have something! Spoke of the conciliating conduct of the King of France in terms of high panegyric; thought the family were firmly seated.

The Prince Regent passed the preceding evening at Egremont, the residence of the Cholmondeleys. There he again met Mrs. Fitzherbert! also the Marchioness of Hertford.

Four o'clock.—The day has passed over without any rain!!! The thermometer rising to summer-heat for the first time this year.

The paragraph respecting differences said to exist between the Princess Charlotte and her illustrious relatives, never appeared in any paper, until they were announced by way of contradiction.

Five o'clock.—Nothing new! Town dull.

London, the 30th of July, 1816.

You will perceive, on an inspection of the leading articles in the daily journals, that a military reduction immediately takes place: no such thing, I do assure you, is in contemplation. Yes, an augmentation: such is the slavish subjection to which the press of England is reduced, that seldom a day passes in which a tissue of falsehoods does not appear to delude John Bull.

The fact is, that the 1st, 2nd, 3rd heavy dragoons; the 12th, 13th, 14th, 18th, &c. &c., light dragoons, are increasing their complements.

You ask me what I think of Russia? I think that our wise ministers are completely in the dark. The American papers, just received, speculate strongly on the probability of a war between England (God knows, they observe, who are their allies) on the one side, and Russia,

Prussia, and the Netherlands, on the other. The Dublin Evening Post has a leading article upon the subject of Emigration to America. It states that a placard has appeared upon the bridge; *i. e.*, an offer from the captains of the different vessels to take passengers to the United States for the sum of 4*l.* per man. It adds:—"But while we are upon the subject of emigration and debt, we beg that some of our wiser readers will have the goodness to unriddle the following enigma for us: the Amsterdam Price Current of all the public funds of Europe, contains the following item; 'Bonds of the three English Princes, at 5 per cent. (with all the accruing interest thereon), 120 per cent.' We are glad to see the Bonds of the three English Princes at such a premium, but we should like to know on what security the aforesaid princes issued these bonds. They are entirely the pensioners of the state; but if they cannot satisfy their creditors ultimately * * * * is our civil list to be charged with their demands? If this shall turn out to be the case, it will serve as a further provocation to emigration."

Two o'clock, p.m.—R—— has just put into my hands your letters of the 25th and 27th; also one from the Foreign Office. Every attention shall be paid to them.

You will perceive, by the Chronicle of to-day, what a scene of confusion the London Tavern exhibited yesterday; it beggared all description!!!

Este, one of the king's chaplains, says that he shall dine with Sir Robert Wilson to-morrow.

The Right Honourable Wellesley Pole gave a grand dinner yesterday to the Regent, the Royal Dukes, Duke of Wellington, &c. There was plenty of mint-sauce.

The Times alludes to the Haytian dinner given the other day in the city. It brings to my recollection a singular overture made to me by Christophe in November last. I wrote a letter to his sable majesty, in which I acceded to the proposition, and actually meant to have embarked, had I received a satisfactory answer. Mr. Crowther, the coachmaker, who built twenty-three carriages in the autumn of the last year, was the bearer of the *ultimatum*; the latter is not returned, but daily expected.

My connexion arose from having afforded protection to Saint Pierre, one of the State Secretaries to Toussaint. S. P. was a Scotchman, his real name —; he came to England to prefer charges against Governor Picton, for putting Louisa Calderona to the torture. Bonaparte offered a price for his head, after having entrapped Toussaint.

Four o'clock.—A Cabinet Council sits to-day upon business of great importance,—so I am told. If I can learn any particulars, I will write to-morrow.

London, the 2nd of August, 1816.

Do not suppose, because you have seen a contradiction in the daily papers respecting the successes of the Nepaulese that they are not true. Indeed, the denial is couched in such equivocal terms as almost to induce a belief that ministers are in possession of full particulars. As the case at present stands, I can only assure you that Lord Lauderdale believes the report to its fullest extent; Mr. K—— also. The latter received the same account I transmitted to you. K——'s informant was Mr. Welsh,

a man of large fortune, connected closely with the India Board. What does Lord Castlereagh say? "We are in possession of letters from the Cape, written three weeks subsequently, which do not mention a syllable of a defeat; but it is possible that they might not have heard of it."

The Cabinet Council I alluded to in my last, related to the propriety of sending instructions to the lords-lieutenants of counties, to call meetings similar to the one at the London Tavern; every member agreed as to the impropriety of holding another. A wise resolve! they would have engendered a revolution!!!

The Administration and their Discussions.—Lord Liverpool wishes for a loan, to reduce the interest in the funds, and stop the payment of the dividends.

Relative to the general election! I may perhaps, in my next, satisfy you on that head.

I alluded in a foregoing part of this letter to a misunderstanding between certain branches of the royal family. It may be necessary to state that the Prince of Saxe-Coburg is not a party in the dispute; if his highness espouses any side, it is that of his father-in-law; he is at Carlton House almost every day.

Lord Yarmouth still keeps aloof from the Regent, politically; he does not even meet the prince at convivial parties, in private houses.

The Divorce.—The Regent sent for Lord Holland to ask his opinion of the propriety of instituting proceedings; his Royal Highness laid before him some of the documents relative to the criminality of the party.

"Now, what is your opinion? Do you not think that I shall be fully justified in the eyes of the nation, if I take legal steps against her?" Thus spoke the Regent. Holland said "he would make a communication to Lords Grey and Lauderdale, and report the result." The result is, "that they, under all the circumstances, think his Royal Highness would be justified in laying the documents before Parliament." Thus spoke Lord Holland. It appears that the Opposition are less ceremonious than the ministers. Whilst all the prosecutions are going on, —, it is said, is gone to put the Princess upon her guard. Is this playing booty?

The new Coinage.—Some consultations have been held at the Mint upon the subject of the blunder in the description upon the new gold coin (*Britannicus*). What a disgrace will it be to the literature of the nation if these pieces are issued. If Parliament were sitting, the progress of the work would be indisputably suspended.

Half-past Four, p. m.—Nothing new. Mendicants are pouring into the town in shoals; a pretty picture for Johnny.

London, the 6th of August, 1816.

The presumption that the return of a state of peace, after so long a war, was the only cause of the present national distress, has been considered so incontrovertible by the ministers and their adherents, that nothing can exceed their astonishment at finding it confuted, except their pertinacity in still adhering to it in every public declaration. What are now their sentiments in private? They admit, in the most unqualified terms, that their conclusions were erroneous; they say that Cochrane has done more injury to the Tory interests in one hour, than Fox did in his

twenty years' career. Never were men so completely upset in all their speculations as they are; their confusion is indescribable.

— begins to show himself in his proper colours. He affects to avoid all mention of politics, or his military exploits, but, at the same time, is anxious to court that bubble—popular applause. Even his Royal Master begins to find him out. In short, he is any thing but what he wishes to be thought; *i. e.*, a hero. His folly becomes daily more conspicuous, and the simpletons who have idolised him, look at each other with a vacant stare, and say: "Bless me, is this he?" The ministers wanted a stalking horse, and they found one!

The Morning Post contradicts the rumours of a reduction in the military establishment, with a tone of authority.

You will find that a treaty has been concluded with the Nepaulese; that is no contradiction to the reported defeat, it is still believed.

The Prince Regent dined on Saturday *tête-à-tête* with Count Munster. His Royal Highness has a way of shaking his head, which reminds one of a mandarin on a chimney-piece. He talked incessantly! The principal, if not the only topic, was upon the projected divorce, on which occasion his Highness poured out the usual tirade of abuse. The Prince declared that it was necessary to check the growing influence of the Princess Charlotte. In procuring a legal separation, he had no intention of again marrying; but, having such a card in his hands, it would give him uncontrolled power over her. Should she, however, rebel, he would endeavour to put a spoke in her wheel! The Chronicle mentions that a female, a Swiss, will be a material witness. The principal evidence will be given by the captain of the frigate who carried the Princess from Naples to Algiers. The question will be brought before the House of Lords in the way of a Bill. It is not intended to apply to the Ecclesiastical Court; that would introduce the doctrine of recrimination. The Prince requested Lord Holland would take the opinion of Lords Grenville, Grey, and Lauderdale; they are favourable to the proceedings, *viz.*, infinitely more decided than the ministers. What will John Bull say to all this?

W— is every day at R—'s. He is generally in company with a Colonel L—g, who is going to Paris. — appears as vain as ever! He talks of going to Northumberland on a visit to Lord Grey, &c. I am sure they would as soon see the devil!!! The Democrats call him a sucking Jacobin.

Ministers are now exposed to the uncharitable jests of a merciless world; they actually admit that our influence, as a Dictator, is at an end; that the sinews of war are gone, irrecoverably gone!

Lord Harrowby's return is anxiously looked for. I am told that he went on a special mission to Paris and the Netherlands. Lord Weymouth was only employed as a messenger to Vienna,—the bearer of despatches to Lord Stewart; but *nec scire fas est omnia*.

Governor Maitland's return is said to relate to the awkward situation in which the Ionian Islands are placed by the intrigues of Russia.

Three o'clock, p.m.—The Regent is packing up; his Highness means to be off at five o'clock for Brighton,—thence he goes to — Hall. The settled inmates of Carlton House are not sorry. The irritability of nerve progressively increases.

The crown lawyers are at work upon Cobbett's Register; this is a great secret! it comes from Leach. A meeting took place last evening

at Richmond House upon the subject of the present alarming state of affairs. Lord Bathurst suggested the propriety of resorting to the system of terror of 1793; "nothing but the Pitt system can save us." Hints were dropped relative to the Chronicle. Who is to be the leader? "Lord Castlereagh won't do! Will Canning?"

The Subscription has failed! It is said to be given up by ministers. As a finishing stroke, the paragraph in the Times acts as a closer! "When money was wanting during the last recess of Parliament for a purpose which, considering the state of the country, we blush to describe, the *droits* of the Admiralty were seized and applied. Where, we ask, are the *droits* of the Admiralty now?"

London, August 9, 1816.

Those who have the best opportunity for making observations say, that within the last five days a great alteration is observable in the countenance of the Prince Regent; he is become pensive and absent; his mind preys on itself. No longer is he amused with the gorgeous trappings and other gewgaws of his palace. He could no longer bear the atmosphere of the metropolis, and therefore go he must into seclusion somewhere! All those who live on his smiles are continually echoing, 'how shockingly unpopular he is.'

The portraits drawn, in the daily papers, of the Prince and the Duke of Gloucester, are rather disadvantageous to the former. These representations are certainly very goading; and particularly in that journal which is emblazoned with the plume of ostrich feathers, called the Morning Herald. The duke is eulogised as possessing all the cardinal virtues, and amongst them his economy of the public money is not forgotten.

The Divorce.—The whole administration of this momentous affair devolves on Leach; a friend of his thus speaks! "How the affair will terminate I cannot say. John Bull is not in a state of mind to gratify royal feelings!"

That — is made of "penetrable stuff" is proved by the intolerable apprehensions which have lately embittered every moment. The fever, in the public mind, will not be allayed by the process now going on. You have heard that the Prince Regent's yacht is now being fitted up in a style of great splendour, but for what purpose, neither you nor I know! A report, certainly mightily absurd, is whispered about Carlton House, that H. R. Highness means to pay your side of the water a visit, and then proceed *incog.* to Paris.

There is a division in the Opposition respecting the projected divorce. Lord Grey is not favourably inclined. As to Fitzwilliam, and his son, Lord Milton, they mean to make a stand against it in the House. Lord Dundas was ordered by the Regent to present a *carte blanche* to them, but it would not do!

Many reports are in circulation as to the line of policy which the Duke of Gloucester will take. It is supposed by many that he will desert the Opposition. No such thing! The Prince Regent does not calculate upon him, and the duke cannot forget that the prince opposes the alliance with all his strength, calling him and his sister, the descendants of a *washerwoman*, cannot soon be forgotten. The Princess Mary declared to the Queen that she would espouse her husband's interest, she having seen nothing but misery resulting from party contests. This will be an effectual check against all interference.

London, August 13, 1816.

The droits of the Admiralty are often alluded to when money is required for the exigencies of the state. "The droits of the Admiralty! pooh! why there are none left." So said Mr. S——, yesterday, at a private house wherein we dined together. This Mr. S—— has been lately appointed by government to inspect the accounts; and such was his report as to the state of these droits. The Prince Regent, you may recollect, received 50,000*l.* and 40,000*l.* from that source in March last. The Duke of York has also been secretly accommodated from the same fund, and the Queen has had a finger in the pie!

At no period in the history of this country were there such real grounds for alarm as at the present moment. The dreadful state of the provincial towns, from the incalculable number of persons without employment, and without bread, excites the most painful ideas; a tremendous explosion must take place, and at no distant period. Threats are held out by the peasantry against the property of absentees. I should not wonder if their chateaux were to go!

General ——, attached to the staff of the Commander-in-chief, said, yesterday, "the picture before our eyes is a hideous one—they are all damnably frightened;" speaking of the court and the ministers.

Cobbett has lately received pecuniary aid from Burdett, who lent him 3000*l.* the other day. Cobbett has burnt his fingers in buying land. Notwithstanding the gift of prescience he has been *done*!

The determined adherence of the Duke of Gloucester to the Whigs, galls the prince exceedingly.

Governor Maitland (who has here the character of being a clever man), is said to have advised the ministers to abandon the Ionian Islands.

I was assured last evening, in the most positive manner, that Vansittart would remain in office for another session.

The Post, Herald, Sun, Globe, and British Press newspapers, all teem with articles upon the favourable disposition of the American government. What admirable sources for information they possess!! Oh! Johnny, Johnny! how thou art *gulle*!

P——ry, the Courier correspondent, said, ere his departure for Paris, at R——'s "there will be a pretty blow-up in the month of October."

Mr. W. Nicholls, M.P., dined yesterday with the Duke of Sussex. He told me that the ministers came to a determination on Saturday last, upon the subject of calling the Parliament together. They have abandoned all intention of again assembling the House of Commons constituted as it now is! A dissolution was proposed and carried in a Cabinet Council, which has been sanctioned by the Regent. This information came from the Duke of Sussex, from motives of delicacy and honour. Wellington left town this morning at four o'clock, direct for Paris. Sir Henry Wellesley has again postponed his journey to Madrid. He said, an hour since, that he should go in September. He professes to have no reluctance, but the ministers have no money!

Another defalcation in the funds—60½ for money.

You may buy four good waggon-horses for 40*l.*, which, three years ago, would have fetched 160*l.*

Five o'clock.—The treasury clerks are making preparations for the expected change!

London, August 16, 1816.

The week has nearly passed over without any event occurring worth recording. The Prince Regent has employed himself in visiting his mamma, a sisterhood of nuns, and his stud at Hampton Court. His R. H. is now rustivating at the Thatched Cottage, amid swarms of rats (not political ones) which occupy the roof of that matchless appendage to the establishment. Here his H. proposes to sojourn until Monday next, when he returns to town, to celebrate the birthday of the Admiral of the Fleet; and thence he goes on a three weeks' tour to Ragley Hall—preparations are making for a fortnight's residence—so says my Lord Yarmouth.

About the 25th of September, perhaps, the P. R. will proceed to Brighton, and thence he talks of taking a cruise in the royal yacht. When the accounts, however, come before Parliament, they will find that the gilding the state cabin, and painting the external and internal works (this has nothing to do with the ordinary painting of the ship) have cost full 1300*l*.! An idea of the furniture may be implied from the above specimen.

I believe that my last contained an observation made in the leading article of the Morning Post upon the existence of a perfectly good understanding among the Allies, it says, "the excellent Emperor of Russia."

The fact of the Princess Charlotte not attending any of the royal parties lately, verifies what I have already communicated—the report of her miscarriage was very true; Dr. Croft attended her, and he says so.

The last debate in the India House related to increasing the military force in the East Indies. They proposed and carried the question for an increase of thirty regiments, *i.e.*, cavalry and infantry; they are all to be native troops. Will not these troops turn their arms upon their patrons whenever a favourable moment arrives?

The great success of Mr. T. Walsh in improving the human voice, we are told has induced Mr. Vansittart to put himself under that gentleman previous to the opening of the House of Commons.

Sir Henry Wellesley is gone unexpectedly to Paris. He said, in April last, that he should return to his *diplomatique* appointment at the court of Madrid in May—in May, he said June—in June, July, and on Saturday last, September. Will he go at all?

The Lord Chancellor lately waited upon the strong room; and that if this be the case, his lordship has already suffered for breaking prison, and the law will not allow a man to be punished twice for one and the same offence. If there be any statute in existence which enacts that the party breaking prison may be prosecuted by indictment, or punished in this summary way at the discretion of the gaoler, this would be a valid defence, and it would be only necessary to prove that the marshal had made his election. In that case his lordship's friends may confidently presume upon his success. I do not know what weight there may be in these suggestions, and have no opportunity to consult any authority upon the subject. The trial has excited much expectation. Every horse, chaise, and carriage are placed in a state of requisition for to-morrow. Sir R. W——, Sir F. B——, and others of the mountain, are going down to Guildford this evening. Mr. Justice Burrows is expected to preside.

Five o'Clock.—Nothing new—Sir R.—— has been again with the Regent upon the same errand as before.

SOUTHERN RUSSIA, AND THE CAUCASUS.*

I. ODESSA AND KHERSON.

SOUTHERN RUSSIA, with its characteristic plains or steppes, its motley population of Cossacks and Kalmucks, Mongols and Tatars ; its colonies of Germans, Greeks, Armenians, and Jews ; and its peculiar social condition, midway between that which is presented to us by the East and the West ; is far more replete with interest and variety, than Muscovy or Great Russia, with its more pretentious aspect, its formal buildings, and still more formal society, alike stamped with the military stiffness and the frigid etiquette of absolutism.

"It is," says Madame de Hell, "on account of the greater liberty which they enjoy there, added to the facilities afforded by a free port, to the indulgence of the national taste for dress, and other luxuries, that the Russians prefer Odessa to St. Petersburg. Odessa is their Paris ; and how, indeed, can any one refuse to be enraptured with a town that possesses an Italian Opera, fashionable shops, wide footways, an English club, a boulevard, a statue, and two or three paved streets ? Barbarian taste or envy, the Russians think, could alone behold all this without admiration."

Odessa, which has within the last forty years outstripped the half-Sclavonic, half-Tatar, cities ; Kiev, the holy ; the great Novogorod and Vladimir, all celebrated in the bloody annals of the tzars, and already old before Moscow and St. Petersburg were yet in existence ; has been indebted not solely to its position and commercial freedom for its rise, but also to the liberal and enlightened policy of Count Woronzov, who, brought up in England, has retained nothing of his nationality except his devoted loyalty to the emperor. In addition to the public works undertaken by this public-spirited nobleman, he devotes more than 6000*l.* a year to those pomps and entertainments of which the Russians are devotedly fond.

Quitting Odessa, Mr. X. de Hell and his lady started for the country-house of General Potier, where it was their intention to pass the winter. This gentleman, a Frenchman by birth, was the proprietor of a farm of 20,000 sheep, which, in a country where all matters are regulated by military rank—a prince royal being a field-marshal at his birth—entitled him to the social status of General.

Posting in Russia is the opprobrium of the country. Not only the post-houses, as in the East, have no beds, but the foreigner who has no legal right to lay his cane over the shoulders of the post-masters, must make up his mind constantly to endure the most scandalous impositions and annoyances at their hands. Neither threats nor entreaties can prevail on the post-master to make him furnish horses, if it does not suit his humour. The epithet "*particularnii tcheloviek*," which is applied in Russia to all who do not wear epaulettes, and which signifies something less than a nobody, is a categorical reply to the traveller's utmost eloquence.

Nicolaïef, which, founded by Nicholas, has succeeded to Kherson as the seat of the Admiralty on the Black Sea, is described as daily increasing at its rival's expense. At the present moment, its great dock-yards

* Travels in the Steppes of the Caspian Sea the Crimea, the Caucasus, &c. By Xavier Hommaire de Hell. With Additions from various Sources. 1 vol. 8vo. Chapman and Hall.

attract a whole population of workmen, whose presence swell its wealth and importance; and its position on the Bug, its new houses, and pretty walks planted with poplars, give it a most inviting appearance; but these favourites of the day have often but an ephemeral prosperity. Witness the once favoured towns founded by Catherine and by Alexander. This is no more than can be expected. The prosperity of cities does not so much depend upon the fostering care of a despotic prince, as upon the circumstances of position, and their social and commercial relations.

Kherson, once a city of great opulence, and the seat of a small but powerful republic, exhibits at present, by the rise of its rival, the melancholy spectacle of a town entirely ruined; its population does not exceed 6000 or 8000 souls, and, expelled from the imperial cities of Nicolaïef and Sevastopol, the Israelites constitute the majority of its inhabitants.

"Nothing," says Madame de Hell, "can be more hideous than the appearance of the Russian Jews. Dressed in a uniform garb, consisting of a long robe of black calico, fastened with a woollen girdle, canvass drawers, and a broad-brimmed black hat, they all present so degraded a type of humanity, that the eye turns from them with deep disgust. Their filthiness is indescribable; the entrance of a single Jew into an apartment is enough suddenly to vitiate the atmosphere."

But while the aspect of Kherson, with its dilapidated houses and abandoned sites, is as dismal as that of Nicolaïef is brilliant and lively, nature still proclaims its superiority in point of position. Viewing the city from a distance, as it rises in an amphitheatre on the banks of the Dniepr, with its numerous belfries, its barracks, and its gardens, one would be far from suspecting the sort of spectacle its interior presents. The Dniepr also, as seen from Kherson, is an imposing object. It resembles a vast lake studded with islands, and the views it presents are described as being very beautiful, and partaking much of the character of maritime scenery.

II.—DOMESTIC MANNERS OF THE RUSSIANS.

Clarofka, M. Potier's estate, whither our travellers were bound, lay on the other side of the river. The sheep farm is as large as many a German duchy, but instead of the fertile fields and thriving villages that adorn Germany, it presents to view only a vast desert interspersed here and there with the oft-described tumuli—sepulchres of the Scythians of old—salt-lakes, and a few sheep folds.

Clarofka itself, however, was a place of princely sumptuousness, its gardens producing every thing that the most capricious taste could desire, and that in the midst of those steppes where hot winds scorch up every thing during the greater part of the fine season, and which yet have in parts been rendered a source of immense wealth since the introduction of Merino sheep breeding.

During a long winter spent at this interesting spot, Madame de Hell's attention appears to have been chiefly directed to the depravity of the Russian clergy, whose ignorance, she says, is on a par with their vicious propensities. Most of the monks and priests pass their lives in disgraceful intoxication. This deplorable passion for strong liquors is described as being continually on the increase among the peasantry, and with the fondness for dancing, and an inordinate love of eating, constitute the characteristics of the unfortunate serfs.

The higher classes are not free from the same vice. In an account given of a public festival held at the election of the marshalls and judges of the nobility at Kherson, Madame de Hell describes the dawn as finding the gentlemen "eating, drinking, and fighting lustily." It was reckoned that 150 bottles of Champagne were emptied on this occasion, and as the price of each bottle is eighteen francs, the reader may hence form some idea of Russian profusion.

The nobility of the district gave a grand ball that evening in one of the club-rooms, and there I noticed all the contrasts that form the ground-work of Russian manners. The mixture of refinement and barbarism, of gallantry and grossness, which this people exhibits on all occasions, shows how young it still is in civilisation. Here were officers in splendid uniforms and ladies blazing with diamonds, dancing and playing cards in a very ugly room with old patched and plastered walls, dimly lighted by a few shabby lamps, and they were as intent on their pleasures as if they were in a court drawing-room, and never seemed to think that there was any thing at all offensive to the sight in the accommodations around them. The refreshments, consisting of dried fruits and *eau sucrée*, were in as much demand as the best ices and sherbets could have been. The same inconsistency was displayed in the behaviour of the gentlemen towards the ladies. Though ready, like the Poles, to drink every man of them to his fancy's queen out of the heel of her shoe, they did not think it unbecoming to take their places alone in the quadrilles, neither troubling themselves to go in search of their partners, nor escorting them back to their seats after the dance. Setting aside, however, this total want of tact, they perfectly imitate all the outward shows and forms of politeness.

The manner in which hospitality is exercised in Russia is very convenient, and entails no great outlay in the matter of upholstery. As in the post-houses so in the houses of the nobility, the visitor is expected to come provided with a bed, and articles of furniture, the most indispensable, are totally unknown in the dwellings of most of the second-rate nobles. The etiquette observed towards young ladies presents the same half-oriental character as the house furniture.

In all social meetings etiquette peremptorily requires that the young ladies, instead of sitting in the drawing-room, shall remain by themselves in an adjoining apartment, and not allow any young man to approach them. If there is any dancing the gravest matron in the company goes and brings them almost by force into the ball-room. Once there they may indulge their youthful vivacity without restraint; but on no pretext are they to withdraw from beneath the eyes of their mothers or chaperons.

But all this prudery extends no further than outward forms, and it would be a great mistake to suppose that there is more morality in Russia than elsewhere. Young girls are jealously guarded, because the practice is in accordance with the oriental habits and feelings of the country, and because no reliance is placed in their own sense of propriety. But once married, they acquire the right of conducting themselves as they please, and the husband would find it a hard matter to control their actions.

III.—SHORES OF THE SEA OF AZOV.

Our travellers quitted the shores of the Black Sea, accompanied by a Cossack and an excellent dragoman, who spoke all the dialects current in Southern Russia, about the middle of May, 1839. After travelling upwards of a hundred leagues up the Dniepr, they reached Iekaterinoslav—the city of the great Catherine. There seems to be no probability of this city ever realising the expectations formed by the empress when she

gave it her name. It contains several large buildings, numerous churches, bazaars, and charming gardens; but the whole is distributed upon such a gigantic plan, as to make a perfect wilderness in which the spare houses and scanty population seem lost. As for Potemkin's palace, it is falling into ruins, and at the mercy of the first peasant who wants stones or wood to repair his cabin. Little did the haughty Catherine suspect that one day the serfs would carry away piece-meal that magnificent edifice, where she rested from the fantastic journey, at every step of which the inventive genius of her favourite, had extemporised cottages, villages, palaces, and a smiling and contented population to welcome their amorous sovereign. Little pyramids surrounded by balustrades still mark the spot on the route from Iekaterinoslav to Kherson where the empress halted or changed horses.

Old and prosperous colonies of Prussian Mennonites particularly distinguish this province. Madame de Hell gives a rapturous description of the beauty, cleanliness, and comforts of their villages. But the habits of these sectarians are of an extreme austerity that strips domestic life of all its ordinary charms. The wife and daughters of a Mennonite, whatever may be his fortune, are the only female servants allowed in the house. Their dress is also exceedingly simple, and they are not permitted to curl their hair. One dish of meat and two of vegetables compose their whole dinner, and each person has a goblet of milk set before him instead of wine. There are no regular priests, the elders read the Bible every Sunday, preach, and give out hymns, which are sung by the whole congregation. With such simple habits—so much sobriety and industry—the Mennonites have outstripped all other colonists in prosperity. Those from Swabia and Baden have not, for example, attained the same degree of wealth. They are generally fond of good living, but as Madame de Hell justly remarks, "They have the merit of understanding life better than their puritanical neighbours, and of making the most of the gifts Providence has bestowed on them."

Marioupol, a Greek colony, on the shores of the Sea of Azov, presented a sad contrast to the Prussian colonies. The site is described as little more than a large dirty village, the inhabitants of which are a degenerate and thoroughly unprincipled race who speak a corrupt Tatar dialect among themselves, having forgotten their native language.

Taganrok, the trade of which has been destroyed by a fifty days' quarantine, imposed upon all vessels entering the Sea of Azov, was otherwise a flourishing city, and promised to fulfil the anticipations of its founder, Peter the Great. Its position on the sea side, the character of the landscape, its churches, its great extent, every feature of the place, even to the fortress commanding it, remind the traveller of Odessa.

Peter the Great's sojourn in Taganrok is commemorated by an oak wood of his own planting; Alexander's decease at the same place is commemorated by a *chapelle ardente* in the bed-room of the house where he died, and which has been preserved with religious care just as it was left after the ceremony.

During their stay at Taganrok, our travellers were invited to a ball at the mansion of General Khersanof; on entering the first *salon* they were met by the general, who presented them to his two wives.

But the reader will say, is bigamy allowed among the Cossacks? Not exactly so; but if the laws and public opinion are against it, still a man of high station may easily evade both; and General Khersanof has been living for many years

in open, avowed bigamy, without finding that his *salons* are the less frequented on account of such a trifle. In Russia, wealth covers every thing with its glittering veil, and sanctions every kind of eccentricity, however opposed to the usages of the land, provided it redeem them by plenty of balls and entertainments. Public opinion, such as exists in France, is here altogether unknown. The majority leave scruples of conscience to timorous souls, without even so much as acknowledging their merit.

IV.—THE DON COSSACKS.

At Taganrok our travellers quitted the shores of the Sea of Azov to enter into the country of the Don Cossacks. The first city in this territory in question is Rostov, the centre of all the commerce of the interior of the empire with the Sea of Azov. Azov itself, whence the sea derived its name, is now only a large village. Rostov, with its harbour full of vessels, its houses rising in terrace rows one above the other, its Greek churches, and its hanging gardens, is said to have a most beautiful appearance. The Cossacks, so long free, have also almost obliterated the stiffness and formality of the Russians. There is in Rostov a casino where all grades of society meet together on a footing of equality. Such a thing is said to be unknown elsewhere.

Near Rostov is also the Armenian colony of Nakhitchevane. The town is described as truly elegant, with buildings of capricious architecture, handsome Asiatic figures passing by, the glazed windows of its great bazaars glittering in the sun—a perfect vision of the East!

Impelled by our recollections of Constantinople, we visited every quarter of the town without delay. At the sight of the veiled women, trailing their yellow slippers along the ground with inimitable *nonchalance*, the Oriental costumes, the long white beards, the merchants sitting on their heels before their shops, and the bazaars filled with the productions of Asia, we fancied ourselves really transported to one of the trading quarters of Stamboul; the illusion was complete.

As the traveller proceeds up the Don, the banks are enlivened by clumps of trees, fishermen's huts, and herds of horses that seek a fresher pasture than what is afforded by the sterile steppes, which spread out their gray and scarcely undulating surface to the verge of the horizon.

At the extremity of a plateau, on the verge of a wide and deep valley, Novo Tcherkask, the metropolis of the Don Cossacks, makes its appearance, rising in an amphitheatre, and embracing in its huge extent several hills, the broad slopes of which descend to the bottom of the valley.

The Emperor Nicholas visited the Don Cossacks in 1837, and to this auspicious event the capital owed the good fortune of being supplied with lamps in the streets. But the lights went out when his majesty departed; and it is said, that in order to save the lamps from being stolen, the authorities had been obliged to make an armed Cossack stand sentry over each of them.

Every thing at Novo Tcherkask bespoke the bold and warlike temper of the Cossacks. There was no copying of European fashions, no Frank costumes, no mixed populations; every thing was Cossack, except a few Kalmuck figures, telling of the vicinity of the Volga.

The Don Cossacks, by some considered to be an offshoot of the great Sclavonic stock, by others, as a medley of Turks and Tatars, are considered, with more probability by Schnitzler, to belong to the Tcherkess, or Circassian nation. The men are tall and handsome; bravery and noble pride are legible in their features and their eyes, as if they were still these fiery children of the steppes, who, before the days of Catherine II.,

acknowledged no other power than that of their Ataman, freely chosen by themselves. Arms are still their sole occupation, just as they were a hundred years ago, and their organisation is still altogether military. The Cossack girls, with their hair tied in braids with bright ribands, and hanging down to the heels, are also described as very pretty, but the women appear chiefly remarkable for the pious fervour and their arduous pilgrimages to the catacombs of Kiev.

"What erroneous notions," exclaims Madame de Hell, "are entertained in France, of these good-natured, inoffensive, and hospitable Cossacks! The events of 1814 and 1815, have left a deep repugnance towards them in all French minds, and indeed it could hardly be expected it should be otherwise. But speaking of them as we found them in their own land, they do not deserve the aversion with which our countrymen regard them. There is no part of Russia where the traveller is more safe than in their country, nor does he anywhere meet with a more kindly welcome. The name of Frenchman, especially, is an excellent recommendation there. The portrait of Napoleon is found in every house, and sometimes it is placed above that of the great St. Nicholas himself. All the old veterans who have survived the great wars of the empire, profess the greatest veneration for the French emperor, and these sentiments are fully shared by the present generation."

V.—THE KALMUCKS.

Beyond Novo Teherkask the road to Astrakhan runs northward along the right bank of the Don; the country still continuing the same naked and monotonous appearance so characteristic of steppe land. The Stanitzas or Cossack hamlets have a far more pleasing appearance than the villages of the Muscovites. The interiors also shew an appreciation of domestic comfort, of which the Russians betray no trace. But the system of military serfdom depopulates the country; the Stanitzas are few and far between, and sand-hills and hot-winds alone diversify the lifeless aspect and uniform hues of the endless plains.

"But all is contrast in Russia," exclaims Madame de Hell. "Extremes of all kinds meet there without any transition: from a desert you pass into a populous town, from a cabin to a palace, from a Tatar mosque into an ancient Christian cathedral, from an arid plain into the cheerful German colonies. Surprises follow one upon the other without end, and give a peculiar zest to travelling, scarcely to be experienced in any other part of Europe."

This is in reference to Sarepta, a Moravian colony, shut in within a bend of the Volga, in the midst of Kalmuck hordes.

Picture to yourself a pretty little German town, with its high gabled houses, its fruit trees, fountains, and promenades, its scrupulous neatness, and its comfortable and happy people, and you will have an idea of Sarepta: industry, the fine arts, morality, sociability, commerce, are all combined in that favoured spot.

The history of this prosperous and happy colony, like the others of the same kind founded in the time of Catherine II., is not without interest. It has been ravaged alternately by Kalmucks and Cossacks, and still more fearfully devastated by conflagrations within. The chief trade is the manufacture of mustard.

Following the course of the Volga, the travellers now first met with herds of camels wandering among the Kalmuck Kabitkas, which were scattered over the steppes; while in other places the black masses of encampments seemed to glide over the surface of the plain.

At the last station but one, we were startled from our breakfast by the sound of military music, which for a moment threw the whole house into a state of revolution. We were ourselves very much puzzled to know what it meant,

and jumping up from table we ran and saw—what? A steamer, no less, puffing and smoking, and lashing the astonished waters of the calm Volga into foam. Gay flags flaunted over its deck, which was crowded with passengers, and whence proceeded the sounds that had so surprised us. It passed before us, I will not say proudly, but very clumsily, by no means skimming along the water like a swallow.

The steamer in question, our travellers soon found to their infinite annoyance, was conveying all the society of Astrakhan, and all to whom they had letters of introduction, on a visit to the Kalmuck Prince Tumene, whose custom it was to give splendid entertainments at this season of the year. As they had no *podoroshni* for horses backwards, they could not, as they wished, retrace their steps to the prince's residence, but were obliged to go on to Astrakhan, where, in the absence of the governor, the curator-general of the Kalmucks furnished them with the necessary permit.

Prince Tumene resides upon an island on the Volga—a nest of verdure resting on the waves, that seemed as if waiting for a breath of wind to send it floating down the river—but as they came nearer, the scene changed. Trees, pagodas, the turrets of the Kalmuck palace itself, came out in bold relief. It was a scene from the “Arabian Nights.”

Not many minutes had elapsed after the departure of my companions, when I saw them returning with a young man, who was presented to me as one of the princes Tumene. It was with equal elegance and good breeding he introduced me to the palace, where every step brought me some new surprise. I was quite unprepared for what I saw; and really in passing through two salons which united the most finished display of European taste with the gorgeousness of Asia, on being suddenly accosted by a young lady who welcomed me in excellent French, I felt such a thrill of delight, that I could only answer by embracing her heartily! In this manner an acquaintance is quickly made.

The chief features of the Kalmucks of Little Russia are, like their descent, of true Mongolian character. These are their nomadic habits, the pompous worship of their Llamite deities, their admirable horsemanship, their truly oriental pride and superciliousness, which induces them although a conquered tribe, to look with jealous and disdainful eyes upon Muscovites and Franks. At the great Khurul, or residence of the Dalai Llama, the tents are white. Though entirely subjected to the Russian laws, the Kalmucks have an administrative committee, which is occupied exclusively with their affairs, and which resides at Astrakhan.

VI.—ASTRAKHAN AND THE COMMERCE OF THE SOUTH EASTERN PROVINCES OF RUSSIA.

The ancient capital of the great Tatar kingdom of the Golden Horde is now the chief town of a government which, though presenting a surface of more than 4000 geographical square miles, yet possesses only 285,000 inhabitants, of whom 200,000 are Nomades. It is no longer the prosperous city so celebrated of yore under the Tatars. It contains a great number of squares, churches, and mosques, but its streets are as sandy as the soil of the environs.

Alongside of a Tatar dwelling stretches a great building blackened by time, and by its architecture and carvings carrying you back to the middle ages. A European shop displays its fashionable haberdashery opposite a caravanserai; the magnificent cathedral overshadows a pretty mosque with its fountain; a Moorish balcony contains a group of young European ladies who set you thinking of Paris, whilst a graceful white shadow glides mysteriously under the gallery of an old palace. All contrasts are here met together; and so it hap-

pens that in passing from one quarter to another you think you have made a short promenade, and you have picked up a stock of observations and reminiscences belonging to all times and places. The Russians ought to be proud of a town which did not spring up yesterday, like all the others in their country, and where one is not plagued with the cold, monotonous regularity that meets you without end in every part of the empire.

The old embattled towers and crumbling walls still serve to remind the traveller of its ancient warlike renown. The population is a medley, amounting to 45,703, the bulk of whom are Muscovites, Kalmucks, and Tatars. The Armenians are shopkeepers; the Tatars are chiefly cattle-dealers: of the Indians who were formerly rather numerous, there remain but a few priests who are detained by interminable law-suits. But from the old intercourse between the Hindus and the Kalmucks has sprung a type closely resembling that of European nations. The Mongul is perhaps, above all others, the type that perpetuates itself with most energy, and resists most obstinately the influence of foreign admixture. It is found in all its originality among Cossacks and Tatars, who have intermingled with Kalmucks. It is therefore the more curious to see the type vanish immediately under the influence of Hindu blood, and produce, instead of itself, a thoroughly Caucasian type!

At Astrakhan, M. de Hell remarks, the Muscovite population in taking the place of the Tatars, have destroyed the agricultural resources of the country. The Russian townspeople being exclusively traders and shopkeepers, and never engaging in rural pursuits, the gardens almost all belong to Tatars and Armenians. Nothing, however, is sowed but a little maize and barley, provisions of all kinds being procured from Saratov, by way of the Volga.

The French romance writers are read with avidity on the banks of the Caspian. The newest publications are received every month from Brussels. "A singular example," says Madame de Hell, "and one which must strike the traveller strongly of the *moral influence* which France exercises in all countries of the world." Yet this reading is almost confined to novels and romances, and according to our travellers' own showing, Paul de Kock and Pigault Lebrun are the especial favourites throughout the empire. "It is needless to add," says Madame de Hell, "that our fashions, and *the prodigies of our civilisation*, are adopted with the same avidity as our literature."

Strange to say there are no English, Italian, or French residents in Astrakhan. At a ball given by the governor, there was a young Persian, who attracted the attention of all the ladies during the ball. "His handsome Oriental countenance, his rich costume, the grace with which he danced French quadrilles and mazurkas, and above all, his title of traveller, gave him an extraordinary *éclat*, which seemed in nowise to astonish him."

There are few cities in Eastern Europe that have played a more important part than Astrakhan in the commercial relations between Europe and Asia. A variety of circumstances have, however, for the time being, deprived this old and renowned city of all importance whatsoever. The chief of these is the prohibitive system adopted by Russia, which has thrown the trade of Central Asia into the Trebizond and Tabriz line. A steamer regularly plies now between England and Trebizond, and business to the amount of more than 2,000,000*l.* sterling is annually carried on at that port. The opening of the Red Sea and the Persian

Gulf to steam navigation, has also assisted in excluding the Indian trade, but the opening of the Euphrates and Tigris, as for ever annihilating all hopes of re-establishing the line of trade of the middle ages, was effectually put a stop to by Russian diplomacy.

Still, while the people of Persia and Turkey in Asia are forsaking their old commercial routes for new markets, Russia is persevering in making her prohibitive system more and more stringent. She has built the fort of Alexandrof, as a receptacle for the imaginary caravans from Khiva and Bokhara; and while she is in reality postponing indefinitely the extension of her commerce and civilisation into Turkomania and Central Asia, she has recourse to all kinds of petty artifices to make Europe believe that commerce is nowhere more sedulously pursued than in Russia. A fleet of *shkuts*, as the vessels plying on the Caspian are designated, is employed in carrying victuals and stores to the garrisons in the eastern parts of the Caucasus, and in conveying men, provisions, &c., to the fisheries of Salian, &c.; but the merchants themselves confess that there is no profit upon goods sent to Astrabad, the key on the Caspian to Persia and Central Asia.

In fact, from the new lines of communication, as yet imperfectly opened by England, and the error of Russian policy in closing the Trans-Caucasian provinces to European goods, in the vain hope of forcing its own sorry manufactures upon those countries; the regions, now constituting the south-eastern provinces of Russia, have lost all importance with regard to the traffic between Europe and Asia. The great entrepôts of Kaffa and Tana, have fallen into decay, even the routes leading to them are forsaken. The great caravans of the Volga, and the Kuban have disappeared, the navigation of the Caspian is annihilated, one miserable steamer ascends the Volga once a year to the fair of Nijni Novogorod, and Astrakhan is thus reduced to the status of a sixth rate town, having commercial relations only with the adjacent districts, and the nomadic population of the neighbourhood.

VII.—THE CAUCASUS.

Quitting Astrakhan for the south, our travellers found themselves at once in the steppes, and sand, felt-tents, camels, and Kalmucks were once more the only visible things. When this was exchanged for the shores of the Caspian, the change was for the worse. "The aridity of the steppes round Odessa, the wilderness of the Volga, the parched and dismal soil of the environs of Astrakhan seemed lovely in comparison with the grey sickly sky which threw an indescribably sad and revolting hue over the lonely, sandy plain and low broken shore of the Caspian Sea."

The country of the Kalmucks, diversified by its jealously-watched *satzas*, corresponding to the *ziyarets* of the East—tombs of saints and holy men—and a few families of Turkomans, was exchanged on arriving at the Kouma for more wooded and pleasant districts. Here they were received in the splendid mansion of M. Rebrof, proprietor of the rich district of Vladimirofka, who is indebted for his vast riches partly to the successful training of the silk-worm, and partly to the manufacture of champagne, of which favourite beverage he sends yearly at least 10,000 bottles to Moscow.

Beyond the Kouma lay the Caucasus, a name associated with the earliest traditions, and which has even given its name to one of the primeval races of men.

At Georgief, the fortress which commands the road to the Caucasus, our travellers were received by the commandant of the fortress himself, and thence they proceeded to Piatigorsk, the chief watering-place on this side of the mountains. The dull monotony of the plains, according to Madame de Hell, kept always increasing, and the depression of spirits induced by such dreary landscapes, was now increased by apprehensions of falling in with those Circassians, "whose very name strikes terror into the Russians!"

They did meet with a band of these terrible Circassians, and Madame de Hell screamed, but the attendant Cossacks hastened to assure her that they were a friendly tribe. Piatigorsk was, however, a great relief—a beautiful valley, dropped as by chance, amongst the stern and majestic scenes of the Caucasian Alps, with villas scattered all over the heights, and a promenade, bathing establishment, hotels, &c., in the bottom of the valley.

Every thing about it is pretty and trim, and displays those tokens of affluence which the Russian nobles like to see around them. There is nothing there to offend the eye or sadden the heart, no poor class, no cabins, no misery. It is a fortunate spot, intended to exhibit to the ladies and princes, courtiers and generals of the empire, none but pleasing images, culled from all that is attractive in nature and art.

"Nothing," says Madame de Hell, a little further on, "I have before attempted to describe could compare with the wild and picturesque scenery of this part of the Caucasus. At certain intervals we saw conical mounds of earth about sixty feet high, serving as watch-towers, on which sentinels are stationed day and night. Their outlines, relieved against the cloudy sky, produces a singular effect amidst the solitude around them. The sight of these Cossacks, with muskets shouldered, pacing up and down the small platform on the summit of each eminence, made us involuntarily own our gratitude to the Russian government for having cleared this country, and rendered access to it so easy for invalids and tourists."

Higher up in the gorge is Kislovodsk, a station of about fifteen houses, or rather little Asiatic palaces, adorned with long open galleries, terraces, gardens, and vestibules, filled with flowers, and a source of acid waters.

The position of Kislovodsk exposes it much more than Piatigorsk to the assaults of the mountaineers, and one never feels quite safe there, notwithstanding the Cossack detachment that guards the heights. A Circassian aoul, perched like an eyrie on the highest crest of the adjacent mountains, is a dangerous neighbour for the water drinkers. Its inhabitants, though nominally subdued, forego no opportunity of wreaking their hatred on the Russians.

From this beautiful mountain retreat the travellers returned to Stavropol, the capital of the whole Caucasus, and head-quarters of the army operating against the Circassians; and it was impossible, says Madame de Hell, to have travelled more rapidly than they did from Stavropol to the Don. "The steppe is as smooth as a mirror, and the posting better conducted than in any other part." Crossing the Don by a rickety bridge they soon reached Taganrok, from whence they retraced their steps to Odessa, where they could best enjoy the pleasures of a winter's repose.

IX.—THE CIRCASSIANS.

No question connected with Southern Russia possesses more interest than that of those warlike tribes of the Caucasus, who have so victoriously maintained their national independence; and who, by separating the trans-

Caucasian provinces from the rest of the empire, have protected Persia and Asiatic Turkey, and postponed indefinitely all thoughts of a Russian invasion of India. "The cabinets of Europe," says Monsieur X. de Hell (for Madame de Hell writes the descriptive, Monsieur de Hell the political and scientific portions of the work,) "have generally overlooked the importance of the Caucasus, and the part which its tribes are destined to play sooner or later in Eastern questions." The most obstinate struggle known to modern history has now been going on for sixteen years, yet it is quite true that few exact notions of its character and details are as yet possessed by Europe. • The Russian government, on the other hand, clearly sees how perilous to the whole country is the aggressive independence of the Caucasus. Perfect horsemen, extremely well armed, inured to war, courageous and enterprising, the mountaineers need only some degree of union among their chiefs, to carry the flames of revolt among Kirghise, Turkomans, and Kalmucks, and over a vast portion of the tsar's dominions. In an official report printed at St. Petersburg, it is said, "the imagination is appalled at the consequences which their union under one leader might have for Russia, which has no other bulwark against their ravages than a military line, too extensive to be very strong."

In the first place the chain of the Caucasus exhibits a peculiar conformation, altogether different from that of any European chain. The Alps, the Pyrenees, and the Carpathians, are accessible by their valleys, not so the Caucasus. The northern slope here presents only a series of terraces rising to a height of from 3000 to 4000 yards above the sea, and rent in all directions by deep and narrow clefts and ravines. The ordinary tactics of the mountaineers who dwell on these fertile terraces, is to fall back before the enemy, until the latter is hemmed in among precipices and ravines; when, entrenched behind impregnable rocks, they inflict the most terrible carnage on the Russians with little danger to themselves. To the south they are protected by rude mountains and impenetrable forests.

To oppose the Caucasians, the Russian military line consists of small forts and watch stations. The latter are a kind of sentry-box, raised about fifty feet from the ground, upon four posts. Two Cossacks keep watch on them day and night, and for a signal of danger a beacon fire is kindled on the top of the watch-box. But notwithstanding the vigilance of these Cossacks, the mountaineers frequently cross the frontier, and carry their incursions, which are always marked with massacre and pillage, into the adjacent provinces. In considering the long series of disasters and unavailing efforts made by the Russians, and which M. de Hell details at length, that gentleman traces the want of success not only to the topographical character of the country and the bravery of its inhabitants, as previously noticed, but also to the deplorable state and constitution of the imperial armies. The absolute power of Nicholas is here, as everywhere else, annulled by the venality and speculation of contractors, officials, and superior officers. "Official robbery," says M. de Hell, "is nowhere carried on in a more scandalous manner than in the Caucasus."

People often ask with surprise why Russia does not take the field with 200,000 or 300,000 men at once. M. de Hell replies truly, the topography of the country will not allow of the employment of large armies, besides that, the movements of large armies are attended with extreme difficulty in Russia. People reason of the Caucasus as if it were in the midst of the tsar's dominions, and omit to consider the difficulties of

transport of men, military stores, and provisions, over vast steppes, which are neither more nor less than real deserts, tenanted by a subdued but hostile population, yet as it is, the official strength of the incapable and disorganised army of the Caucasus is reckoned at 160,000 men.

The consideration of the difficulties opposed in Russia to the movement of great armies, leads M. de Hell to the oft-discussed invasions of Central Asia or of India. There are three routes which have always formed part of the hypotheses advanced upon this subject. One—that by Khiva—it is well known, has been tried with signal discomfiture, and climate, soil, distance, populations, every possible circumstance unite to oppose any such movements by either of the other two lines, those of Persia or of Central Asia. As to the influence exercised by the cabinet of St. Petersburg at Khiva, Bokhara, Herat, or Cabul, it is truly pronounced to be greatly exaggerated. Some favours may be shewn to the Russian agents when these countries are at war with Anglo-India; but they are, in reality, animated by a hatred for the Muscovites, which will long neutralise the projects of the tsars.

And now, if we look to India, and to the people from whom the tsars propose to wrest its empire, we see Great Britain occupying all the towns on the coast and in the interior, mistress of the great rivers of the country, controlling millions of inhabitants by her irresistible political ascendancy, having the richest and most productive countries of the world for the basis of her military operations, commanding acclimated European troops, and a powerful native army habituated to follow her banners; in a word, we see Great Britain placed in the most admirable position for defending her conquests, and repulsing any aggression of the northern nations, foreign to the soil of Hindustan and Central Asia. The fears of the English and the schemes of the Russians appear to us, therefore, alike chimerical. Undoubtedly, as we have already said, the intrigues of the government of St. Petersburg, may, like those of any other influential power, create difficulties and annoyances in Afghanistan and elsewhere; but the English rule will never be really in danger, until the time shall come when national ambition, and a desire of resistance shall have been kindled in the Hindu population themselves.

X.—THE CRIMEA.

After wintering at Odessa our travellers sailed for that rich and fertile region which has been so long the battle-field of European and Oriental powers. Pastoral nations have contended for possession of its mountains; commercial nations for its ports, and its renowned Bosphorus; persecuted religious communities have sought refuge in its caves; warrior tribes have pitched their tents amid its magnificent valleys; all have coveted a footing on that soil, to which Greek civilisation has attached such brilliant memories.

Balaclava, where our travellers landed, with its Greek population, its girdle of rocks, its mild climate, and old Genoese castle is described as resembling those little towns of the Archipelago that are seen specking the horizon as one sails towards Constantinople. The celebrated colony of Kherson founded by the Heracleans 600 years B.C. now presents only a few heaps of shapeless stones.

From Sevastopol, Nicholas's favoured port, the imperial fleet incessantly threatens the existence of the Sultan's empire. This port, says M. de Hell, is unquestionably one of the most remarkable in Europe. Nature,

It appears, however, that he never broke with his friend on this account, so that his love-passion must have been a humbler sort of lodger in his heart, that could put up without either the whole or the best of its apartments. Other casual moods of his mind are expressed with an air of sincerity, which I deny not to be interesting as insulated records of his feelings, though I still refuse them the character of new or indicative importance to his history. He speaks to his friend, in certain passages, with extreme modesty as to his own poetical merit, and alludes with an admiration which is beautifully unenvious, to some other poet of the time, who had won the favour of his friend. He writes on one or two occasions in apparent dejection, under the frowns of fortune, and in one sonnet distinctly laments being obliged to live by the vocation of a player. If there be any other interesting allusions in these sonnets to his personal circumstances, it is from want of memory that I have unintentionally omitted them."

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It was in 1824 or 1825, I cannot recollect which year, that Campbell received a letter from Prince Adam Czartorisky, then Viceroy of Poland under Russia, requesting "he would send to Warsaw some one whom he could recommend to be professor of the English language at the university there. On the request being made to him the first person he applied to was myself. I had fortunately, considering the after political events, two objections, one was the smallness of the stipend, but that might easily have been surmounted, and would not have been conclusive against the acceptance of the post, but for the second objection, the hopelessness of acquiring one of the most difficult languages in the world so as to master it critically. Without this the position could not be properly filled, though this was not stipulated, as all the Polish students understood French. Campbell then applied to a friend in the north, who went out to Warsaw. He said he thought it a duty to offer the place to me from our friendship, but he was glad on his own account I refused it.

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"I have seen it."

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"Because we cannot believe what is impossible."

"Now, Mr. Campbell, what do you think of this treatment?" said Foscolo.

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without the aid of art, has provided a magnificent roadstead with ramifications, forming so many basins admirably adapted for the requirements of a naval station. The position of the town also, built in an amphitheatre, gives it a very grand appearance from a distance. Its barracks and stores, the extensive buildings of the admiralty, the numerous churches, and great ship-building docks, and yards—created at a vast expense—attest the importance of the place. But Sevastopol is not all greatness. Like every thing else in Russia, the ships of war look very imposing at first sight, but will not bear a very close scrutiny, while as to the new fortifications and batteries M. de Hell, himself an engineer, says that they must inevitably be shaken to pieces whenever their numerous artillery shall be brought into play.

Bagtche Serai, the old capital of the Tatars, is described as being still the most interesting site in the Crimea. In walking through the narrow streets of the town, the mosques, shops, and cemeteries remind one of the old quarters of Constantinople, and in the courts, gardens, and kiosks of the old palace of the Khans, the traveller imagines himself transported into some delicious abode of Aleppo or Baghdad.

At Simpheropol, now the capital of the government of the Crimea, tortuous streets, mosques, and bazaars, have given way to the cold monotony of modern Russian towns. Karolez in its vicinity, is, however, described as a Tatar village, lost among mountains, and one of the most delightful spots in the beautiful Crimea, so rich in picturesque scenes. This village belongs to the Tatar Princess, Adel Bey, celebrated for her beauty and her strict Mohammedan seclusion. Close by is also Mangoup Kaleh, a mountain fort, which has played an important part in all the numerous revolutions of the Crimea, and which has in turns been possessed by Goths, Turks, and Tatars.

But it is the southern coast of the Crimea that is most favoured by both nature and art. Aristocracy has there set its seal. The mansions of wealthy landowners are momentarily met with, and dashing four-horse equipages are constantly passing by. These properties generally include mansion, church, park, and a great many ornamental buildings, and the limits of each estate are marked by a post bearing the blazonry of the proprietor. The most remarkable of these magnificent residences is Aloupka, which has cost Count Voronzof between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 francs. All epochs, and all styles are said to be represented in its architecture and embellishments.

Ialta, "seated at the head of a bay like a beautiful sultana bathing her feet in the sea, and sheltering her fair forehead from the sun under rocks festooned with verdure," from its proximity to these noble domains, and its delightful position, is the rendezvous of all travellers who flock to the Crimea in the fine season. "Elegant buildings, handsome hotels, and a comfortable cheerful population indicate that opulence and pleasure have taken the town under their patronage."

A final visit to the ruins of Soldaya with a long and interesting chapter upon the history of the Crimea—a history truly remarkable for the number of events and variety of races concerned—complete, with the addition of a few brief words, but very much to the purpose, upon Bessarabia, a work remarkable for the quantity and variety of information contained in it, and the easy and agreeable manner in which that information is conveyed.

LIFE AND REMINISCENCES OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

CHAP. XII.

Remarks on Shakspeare's Sonnets—Nominates an English Professor for the University of Warsaw—Scene at Foscolo's House—Keeping the Peace—Dundas Cochrane and Kamschatka—Lady Morgan's "Absenteeism"—Banim—Colman's Play-licensing and Consequences.

A FRIEND not long since deceased, Baron Field, had written some remarks upon the sonnets of Shakspeare about this time. Campbell could not agree with him in his views of these much-debated productions. Sometimes he would suffer opinions at war with his own, to be promulgated out of pure indolence, at others he would kindle, on a sudden take up his pen, get one third through a reply, or criticism, and then fling away all he had begun. In the present instance he completed his article and published it, but he did not publish the article on account of which he wrote, and therefore the public had at the time no means of estimating the justice of his observations. The charge made was, that the critic imagined he had discovered in Shakspeare's sonnets a clue to the whole history of the life of the poet. The mistake, Campbell argued, was not new, but originated with one of the most acute and brilliant spirits of the age, Augustus William Schlegel in his dramatic lectures. He there declares that these sonnets paint most unequivocally the actual situation and sentiments of the poet. This opinion Campbell controverted. He made the remarks upon the sonnets by Field a mere peg upon which to hang up and tear to pieces the hypothesis of Schlegel. He proceeded to examine the sonnets that bore more immediately upon the private life of the poet, and the notions of Dr. Drake and others regarding them. He pointed out with his customary acuteness the inconsistencies of this commentator and the supporters of that opinion. Upon the question of the sonnets, at the moment when Shakspeare is still occupying the attention of clubs and societies, who rather seek for autographs and hunt for material relics, than search out through the labyrinthian windings of wonderful poetry, their involutions of beauty, or place the glow of "colours dipt in heaven," in new and gorgeous lights, in order to show more of Nature's truths in infinite gradation—at such a moment it may not be irrelative to quote Campbell's own words.

"I have said that the addition which these sonnets afford to our knowledge of Shakspeare, is insignificant as an index to his biography, and I shall not feel the assertion falsified, though I should see persons of more ingenuity than I can pretend to, eliciting many brilliant conjectures from their contents. I can only say that I have outlived all taste for conjectural biographies, and that the truths brought to view by these effusions seem to me to be neither numerous nor momentous. We learn from them that Shakspeare had a friend to whom he was devotedly attached (the nature of his language to that friend I shall by and by consider), and a poetical mistress, who, not satisfied with inroads on the poet's heart, carried her conquests even to that of his friend, and made Shakspeare sonnetise on his jealousy of too much tenderness subsisting between them.

It appears, however, that he never broke with his friend on this account, so that his love-passion must have been a humbler sort of lodger in his heart, that could put up without either the whole or the best of its apartments. Other casual moods of his mind are expressed with an air of sincerity, which I deny not to be interesting as insulated records of his feelings, though I still refuse them the character of new or indicative importance to his history. He speaks to his friend, in certain passages, with extreme modesty as to his own poetical merit, and alludes with an admiration which is beautifully unenvious, to some other poet of the time, who had won the favour of his friend. He writes on one or two occasions in apparent dejection, under the frowns of fortune, and in one sonnet distinctly laments being obliged to live by the vocation of a player. If there be any other interesting allusions in these sonnets to his personal circumstances, it is from want of memory that I have unintentionally omitted them."

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Campbell spoke this most feelingly, for he well appreciated the great talents of the Italian, but he had no idea of his temper until that day. He said the fury of the man and his obstinate adherence to a false assertion he could not have dreamed possible in such a highly-cultivated mind. Foscolo he well knew had never seen such a statement in the *Almanach de Gotha*, for the good reason that no such statement could have ever appeared there. The energy of his language and character were shown, too, at this same breakfast, by his characteristic descriptions of Lord and Lady Holland. Like the other literary men who visited at Holland House, Foscolo had no liking for her ladyship.

"The most excellent of mankind is Lord Holland," said Foscolo, "his wife one of the most unamiable and haughty of women. I would not go to heaven with Lady Holland, but I would go to hell with Lord Holland."

Campbell, though he had not quarrelled with this celebrated man, never visited him afterwards. Foscolo's great fault was, that his excessive vanity led him to tell palpable untruths at times, to save himself the acknowledgment of being in the wrong. Not long afterwards, Campbell offended him by going with me to a police office in consequence of a visit which I received from a Bow Street officer, summoning me before a magistrate. Foscolo had uttered an untruth, and I had told him of it to his face. I added that I lamented his committal of himself so continually in that way, that I was determined to guard against his serving me so again. Then telling him he was a true Greek of the lower empire, I quitted him, looking pale as ashes and not uttering a syllable.

I was sitting at breakfast the next day, when the Bow-Street officer entered the room and smiling, hinted his errand. He told me I was accused of putting a strange-looking foreigner into bodily fear. I could not help smiling at Foscolo's precaution against a step which I had never dreamed of adopting.

I had, too, sincere a regard for him, provoking as he was at times, to think of taking such a step towards him, great, gifted, and profoundly learned as he was, ever full of high and generous feelings, disinterested, and ready to do kind actions to any body, though he was imprudent, passionate to fury, but not implacable, and vain upon little contemptible things far beneath his notice. Sensible of his ugly countenance, he still fancied women in love with his figure. Poor Foscolo, standing opposite a mirror one day when I entered his room, unaware of my presence, soliloquised thus, "Ah! Ugo, Ugo, your mother said you were an ugly boy, and your mother was right!"

But not to wander from the narration. I gave my word to the officer that I would appear at the Mary-la-bonne Office in two or three hours, with which he was contented; I assured him that I never dreamed of breaking the peace towards my old friend, though we had parted, I thought, for ever. I then went over to Campbell, and told him what had occurred. He thought it best to make as little stir as possible about the matter. We agreed to walk down to the office so as to be there the moment the magistrate arrived, and then the business might be arranged in a few minutes. The presiding magistrate, Mr. Rawlinson, received us with the utmost politeness. I assured him no idea had entered my thoughts of breaking the peace. Foscolo entered almost immediately afterwards. Poor Foscolo, I shall never forget his look around the office, and his glance first at Campbell, "*et tu Brute!*" then at myself. He began a long story, but the magistrate stopped him, by asking if he did not require my

being bound over to keep the peace towards him, because if so, I had stated I was ready to obey the law. He answered yes, that he did require it. Campbell offered himself as one security, and stating I would procure another gentleman by stepping out for him, the magistrate said perhaps Campbell's security and my own in double the amount would satisfy M. Foscolo. The latter replying in the affirmative, the bond was executed in a moment, before the business of the office could be said to have commenced, so that the reporters for the newspapers got no inkling of it.

Campbell never, I believe, saw Foscolo again. Poor fellow, he soon afterwards removed into Surrey, having got into pecuniary difficulties by his imprudences in building near the Regent's Park, and in a year or two after he died. Often would Campbell repeat the splendid lines of the spectre fight seen from off the Isle of Eubœa, by mariners, on mentioning this great name of modern Italy. They are in his "Sepulchres;" Campbell said they were the noblest in modern poetry; adding that the idea of bringing down the battles of past ages in that way was a happy thought, but that the description was even nobler than the idea. This is the English:—

— They who sail
Since by Eubœa, have beheld the sparks
Of armour-smiting brands emblaze the shores,
Far through the dusky midnight; seen the pyres
Vomit their crimson vapours: the grey gleam
Of spectre warriors striding to the fight;
And hearken'd in the silence to the chafing
And tumult of the phalanx, and the blast
Of answering trumpets, and the brazen tread
Of charging horse upon the loaded plain,
Wailings, and hymns, and chanting of the Parcæ!

Campbell, and a few literary friends, used to give breakfasts to each other, which were extremely pleasant. The company was generally in number about a dozen, and after the breakfast was over, the conversation was often prolonged until late in the afternoon. The company consisted among others of many who contributed to the magazine, and never did Campbell appear to greater advantage than upon these occasions. Foscolo used to be one of the guests.

I well remember at one of these the delight of the poet at hearing from little Dundas Cochrane, some of his travelling adventures in Siberia and Kamschatka.

"And what sort of beings are the women, Cochrane? is it true they are without noses, or flatten them to a level with their faces, that they live on fish, eat train-oil, and wear seal-skin petticoats?"

Cochrane replied, "That he should be happy to introduce the poet to his wife, who was of that country, he might then judge for himself—that as travellers were thought miracle-mongers; his statement that the Kamschatkans really possessed noses might not be credited."

Campbell availed himself of the introduction, to a fresh-coloured, well-looking, almost lady-like female, had she been pallid and sickly enough, who completely changed his notions about the females of that frigid climate.

Cochrane complained of Dr. Lyal, who had caused suspicion to be cast on British subjects visiting Russia. He had walked from Lisbon to St. Petersburg, and found himself as well treated in one country as

another. He spoke with asperity of the *Quarterly Review*, which in noticing his travels into Siberia and Kamschatka, put on a sickly affectation of horror at a "gentleman" luxuriating amidst his hardships upon a slice of frozen salt-fish, it was too "low" for the *Quarterly*.

"How?" said Campbell.

"Why," replied Cochrane, "the *Review* kept very quiet about the food that some of poor Lieutenant Hood's companions partook of in their extremity in the frozen north-west of America—food much nearer the flesh of their own kind. *That they* would tell nothing about, but abused me for saying salt-fish was welcome fare."

"That is because the reviewers have never kept a long fast," observed Campbell.

"But we fast hard who travel over deserts," said Cochrane, "the reviewer would have us like the dandy guards of St. James's, despise starvation upon a rump-steak."

Then came questions from Campbell about the Tungusians and Irtchucks, and what Russia might make out of them, for he was fond of listening to travellers, and particular in his inquiries into the character and appearance of semi-civilised races. He had formed some particular notions about the origin of nations and languages which I could never clearly comprehend. A conversation with one who was well-read in their history, and could talk as to their origin, about the Scandinavians and Celts, however theoretically, was certain to fix the poet's attention.

One day, having exhausted Mrs. Campbell's patience by remaining late in the afternoon, and all but two or three of the company having dispersed, a walk in Hyde Park was proposed by those who remained. I returned to take a family dinner with the poet, when Mrs. Campbell said Mr. Brougham had been there.

"Well, Mrs. Campbell, and what news did Mr. Brougham bring?"

"Harry Brougham," as she styled him in those days, "mentioned nothing new, he was, as usual, *himself*."

How justly did that word depict the history of the man—every shade of his character. How well women discriminate character, too. That little word depicted the past, existing, and future man, from his rise to his decadence; from his abandonment of the West India planters and the cause of slavery, obnoxious to popularity, and then *pirouetting*, down to his forsaking the Whigs for their opponents. What combination of language, what skill in delineation could exhibit the character of the disappointed ex-chancellor afterwards, in embryo then, with such accuracy as that one little word!

Captain Dundas Cochrane contributed several articles to the magazine; his first was on the advantages of attempting a north-east passage round America, under the date of 1824. This plan was subsequently followed by government very closely, in the expedition of Captain Beechy, and Cochrane's idea of a double expedition was thus so far carried out; the results are well known. It would be easy to reach the North Pole by his plan of travelling the requisite five hundred miles over land, now so great an object of curious speculation. His experience was no mean test for the soundness of his advice. He was an energetic little man, capable of bearing great hardship. He died in 1826, at Valentia, on the pestilential coast of South America. Campbell and myself set out one day to call upon him, as we understood, in Baker-street. The

drawing-room doors were flung open, Campbell entered first, catching a figure on a sofa, "Captain Cochrane?"

"My name is Cochrane, sir."

"I beg pardon, you are not the gentleman; we are in search of Captain Cochrane of the navy."

"Oh! not at all, replied the stranger, with great good nature, you are looking for my cousin, who lives not far off" (I think it was in Montague-street).

Away we went, and on knocking at the door, Campbell said, "I won't go up until I know whether we are right." I mounted the stairs alone, and was shown into a drawing-room, saying, as I entered, "Captain Cochrane?"

A stranger rising deliberately from his chair, said, "I am Captain Cochrane, at your service."

I begged pardon for my mistake, and mentioned how I had been directed, and less confused than Campbell had been, I added, "I wanted the Kamschatkan traveller."

"Oh," he replied, "there is no end of the Cochranes, you want my relative Dundas Cochrane. You will find him no great way from here."

He then handed me the right address, and we wished each other good morning. When I came down to Campbell, and told him what had occurred, he laughed heartily, and said he had begun to think the Kamschatkans had conferred upon the captain's name the gift of ubiquity. On meeting Cochrane afterwards, he would ask how many places he now lodged in together, for the name of Cochrane must be "legion."

It was this year, if I recollect rightly, that Lady Morgan became a contributor to the periodical work which was making so much noise in the world, for the world was then more a reading world, not absolutely given over to the passion of lucre, as it is in recent times. Lady Morgan's first contribution was entitled, I think, "Absenteeism," but it did not bear her name. It was a paper which carried a close relationship to those sound patriotic sentiments, and that ardent love of her country which were ever so remarkable and so excellent a feature in her character. It was an historical sketch. It recalled forcibly many of those crimes on the part of the English government that, perpetrated upon a wild and semi-civilised people, stamped ferocity on their actions, and gave more strength to their ignorance. Religious persecution and penal statutes, wielded by native abusers of their power, as well as by the grinding hand of English conquerors, kept society in a fever, and drove from love of peace, or to seek security from persecution, a vast number of the Irish into another land. Having made Ireland uninhabitable by the conscientious and the peaceful, a tax was proposed upon them in 1773, without the country being first rendered tolerable to live in. Ireland was governed until the time of Lord Chesterfield, by a race of deputy-tyrants, under laws enacted by a legislature without feeling, honour, or humanity, where Ireland was concerned, and these laws seem to have been carried out to the letter by knaves on the bench of justice. It was not until 1782, that the fears of England made her injustice towards Ireland relax. Lady Morgan touched upon the past causes of those evils, and her observations are still not without deep interest. Most of this lady's subsequent papers bore her name. They are distinguished by that right thinking and straightforward vindication of the truth which is an acknow-

ledged trait in her writings. Always amusing or informing. It is needless to say more of one who has attained a literary reputation well-earned and of long standing, especially as in touching upon the magazine writers, my business is with those who are less known, or who have departed with the dead poet rather than with any of his surviving or well-known contributors.

One contributor, whose name has been already mentioned, was Banim. His first article was inserted in 1822. He resided at Brompton-grove, and afterwards at Kappa Cottage, South Bank, next door to Ugo Foscolo. He was an unassuming, generous-hearted man, of simple manners, and great capability of friendship. His genius may have been rated higher than it merited, but the virtues of his heart never. One of his first papers was entitled "Digressions in the two Exhibition Rooms," bespeaking much feeling for, and knowledge of, art. He gave an account of Wilkie and some of his artistic resources, which were in keeping with the character of the man. He accounted satisfactorily for some of the painter's anachronisms, if they may be so called, particularly in the Rent Day picture, where there is a cupboard no one present can reach, and a clock it will require a ladder to wind up. An article entitled "Irish Artists," in 1823, was Banim's, and the lines "Italy to Spain," in the same year, I well remember. Campbell, was much pleased with him as an unassuming agreeable man, but in literature there was not any similarity of feeling. The world was comparatively new to this good-hearted Irishman. I recollect one very curious circumstance relative to society in Ireland, which struck Campbell, and certainly must strike every body now more forcibly. The poet had invited Banim to take tea and spend the evening. He had been very recently married, and had just brought over his young wife. On Banim's entering the room alone, Mrs. Banim was inquired for, "Mrs. Campbell would have been happy to see her." Poor Banim made some faint excuse, and turning to me soon afterwards said, "I did not know whether it would be agreeable for me to bring my wife. Mrs. B. is a Catholic." I could not help expressing my astonishment. I assured Banim that such an objection would cross the mind of no one in London society of any party. Telling Campbell of it, he observed, that the Irish took us all for Orangemen, ready to murder a neighbour for thinking a brown loaf was good mutton." Banim did not continue a contributor more than about four years. One article of his, *incog.* till now, was an address to George Colman the younger, and the poor duke who made him his deputy play licenser, exceedingly galling to the hypocrisy of one and the ignorance of the other "Set a thief to catch a thief," Banim observed truly, was the only justification for such an appointment, George Colman, the younger, being himself a notorious breaker of the rule he would fain exact from others. Campbell thought Banim had not struck half hard enough, for a few months before the same play-licenser cut up the tragedy of "Alasco," written by the present Sir M. A. Shee, or the Duke of Montrose mutilated it, and Colman the younger stood father to the mutilations, the most charitable construction that can be put upon the matter on Colman's account. Campbell was indignant. He determined to attack the ducal censor and his man Friday himself. He mended his pen, but as usual, dropped short, and threw the task upon me, at the latest period it was possible to execute it.

ADRIEN ROUX ;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A COURIER.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO, ESQ.

CHAP. XV.

THE RIDE TO FONTAINEBLEAU—SINGING, LOVE-MAKING, AND
PHILOSOPHY—THE COURIER'S CODE.

It was not without regret that I took leave of my newly-acquired friends. I had found the society of Mademoiselle Rose very agreeable, and besides the kindness of disposition which had attached me to him, Monsieur Chassepot's peculiar habits and characteristic conversation had afforded me infinite amusement. He bestowed upon me a very affectionate embrace at parting, and gave me also a few words of advice.

"Nobody knows, Adrien, what may happen before we meet again ! You are going to fulfil your destiny. You have chosen an honourable *métier* ; less sublime, it is true, than the science in which I am a humble but zealous student, but still one that will give you an opportunity of distinguishing yourself. A courier is often sent on affairs of the greatest importance ; not merely with official despatches, but on missions of the most delicate nature. Remember, it was a special courier to whom was intrusted the delivery of the celebrated trout with its delicious sauce, which was sent as a present to the Arch-Chancellor Cambacérès by the municipality of Geneva, and for which the civil list was charged with the sum of six thousand francs,—not a sous more than the trout was worth ! That courier must have been a man endowed with discretion as well as energy to whose care so valuable a deposit was consigned ! His fortune may one day be yours ! There is one travelling maxim you must never lose sight of ; it will always prove of service : under all circumstances, wherever you may be placed, make it a point invariably to breakfast as if you were to get no dinner, and to dine as if you had never had any breakfast. It is only by fortifying the stomach whenever the opportunity offers, that you can make yourself independent of the accidents of life,—I mean of the high-road. Be careful also what you drink, and how ; never get drunk ; it takes away the memory, and destroys the appetite ; but, on the other hand, you may permit yourself occasionally to be slightly elevated. In that frame of mind, man is capable of great things ;—the famous invention of the Capuchin Chabot 'l'omelette truffée aux pointes d'asperges et à la purée de pintade,' was the result of a casual bottle of champagne, as he sat meditating in his cell one hot summer's day. The great secret in drinking is to proportion the fluids to the solids, and to stop in time ! Ah ! if I had leisure, I would tell you a great many things that would be useful to you, but I hear Bobèche, with his horses coming down the street, singing as usual."

And as he drew nearer, we heard him gaily chanting the following

verse, which was, oddly enough, in direct contravention of the prudent advice just imparted by Monsieur Chassepot.

A boire je passe ma vie,
Toujours dispos, toujours content ;
La bouteille est ma bonne amie,
Et je suis un amant constant.
Au cabaret j'attends l'aurore :
Du vin tel est l'heureux effet,
La nuit souvent me trouve encore,
Au cabaret.

"Ah ! mon cher Bobèche, you must not sing such songs as those," exclaimed the little cook, "they will destroy the effect of my good lessons. No wise man ever goes into a cabaret from choice."

"Perhaps not, Monsieur Chassepot, as long as there is any thing better for him to go to. But we couriers are often obliged to visit strange places, and mix with strange company. And, after all, there is a good deal of life to be seen in a cabaret. But, come,—it is time for us to be setting out. If I exceed the time allowed me, M. le Marquis will get into one of his humours,—and they are not the most pleasant to have to do with. Adieu Rose, adieu Monsieur Chassepot, take care of each other till I come back. Allons, Adrien, à cheval, mon enfant—faut piquer des deux."

And, suiting the action to the word, he dug his spurs into the horse's flanks, made his beast caper and paw for a moment to the admiration of several bystanders, and then giving him the rein, clattered off at a brisk trot. In a few seconds I was by his side, and we were soon riding merrily together out of the good city of Orleans.

Our route lay by Pithiviers, and for the whole of the first stage, as far as Chilleurs, we never drew bridle. Up hill or down appeared all the same to Bobèche, but I readily guessed that his object was less to get over the ground quickly, than to put my capabilities as a horseman to test, for though he never turned his head, but rode steadfastly on, I could see that he watched me from time to time with the tail of his eye, and scrutinised my movements with the air of a judge. It seems that I gave him satisfaction, for when he suddenly pulled up at the foot of a sharp pitch, some two or three hundred yards from the post-house, and observed how firmly I kept my seat, undisturbed by the abruptness of the check, he did not hesitate to say so.

"Well done, Adrien, that was a brisk gallop ! I see you know how to ride. That is a courier's first and most indispensable accomplishment ; all the rest comes with practice and experience, if you are strong enough to bear the fatigue. I won't tire you too much to-day,—so we will take the next stage easier."

"Oh, never mind me," I replied, "on a horse like this I could go at full speed for four-and-twenty hours."

"The animal is not a bad one," returned Bobèche, complacently ; "but, Sapristic, he would alter his pace a little in the course of twenty-four hours, and you, too, mon garçon, would know the difference between a saddle and an easy chair !"

"Very likely," said I ; "but it is not very easy to tire one of a thing that one likes, and has been longing for all one's life."

"The longer you think so, the better ! I see you're made of the right

stuff, mon p'tit. But there's the post-house, and, if my eyes don't deceive me, Mam'sell' Justine standing at the door."

"Who is Mam'sell' Justine?" I asked.

"The daughter of Monsieur Floc, the postmaster," replied Bobèche. "I am desperately in love with her."

"Have you known her long?"

"Ever since yesterday evening. Mais qu'est-ce-que ça fait? The newer one's love, the stronger it is!"

As he spoke he cleared his throat, partly, no doubt, to attract attention, partly to clear his voice, which was a fine manly one, and of which he was evidently not a little proud. We drew near enough for me to perceive that Justine was a very pretty girl, when he struck up:

Fille sensible, entends-tu le ramage
De ces oiseaux qui célèbrent leurs feux?
Ils font redire à l'écho du rivage:
Le printemps fuit, hâtez-vous d'être heureux.

As Bobèche quavered the last syllables we reached the door of the post-house; he threw his rein on his horse's neck, dismounted like light, and before the damsel was aware of his intention, had caught her in his arms and given her a very hearty salute, against which she vainly struggled, more perhaps from surprise than positive unwillingness to undergo the *accollade*.

"Vraiment, Monsieur Bobèche, since that is your name," she exclaimed, with a toss of her pretty head, and slightly pushing him away from her as she spoke, "you have soon learnt to take liberties. I desire you will be more polite; a fine example you set young people."

"So fine," said I, having also dismounted, "that I cannot avoid profiting by it," and passing my arm round her waist, I imitated the gay courier's adventurous deed.

"This is a son of yours, I suppose, Monsieur Bobèche?" said Justine, laughing, "he takes after you so readily."

"No," returned I, "I am only in training with monsieur; but I am bound to do as he does, or else he tells me I shall never get on."

"There is no fear of your not proving an apt scholar, at any rate."

"He promises well," said Bobèche, with a joyous air, "mais, entends-tu, Justine," he added, with an assumed air of gravity, "I don't permit that sort of thing with any body else."

"You give yourself fine airs, monsieur. I should like to know who gave *you* permission to take the liberty you did."

"There are certain contracts, ma chère, which are ratified without a word being spoken. In love affairs there should be no protocols. Cupid is his own ambassador."

"A la bonne heure; but Cupid must be welcome himself."

"He makes himself welcome," said Bobèche, advancing a second time to the charge.

"More free than welcome," retorted Justine, withdrawing herself from his grasp, and disappearing within the post-house.

"Dia-ble—evaporated!" ejaculated Bobèche, "n'importe, she will not go far. Here, garçon, donnez-moi un coup; *deux* hein?" he added, looking at me.

I nodded.

"Bon,—deux coups.—Can you smoke?"

I answered in the affirmative, though my experience did not go a great way.

"Better still—a pipe and a light; I always carry my own tobacco."

In proof of this he opened a small leathern pouch which hung at his girdle, such as the conducteurs of diligences carry their money in, and took out a short pipe, burnt nearly black with excessive smoking, which he filled; we each tossed off a glass of brandy. Bobèche swallowed another, and throwing a franc to the garçon d'écurie, who had wiped the horses' mouths with wet hay and given them water, he invited me to mount and ride on. I did as he told me, expecting him to follow, but instead of that he took his horse by the bridle and led him for a few yards. Not very far, however, for at the corner of the building he paused, and turning my head, I saw that his prophecy was correct: Mam'sell' Justine had only disappeared from the door, to place herself in a more sheltered position. I was too discreet to watch the impromptu lovers, but I make no doubt something very pleasant passed between them, for I heard Justine's merry laugh as it were suddenly cut short, and presently the clear voice of Bobèche making a thousand promises of a speedy return, though he knew, the traitor, that he was on his way to Germany, and had not the slightest idea when he should come back.

In two or three minutes he came trotting after me with his pipe in his right hand, from which he took only an occasional whiff, to give freer utterance to the melody with which he bade his fair one farewell. Like most of his effusions it was only a fragment of a popular song, but his repertoire seemed inexhaustible. It ran thus:

Je tiens cette maxime utile
De ce fameux Monsieur de Crac;
En campagne comme à la ville,
Fêtons l'amour et le tabac,
Fêtons l'amour et le tabac.

Quand ce grand homme allait en guerre,
Il portait dans son petit sac
Le doux portrait de sa bergère,
Avec la pipe de tabac,
Avec la pipe de tabac.

"I have not got Justine's portrait in my pouch, Adrien," he said, laughing, as he rode up, "but in a much safer place, directly beneath this bit of embroidery," laying his hand on his laced waistcoat.

"How long will it remain there?" I asked.

"Di-a-ble!" he replied, "nobody can tell; till the waistcoat is worn to shreds."

"Or, till you get a new one."

"Dieu sait! I am only too constant," and again he struck up, but this time in a more tender strain:—

Ah! d'une ardeur sincère
Le temps ne peut distraire,
Et nos plus doux plaisirs
Sont dans nos souvenirs.
On pense, on pense encore
À celle qu'on adore,
Et l'on revient toujours
À ses premiers amours.

"I should think it was no very easy matter, Monsieur Bobèche, for you to discover your first love."

"As to that," he replied, "a wise man, as Monsieur Chassepot would say, never attempts impossibilities. The best plan is to be always trying to find something worth loving."

This seemed, indeed, to be a main article in the creed of Bobèche, for he omitted no opportunity that presented itself, and had he paused to declare his sentiments on every occasion that he kissed his hand to some rustic beauty in a cottage window, it would have been midnight before we reached Pithiviers. As it was, we arrived before noon and rested there for an hour to bait our horses and refresh ourselves. At the little inn where we stopped, Bobèche had so thoroughly ingratiated himself the day before, and his dress and manners had wrought so great an impression, that all was activity in our service. The cook produced a dish of *grives* and a rôti of larks which would have rejoiced the heart of Monsieur Chassepot, and the landlord not only commended but joined us in despatching a couple of bottles of excellent vin d'Auxerre, and for all this there was not a word respecting payment.

"What!" said I to Bobèche, when we were once more en route, "are you free of the road?"

"'Tis a part of our calling," he replied; "all couriers are so, and especially such as I. How do you think the landlords would obtain the custom of rich travellers if they neglected the couriers? I see you have a good deal to learn yet, Adrien."

"It is precisely because I do want to learn that I ask you so many questions," I answered.

"Good!" returned Bobèche. "Listen, then, to a few general rules. The first duty of a courier—as of every man—is to take care of himself. But there are many ways of doing this, and unless it is managed with tact, the attempt recoils upon him who makes it. A courier should, to all appearance, be the most zealous, patient, indefatigable, self-denying person in existence, and all in his master's service. He should seem to feel hunger and thirst only on his account; take no heed of sleep save to secure the best bed for his master; be indifferent to the elements, so long as by exposure to them he advances the object of his master one half hour out of the twenty-four; and keep up an untiring flow of spirits and good-humour to make up for the frequent want of them in his employer."

"But how is he to seem all these things and not actually perform them?"

"Oh, as to the physical part of his duty, that of course he must go through; but it is the *morale*, the manner of his doing it, in which lies the real merit of the courier. To be able to endure hunger and thirst, fatigue, heat, wet, and cold, is the natural property of every man endowed with a strong frame and a good constitution"—here he looked complacently at his own well-formed limbs and stroked his beard;—"but, *sacredì*, it is not every body that can think for other people, understand their meaning better than they do themselves, and procure for them a reputation to which they have not the slightest claim. There is some exertion and some self-denial in this! But it is all performed by an accomplished courier, who, however, only understands half his trade

if he does not turn every bit of it to his own account. I suppose you have some idea what we came into this world for ?”

“Oh, there are a great many reasons, I dare say ; first of all—”

“Bah ! you need not make your list a very long one. It may be all summed up in one short sentence, ‘To make the best of it.’ And how is this accomplished ? By always keeping one object in view, that object being oneself. We don’t gain our end by every immediate gratification, but by waiting till the pear is ripe. When it is we eat it. People give a variety of names to this philosophy, but depend upon it my version is the true one.”

“This philosophy,” as Bobèche called it, was a little too abstruse to afford me much entertainment, and I listened to it with as little liking as one does when young to any other abstract proposition. The only thing I wondered at was that such grave sentiments should be expressed by one whose appearance was so little in accordance with them, and I am inclined, after all, to think that Bobèche hardly knew what he was talking about. The vin d’Auxerre, of which he had taken the lion’s share, was probably the cause, or perhaps the desire to hear himself talk. What I required, however, was something rather more tangible, and I put the question directly to him.

“How,” said I, “do *you* make the best of it ?”

“Aha !” he replied, “you wish to come to the point. Well then, I make every one pay me tribute.”

“How is this done ?” I asked.

“In this way:—in the first place, one is quite as particular in engaging a master as he is in securing a good courier. Unless his reputation be very well-known, one studies his character in the first interview as closely as he examines the written testimonials which form one’s regular stock-in-trade. The master, of course, is always satisfied, unless, indeed, he objects to the superhuman qualifications which frequently garnish a courier’s letter of recommendation, but this is of rare occurrence ; and if he shows liberality or carelessness in regard to matters of expense, and seems disposed to place his fate in one’s hands—implicitly as a good master ought to do—one has little difficulty in accepting service under him. But the man who bargains with a courier, who talks about being his own paymaster, or who entertains absurd notions of economy, as if the purpose of a journey were to save money not to spend it—him one invariably rejects. There is no credit to be got by travelling with such persons, nor can one hope for any material advantage. In point of fact they would be the gainers, for while they keep one down to one’s mere salary—a wretched consideration after all—they reap the benefit of the whole of the *éclat* which a well-appointed courier confers on the party to whom he is attached. These are the people whom one very often falls in with, when they least expect it, without any servant whatever, though before they started they gave themselves great airs about the princely style they meant to travel in. I have no objection to an English master—on the contrary, the English are very often the best one can have—I mean those who care nothing about money, and only want to get on fast ; but there are some of that nation who would lead a courier the life of a dog.”

“And what kind of people are they ?”

“The economical travellers, who come abroad with the idea that there

are two prices for every thing, and that the highest is for them ; who look upon all the world as in league against them, and conceive that the great end and aim of all travelling is to get over the greatest quantity of ground at the smallest possible cost. These are the people who refuse themselves fires in their bed-rooms in winter, who think tea pleasanter and less heating than dinner, who condemn the wine of the country and bottle up cheap road-side brandy, who go to see sights and refuse to take a guide with them, and who, when they arrive in a strange place, depute one of their number to go and bargain for bed and board while the rest sit shivering in their carriage for an hour or more in some wretched *cul de sac* or open market-place ; the greatest mistake which they commit in the meantime being, that they think their knowledge of the language of the country so exquisite as to preclude the idea of their being taken for foreigners, while every word they speak only fixes them deeper in the mire in which they are always floundering. Never have any thing to do, Adrien, with a man who calls himself a linguist or professes to keep his own accounts ; no one has a right to engage a courier who will not at once give up both tongue and purse into his keeping. So much for one's master—now for the other opportunities. We set out on the journey : wherever we stop, I drive to my own hotel ; the landlord and I understand each other perfectly ; he knows exactly what to charge and what deduction to make on my account without a word or a look passing between us. If the town be famous for any *specialité*, that also yields me a profit ; at Geneva, for instance, half the shopkeepers are watch-makers, and the one selected to show his wares knows perfectly well to whom he is indebted for the custom ; at Cologne, where every man is the original Farina, my discrimination in distinguishing the true from the false never passes without its reward ; in Rome I recommend the best cameos ; at Naples the finest soap ; in Brunswick the most savoury sausages ; everywhere, in short, I find the means of exacting a toll which is never unwillingly paid, for the seller's profit is always calculated with reference to the courier's per centage. So you see, Adrien, how necessary it is that a master should give himself over to you *mains et pieds liés*, and then every body is satisfied. You get the best reputation for cleverness and activity, and you make a little fortune into the bargain."

"I suppose, then," I observed, "you are rich."

Bobèche laughed.

"Did not I say I ate the pear when it was ripe—that is to say, at the end of every journey ? What was Paris built for, if not to spend money in ? It all disappears there one way or other, except perhaps a little that finds its way to poor Rose before I have dipped too deeply into the stream of pleasure. When the money is all gone, I go to the Rue de Rivoli, and at one or other of the hotels soon pick up a fresh engagement."

"And what sort of master have you at present ?"

"Why, very good in some respects—though he understands languages as well as I do, and is no fool in money matters."

"Then you lose your opportunities."

"Perhaps so, but I gain in another way, for—he is generous."

Here our conversation ceased ; for, to make up for lost time, and once more to try my mettle, Bobèche put spurs to his horse, and we scoured along the road at a famous pace. I had little leisure for observing more of the scenery between Pithiviers and Malesherbes than that it was very

rural, and, after we passed through the latter small town, that its character suddenly altered. The massive grey rocks scattered over the soil, and the lofty beeches and oaks, which grew thicker as we advanced, proclaiming that we had reached the precincts of the forest of Fontainebleau.

The stars were shining bright in the clear blue sky, when we pulled up our tired horses at the gates of the Hotel de la Ville de Lyon.

CHAP. XVI.

THE MARQUIS DE COURTINE—MR. ST. JOHN—OUR JOURNEY TO BADEN-BADEN.

WHEN Bobèche talked of the master he now served with, he ought to have spoken in the plural number, for his allegiance was claimed by two in an equal degree, the Marquis de Courtine and his friend, Mr. Edward St. John. The marquis was a Frenchman and a man of rank ; his companion, also of good family, was an Englishman. Circumstances of a peculiar nature had thrown them together, and they had long ceased to have any separate interest. Both were men of singular character.

Notwithstanding his having bound himself, *corps et ame*, to his English friend, so that all their pursuits were in common, the Marquis de Courtine passed in the world's estimation for a complete misanthrope. This arose partly from his excluding his own countrymen from his society, and partly from the cynical tone which marked his conversation and writings. He was rich as well as nobly born, a poet, and of a very observant mind ; his education had been well cared for, and he had profited by what he had been taught ; his manners were elegant, his tastes refined, and his avocations those of a scholar and a travelled gentleman. But a secret care seemed to prey upon him, and marred all these natural and acquired advantages. He was any thing but discourteous to strangers when he had no means of avoiding intercourse with them, but his habitual tendency was to hold himself aloof from all society save that which he had chosen, and to shroud himself in a chilling reserve. What the motive was which prompted one so highly endowed with natural and adventitious gifts to refuse to mix in the world, was a mystery to the many. If any knew his secret, it was closely kept ; and whether it were disappointed love, frustrated ambition, or the wreck of both these passions, through some strange waywardness of disposition which mocked at all his advantages, is more than I can tell. His character has been one of the problems which I have been all my life endeavouring to solve, and I need scarcely say, that the description which I have just given is rather the result of my present appreciation of it, than of the crude notions which I entertained at the period when I first saw him. There was one singularity more striking, perhaps, than any other, and that was his strong predilection for the society of Mr. St. John, whose disposition was in almost every respect completely the reverse of his own.

De Courtine was grave, at times, even sombre, while St. John was cheerful even to frivolity ; the one, though eloquent when excited, was ordinarily taciturn ; the other was extremely talkative. De Courtine was solitary in his habits, while nothing delighted St. John more than a numerous society. The Frenchman seemed to shun the presence of woman,

perhaps he despised her intellect ; the Englishman, on the contrary, was never so well pleased as when he could obtain female auditors, or participate in female amusements ; for amongst his accomplishments he had learnt, Heaven knows where, the science of knitting and the mystery of embroidery. De Courtine was fond of books, and every year saw, at least, one issue from the press of which he was the author ; St. John did not positively avoid literature, but he derived his information more from oral than written knowledge. These were striking discrepancies, but they had some things in common. The fine arts attracted both, and it was one of De Courtine's chiefest pleasure to surround himself with artists and encourage talent ; one reason, in particular, led him to this : the desire to realise his own poetical fancies, or derive inspiration from the contemplation of works of art. I remember, on one occasion, when he had written a tragedy, which he hoped would one day be brought out at the Theatre Français—though the subject was *très scabreux*, nothing less than the appalling history of the Cenci—he caused an eminent artist to make a copy for him of the original portrait of Beatrice in the Barberini Palace, and with that picture constantly before him, he appealed in measured lines to the unhappy actors, in the direst scenes of which history has left any record. He even went further, for when his tragedy was completed, and he had assembled in his apartments, after the fashion of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, an audience (composed chiefly of those on whom he bestowed his patronage) to listen to his reading, he caused the portrait to be placed in such a position that he could see it whenever he raised his head, and, with the tear-fraught eyes of his heroine before him, went through the whole of the sad story. The exhibition would have been most pathetic, if unfortunately, there had not been a Dutch painter present, who did not understand a word of French, but who, the subject being interpreted to him, thought fit to burst out every now and then, and always *mal à propos*, into the most demonstrative blubbing that ever was witnessed. The marquis, however, was too absorbed in his subject to pay attention to the Dutchman's ill-timed sorrow, and, if he noticed his emotion at all, gave him credit for its being genuine. This, indeed, was his weak point, the vanity of the author getting the better of his ordinarily phlegmatic nature. St. John's vanity—for he had his share also—was of a different kind. Like most *raconteurs*—and he told his stories remarkably well—he had got so much into the habit of embellishment, that in matters of a more serious kind he forgot the precise limits of truth, and strayed into the regions not of mere fiction but of positive falsehood. Yet there was nothing in the world he appeared to covet so much as the reputation of always speaking the truth, and I have seen him, with tears in his eyes, expostulate on the incredulity of his friend, and vowing that there was nothing he hated so much as a liar, at the very time that he was asseverating the most palpable falsehood. The contemptuous indifference of the marquis wrought no change in him, though in other respects he seemed to be quick in feeling, and what was more remarkable, it caused no diminution of the friendship between the pair. The tie that bound them together was certainly a most inexplicable one ! A better trait than vanity, offered, however, a more legitimate cause of affinity ; each of them was generous and charitable. A tale of suffering met with the readiest response, and nothing mean ever

sullied their worldly transactions. They both gave their gold freely where it was wanted, and they gave it, moreover, with kind words to enhance the value of the gift.

According to the generally received characteristics of nations, it appeared as if De Courtine and St. John had exchanged natures—the former being of as melancholy a temperament as the latter was lively. This opposition of character is usually looked upon as promising a safer bond of union than is offered by inclinations of precisely the same tendency, and perhaps it was the reason in this case of their unbroken friendship. There was at any rate no dangerous equality to make them rivals, for in all intellectual qualities that deserve the name, the marquis was immeasurably superior to St. John.

In spite of my boast to Bobèche, the length of the ride from Orleans to Fontainebleau caused me to sleep somewhat longer next morning than usual, and I was only just dressed when my new friend entered my room.

"Well, Adrien," he said, with a smiling countenance, "I think I have arranged your affair. An additional servant is precisely what Monsieur le Marquis requires; I was tolerably sure of that before I brought you along with me. He is quite satisfied with the description I have given, but wishes to see you of course, before he confirms the engagement. Come down stairs and get some breakfast, and then, as old Chassepot would say, you will be fortified for the interview, not that there is any thing formidable to encounter, only, as you are a novice, perhaps you may think so."

We descended accordingly, and Bobèche did justice to a very substantial meal, but for my part, notwithstanding the assurance he had given me, I was too nervous to eat any thing; the thoughts of having to speak to a man of such high rank as Monsieur de Courtine, completely took away my appetite. It is the anticipation of any thing unusual that destroys one's equilibrium much more than the thing itself, for self-possession always returns after a few minutes have rendered the object familiar. I am now so perfectly accustomed to the presence of great people, that I believe all Napoleon's marshals, with the emperor at their head, would not possess the power to add a single throb to my pulse.

Bobèche laughed at me for not following his example, or the advice given me by Monsieur Chassepot, "But," he said, "I'll be bound you will make up for it before night, though where we shall sleep to-night is more than I can tell you, for our route is not yet decided on."

Neither he nor I, however, were long kept in suspense, a summons arriving before Bobèche had well finished his breakfast for us to appear in the salon.

The Marquis and Mr. St. John were both there, the former seated at table writing letters, the latter standing, as Englishmen invariably do at all seasons, with his back to the empty fire-place, and his coat-tails spread. Monsieur de Courtine's personal appearance corresponded with the description I have given of his character, seriousness being stamped on his features, which were good, without being handsome; their grave expression was, however, relieved by the quick glances of large gray eyes, that seemed to have no rest in them. Mr. St. John was very tall and stoutly built; his features were large and full, he had bright blue eyes, and his complexion was of that striking red and white which is nowhere

seen in France, unless imported from England. A constant smile hovered upon his lips, and an affected, mincing voice caused a strange surprise to any one hearing it for the first time, as it appeared so entirely out of keeping with the huge frame from whence it issued.

On our entrance the marquis suspended his writing for a moment, as he glanced keenly at me; his questions were brief and rapid, and my replies seemed to give him satisfaction. He then spoke a few words in Italian to Mr. St. John, and resumed his employment, while the latter, beckoning me to the fire-place, examined me more in detail. I had the gratification of pleasing him also, and when he dismissed me with a few good-humoured phrases, Bobèche was instructed to put me into a costume, as soon as he could procure one, more suitable than that which I wore to the position I now occupied.

This was a matter of no difficulty; a very smart dress was soon purchased, in which, though I did not in any degree approach the magnificence of Monsieur Bobèche, I cut by no means a contemptible figure, and *soit dit en passant*, a French lad, in his seventeenth year, if he chanced to be well-dressed and tolerably good-looking, as, without vanity, I think I may say I was, is not exactly the one to hide his light under a bushel. There were only two things of which I envied Bobèche the possession; these were his whiskers and his couteau-de-chasse; but I comforted myself with the reflection that patience and bear's grease would one day put me on an equality with him.

In the course of the morning we learnt the direction in which we were to travel. Our destination for the present was to be Baden Baden, taking a cross country road, till we fell into the grande route from Paris to Strasbourg. This we did at Sezanne, after passing through Montereau and Nogent-sur-Seine, stopping, of course, for what poet could pass the spot unheeded, at St. Aubin, where once stood the monastery of Paraclete, sacred to the memories of Abailard and Heloise. Mr. St. John made the loudest demonstrations of enthusiasm, though he did not go quite so far as one traveller, with whom I afterwards visited the place, an Englishman also, who would be content with nothing less than stretching himself at full length in the stone sarcophagus in which the leaden coffin that contained the bones of the lovers formerly reposed. The same gentleman, who seemed to have taken the memories of all the celebrated lovers of former days under his protection, told me he had raised a monument to Laura at Avignon, and passed the night in the tomb of Juliet at Verona. He did nothing but repeat verses, and talk about Pop and Shakspeare.

If the reader has ever travelled from Paris to Strasbourg, he will be much obliged to me for not reminding him of the excessive dulness of the journey, and if he has not, I need only say that it offers little to attract his attention. He crosses two or three rivers, famous as they flow onwards, but here of narrow dimensions, and he traverses the defences of several formidable fortified towns; but he carries on with him a recollection of little beside a monotonous high road, relieved by little beauty of scenery, except he chooses to pause for a day at Nancy, the ancient capital of Lorraine, and the prettiest town in France. But at Strasbourg the toilsome part of the journey is over, and the traveller, whether he be antiquarian or gastronome, will equally rejoice in this antique city, which prides itself no less on its cathedral than on its inimitable *pâtés de foie gras*. It

was not the first time on the journey that I had missed the excellent Felix Chassepot, but I confess when I passed by Monsieur Hummel's establishment, in the Rue des Serruriers, it was with a pang that I reflected upon the absence of one who would not have failed to pronounce the most brilliant eulogium, as well on the "estimable bête" which supplies the matériel for the pâté, as on the accomplished pâtissier who has acquired such universal fame by his mode of preparing them.

Bobèche, however, had not been silent on the way. He instructed me in many things which it was important for me to know, narrated various anecdotes of our masters, with whom he had already been a journey into Italy, and when he left off talking, invariably broke into song, so that, to me at least, the time since we left Fontainebleau, was very agreeably filled up. My impression of the road itself refers to later experience.

Monsieur de Courtine had a motive for not lingering at Strasbourg, so our stay there was a brief one, and Bobèche and I were sent forward with as much expedition as we could use to engage apartments at Baden Baden. This would have been no easy matter for a less accomplished courier than my companion, for the summer season was at its height, and the place crowded to excess, but by dint of cajolery, impudence, and promises of a most magnificent, but at the same time of a very indefinite nature, he succeeded in inducing the landlord of the Hôtel de l'Europe to relinquish for our use a splendid suite, which had been engaged for some time by a Russian Prince, who was expected daily. This done, we again mounted our horses, and rode back to meet the travellers, whom we encountered at Stollhofen, and escorted in triumph to the queen of watering places.

A VISIT TO THE GRAVES OF THE FOLLOWERS OF HENGIST AND HORSA.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A.

It was, according to the most probable calculations, in one of the years between 440 and 450, that a party of warriors from the coast of Friesland—"pirates" some call them, but in those days the distinction was not very easily made, and we can now see little difference in this respect between the conquests of a Caesar or of a Hengist—swept over that sea which their own minstrels designated by the expressive epithet of the "whale's bath," and obtained possession of the Isle of Thanet. The tradition—perhaps we may call it the fable—of after ages, said that they were led by two chiefs named Hengist and Horsa; that they had been banished from their own country, and that they came hither at the invitation of the Britons, who sought their assistance against domestic enemies. The commonly received story of Hengist and Horsa will, however, hardly bear a critical examination, and those worthies appear to have belonged rather to the mythic poetry of the heroic ages of the north, than to the sober annals of Saxon warfare in our island. The names are nearly synonymous in meaning, each signifying a horse, an animal revered by

the people of whom we are speaking, who carried it on their standard, and in this sense it may be perfectly true, that the settlers in the Isle of Thanet were, in this expedition of conquest and colonisation, the followers of Hengist and of Horsa.

At this time, England had been for many generations a Roman province, covered with Roman towns and villas, and inhabited by Romans and Romanised natives, who used the Roman manners and customs, and spoke the Latin tongue. The Isle of Thanet was, in these early ages, separated from the rest of Kent by a more considerable river than at present, and by what was then more like an estuary of the sea than a mere succession of marshes and morasses. On the south, this was defended by the strong Roman post of Richborough, or, as it was then called, Rhutupia, the grand port of entry of the Romans into Britain, and the spot from whence their luxurious tables were supplied with the choicest oysters, the shells of which are still scattered in profusion among the pottery and other remains which the spade of the husbandman or the pick of the "navy" is constantly turning up. On the north stood the no less formidable station of Regulbium, the remains of which are now known by the name of Reculver. We know little of the manner in which the Isle of Thanet was occupied by the Romans; no towns are mentioned there in their itineraries; but the number of Roman coins and other antiquities found in laying the foundations of Ramsgate pier, and the remains of Roman burial places in the neighbourhood, prove that that great people must have had a settlement of some importance at Ramsgate, and their presence has been traced by similar memorials in the neighbourhood of Minster.

It was at Ebbs-fleet, or, in other words, in the port of Richborough, that the followers of Hengist and Horsa came to land. The Saxon fleets had long infested the eastern shores of Britain with their incursions; and, in the long series of usurpations of the imperial title by governors of the island during the latter period of Roman sway, the Saxon and Roman ships had frequently ridden, side by side, in friendly alliance. In fact, it is probable that the Romano-British navy consisted in a greater degree than we suppose of Saxon mariners. It is not unlikely that they had formed settlements on the eastern coast, called after them, the *Littus Saxonicum*, long before the Roman legions had relinquished the island. Richborough, the chief station of the Roman navy, would be the last post deserted; and a comparison of the various traditions on the subject, with the few facts that are known, would lead us to suppose that these Saxon settlers came rather as the allies of the Romans than under any other character, and that they established themselves in Thanet under the protection of Regulbium and Rhutupia, rather than in fear of these strong fortresses. As the support of the Roman power was eventually withdrawn, supremacy in the province of Britain was left to be contended for in a confused struggle between the new Saxon settlers, the older and more civilised Romano-British population, and the barbarian Picts and Scots of the north. It is not improbable even that much of the Roman population, who had been long accustomed to fight under the same banner with the Saxons in support of their own usurpers, joined with them in this new struggle for power; the two peoples must have been long in the habit of mixing together; along the Saxon coast, the population was probably a *mêlée* of the two; even Roman legions in Britain consisted in some instances of Saxon, or at least of German,

soldiers ; and when the followers of Hengist and Horsa had obtained an acknowledged right to the Isle of Thanet, their numbers and strength were soon increased by fresh arrivals from their native country. When the Roman eagle at last bid adieu to the shores of Britain, it is likely enough that Richborough and Regulbium were left in their possession, and from thence, after their occupation had been for a brief period restricted to the Isle of Thanet, they issued forth to make themselves masters of a more extensive domain, the chief seat of which was established at the Roman city of Durobernum, to which the Saxons gave the name of Cantwara-byrig, or the city of the Kentish-men, which it still retains under the slightly altered form of Canterbury. We have proofs that in the Isle of Thanet itself the Saxon settlers intermixed with the Roman population, in the circumstances which will be noticed further on, that the two peoples are found burying in the same cemeteries ; and it appears that Richborough and Reculver were favourite residences of the first Kentish kings subsequently to the adoption of Canterbury as their capital. Richborough still continued to be the port of communication with Gaul.

Within the last few months Canterbury and Ramsgate have been joined together by one of those wonderful structures peculiar to modern society—a railway, and one which, from the nature of the ground over which it runs, affords as great a proportion of interesting views as almost any other line of the same length. You leave Canterbury amid the rich and varied scenery so common to the Kentish districts, and which continues until after passing the station of Grove Ferry, you touch upon the extensive marshes which separate Thanet from the rest of Kent. At a short distance further the view each way becomes more extensive, and you see at once distinctly to the left the twin towers, the only remaining portion of the monastic establishment which formerly occupied the area of the Roman fortress at Reculver, and in the opposite direction the Roman walls of Richborough. The scenery is again more picturesque as you approach Minster, and after passing that station the ground becomes more and more uneven until, within little more than a mile of Ramsgate, the railway passes through a deep cutting in the chalk hills. This hill is called Osengell Down ; its old name was Osendun.

A pleasant walk of about a mile and a half brings the visitor from Ramsgate to the top of Osengell Downs, and is well repaid by the magnificent prospect it affords. It is still open ground, the only habitation being a house known by the name of the Lord of the Manor, which it bore recently as a publichouse, but it is now a private residence. On one side of the railway cutting the ground is covered with a crop of sainfoin, on the other a field of sprouting corn gives it a hue of brighter green ; but no outward marks gave reason for suspecting that any thing lay under the surface more than is found under similar circumstances elsewhere, when the operation of cutting for the railway about two years ago led to the discovery that the whole summit of the hill is covered with the graves of the early Saxon settlers in the isle of Thanet. Within the narrow space of the railway cutting about two hundred graves are supposed to have been destroyed, and their contents were thrown heedlessly and confusedly into the immense heap of chalk and soil cleared out of the excavation, with the exception of a comparatively small number of interesting articles which found their way into the hands of Mr. W. H.

Rolfe, of Sandwich, one of the most zealous antiquarian investigators and collectors in this part of Kent. Mr. Rolfe's attention was immediately called to the spot, and through his exertions and intelligence only the true extent of the discovery was made known to science. The graves cut through by the railway workmen appear to bear an exceedingly small proportion to those which still lie thickly scattered under the ground which is untouched, filled with articles that are of value, because they enable us to judge of the condition and manners of our forefathers at this remote period. Mr. Rolfe immediately obtained a full and exclusive permission to excavate in every part of this now interesting spot, and last summer, with the assistance of Mr. C. R. Smith, he opened a number of graves, the produce of which fully repaid him for his labour. At the beginning of the present month of May, it was determined to renew these operations, and Mr. Smith and myself were invited again to assist, for which purpose we assembled with two or three antiquarian friends at the hospitable house of Mr. Rolfe, at Sandwich, from whence we proceeded each day to the scene of our labours, which began on the morning of the 3rd of May.

The ride from Sandwich to Osengell, on a clear day, is exceedingly fine. The distance is somewhat less than six miles. At first the character of the scenery, and especially the back view upon the town of Sandwich, is purely Flemish. The only remarkable rising ground is the hill to the left, on the summit of which the dark skeleton of Roman Richborough frowns in silent and melancholy grandeur, a weather-beaten memorial of times and people whose story is now involved in almost impenetrable mystery. When we visited the ruins of Richborough on the preceding evening, the voice of a lone nightingale was the only watchword to the warriors who have so long reposed in peace under its green sod. This morning, as we passed it on our way, a long line of white curling vapour marked the progress of a ballast train on the railway now constructing immediately beneath it at the foot of the hill, until it gradually disappeared among the distant trees, over which, a little further on, might be seen the tower of Minster church. Not far beyond Richborough, on the flat ground below, we perceived on the same side of the road a large tumulus or barrow, which (as this is supposed to have been the mode of burial with which among the Romans those who fell in battle were more especially honoured) perhaps covers the bones of a Roman officer who fell in some of the combats in which the Rhotupian garrison had partaken. Hitherto the prospect lies open only to the left; to the right low uninteresting ground, through which the muddy, tortuous Stour drags its course, is easily concealed by a few houses, or stunted plantations. But as these disappear, and the road suddenly approaches nearer the sea shore, the waters of Pegwell Bay open before us, and a long line of distant cliffs terminated by Ramsgate pier and the shipping in Ramsgate harbour form a bold feature in the view. A strip of low swampy ground, dangerous at some periods of the year to those who are betrayed into it, and even now enlivened only by the blue dress of an occasional coast-guardsmen, picking his way in search of smugglers by whom this coast has long been infested, separates the sea from the road on which we were travelling. As we pass a tavern, called from its position between Sandwich and Ramsgate, the Half-way House, the road, which before had had no other hedge than a few low bushes of black-thorn, on this occasion whitened with blossom, begins to be bordered

with hawthorn hedges, and we commence a gradual ascent, during which the prospect to the left is cut off by the rising hill, but to the right and behind us the view becomes more glorious at every step. Richborough still continues to present itself as a bold feature in the landscape, and beyond it lies Sandwich, and the line of coast stretching out towards Deal. Higher up the distant line of the Kentish hills offers itself to our view, and the prospect extends over the sea to the Downs and to the remoter coast of France; and when, at length, we reach the spot on which the followers of Hengist and Horsa were buried, with the same magnificent prospect towards the sea, the line of the Kentish hills becomes more extensive inland and the towers of Canterbury cathedral are added to the intermediate landscape; a noble burial-place for men whose birthright it was to play with the ocean, and who had so recently made themselves masters of the valleys that lay extended below.

When we reached Osengell we found that the workmen had already opened three or four graves, to within about a foot of the bottom, at which point they were directed to leave them till our arrival. The graves are dug into the chalk, on an average not more than four feet deep, and often less. They lay apparently in rows, and were, no doubt, originally covered, like the Saxon graves in other parts of the island, with low mounds or barrows, which have been levelled with the surrounding soil by the action of wind and weather, in this exposed situation, during so long a period. Our method of finding them was, to dig trenches on the ground to the surface of the solid chalk, in which they were cut. Along the edges of the railway cutting graves half destroyed may be traced here and there as dips in the line of chalk.

The first grave we examined proved to be an extremely interesting one. It contained three skeletons, evidently those of a man, a woman, and a child of about thirteen or fourteen years of age. All three were laid on the floor of the grave, arm-in-arm, in a posture which could not but give us an advantageous opinion of the domestic and affectionate character of our earliest Anglo-Saxon forefathers. The mother occupied the middle of the grave, with her husband to the right, and a large iron spear-head, in good preservation, literally separated their mouths. The skulls and much of the bones were tolerably well preserved, but some parts, and most of the articles of wood and iron, could only be traced by masses of black and dark brown powder, into which they had been reduced by the process of decomposition. Beneath the chin of the man lay one large bead of amber, and at his waist was found the buckle of his belt, and the small knife which generally accompanies the bodies of the Anglo-Saxons. The lady had a string of amber beads round her neck, and a bronze pin found in front, a little below her waist, appeared to have fastened the lower part of her mantle. The profusion of beads of amber and glass which had been twisted round the neck of the child, led us to suppose that it was a girl, although it had also a small knife by its side. A pair of bronze tweezers (such as are not unfrequently found in Anglo-Saxon barrows, and appear to have been used for eradicating hairs from the person), and a few fragments of less importance, were found in this grave.

There can be no doubt that these three bodies were interred at the same time, and the imagination is left to seek a cause to account for their simultaneous deaths, which must have occurred in consequence of some epidemic disease, or by violence. Perhaps the whole family may have

been murdered in their house, in some sudden piratical attack, to which dwellers on the coast were then constantly exposed, and when the invaders had been driven away, their friends had laid them thus in one grave. A grave we opened the next day also contained the skeletons of a male and female, the lady being placed in this instance on the right hand of her husband, whose forehead rested upon her cheek. On her breast lay an elegant round brooch of silver gilt, set with garnets, and in a perfect state of preservation. In this instance, the greatest number of beads were round the neck of the husband, and a very peculiar and fanciful-formed sword which lay by his side, would lead us to suppose that he was a primitive *exquisite* of the first magnitude. The brooch would seem to show that the lady also had been dressed in a superior style of elegance to most of the tenants of the surrounding sepulchres which we had yet opened. I am informed by a phrenologist, who examined the head of one of the ladies, which was rather ungallantly carried off by one of our party, that it exhibited a large development of the organ of tune—some lady minstrel of Anglo-Saxon song.

Another rather large grave appeared to have contained three skeletons, among which were traced by the skulls those of an old man and a child. Two of these, instead of being laid flat on the floor, seemed to have been placed in a position reclining with their backs against the two ends of the grave, and almost sitting. With these exceptions, each of the graves we opened contained but a single skeleton, which appeared generally to be that of a man. One had been buried with a fine shield, of which the large boss, and the other parts composed of iron, remained. He seemed to have had no spear, and his sword had crumbled into dust. But the position of the iron-work of the shield enabled us to correct an error of the old antiquaries, who supposed one portion of it (which has been often taken from Saxon barrows) to have been the bracing of a bow. It is remarkable that among the numerous weapons found in Saxon graves, no traces have yet been found either of bows and arrows, or of the battle-axes and “long knives” with which traditionary history (so often in error) arms our Saxon forefathers. Our researches furnished a number of articles, which were all safely deposited in Mr. Rolfe’s extensive museum. One of the graves we opened the second day was an unusually large one, measuring between nine and ten feet in length, and five or six feet deep. The body of one man had been laid in the middle, the head and shoulders resting on a pillow of green sod. At his left side lay a spear, rather more than seven feet long, of which the head and the iron tip or ferule at the other extremity, were very perfect. The head of the spear was large, and of an ornamental shape. The decomposed wood of the shaft could be distinctly traced in its whole length. The bones of this body were almost entirely decayed; but his skull evidently lay close by the spear head, and the fragments of his heel bones lay within four inches of its lower extremity, so that he can have hardly been less than six feet six inches in height. He was probably some tall and powerful warrior of his tribe, who had been honoured with a large grave and other marks of distinction. His knife was found, in an advanced state of decomposition, broken into two or three pieces; and mere heaps of black powder marked where the sword, and a considerable number of other articles, had once lain. Bronze, silver, and gold, are the only metals which are found unaffected by the decay incident to the long lapse of time during which they have been deposited in the chalk.

After three days' labours, and having opened about thirteen graves, we left the remainder for some future occasion. About the same number were opened last year. In one of these was found a beautiful pair of bronze scales, delicately shaped, and a complete set of weights formed out of Roman coins. In another, the deceased had been buried with his purse, containing two of the early Saxon coins called Sceattæ, and a gold Byzantine coin, fresh almost as when it came from the mint, of the Emperor Justin, who reigned from 518 to 527. This at once points to the date of the interment, and at the same time proves that the Anglo-Saxons, at this early period, instead of being an obscure people engaged in desperate warfare with a British population, which had often the mastery over them, were in some sort of intercourse with far distant parts of the world. An interesting discovery of another description was made in the former excavations among these graves. Mr. Rolfe opened one which was decidedly Roman, and another opened by the railway excavators contained a Roman leaden coffin, such as have been found at Colchester and elsewhere, but have never been met with in a Saxon place of sepulture. It is now in the possession of Mr. Rolfe. In both these graves, the interments had been made in the Roman and not in the Saxon manner; so that no doubt can remain on our minds of the fact, that a Roman and a Saxon population lived simultaneously, and probably mixed together in the Isle of Thanet. Further researches on this spot will, doubtless, place this circumstance in a still clearer light.

It is to be hoped that within no long period the whole of these graves will have been examined. They evidently belong to the latter part of the fifth and the sixth centuries, and their contents illustrate a period of the history of our island, concerning which we have no other authentic document. Their peculiar interest arises from the circumstance, that it was the custom of the Anglo-Saxons, before their conversion to Christianity, to bury their dead in their best garments, with their arms and personal ornaments, and with every variety of implement or utensil to which they had shown any attachment. It is, after all, but a melancholy way of making acquaintance with our forefathers of thirteen centuries ago, by raising from the grave the bones which are no longer able to tell us their history; and could they rise and see what is going on around, their astonishment would, doubtless, be equal with, or greater than ours. The outline of the landscape is the same, and the green sea lies before them as of old. They would see again the distant white cliffs of France, which they had known as a friendly shore, inhabited by a kindred race; but it would require some explanation to make them understand how the political feuds and national hostilities of six or seven centuries had made the two peoples "natural enemies." They might even recognise in the battered walls of Richborough, the proud fortress on which they had so often gazed, when the Roman or Saxon garrison issued from its uninjured gates. But they would be ready to shrink back into their graves when they saw its new neighbour, Sandwich, as well as their newer neighbour, Ramsgate, with its protecting pier and harbour,—the majestic shipping with which those well-known waves are now covered—the altered garb and physiognomy of their countrymen—and, above all, that smoking, rumbling railway train, which was the first cause of disturbing them from their slumber of ages.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

HONOUR where honour is due! Therefore, because the huge triple painting by Mr. Etty first strikes our eye on entering the large room, let Mr. Etty be first mentioned. For some years past this gentleman has produced rather studies than complete works—delicious nude figures with pulpy flesh and unfinished extremities, voluptuous nymphs languishing in front of splashy backgrounds have merged forth from his pencil, showing his mastery over colour, and his heedlessness as to detail. But this year he gives us three complete works on the large scale—three episodes in the life of Joan of Arc, connected by a common frame and a symmetry of form into one whole. Always admirable is the vigour of Etty, always admirable is the boldness with which he deals out his colour. He may be unfinished, or careless, or rough, or what you will, but weakness is not in his nature—you see the indications of the daring mind and the courageously flourished brush. The three pictures to which we refer are remarkable for vigour of conception. Particularly would we note the one to the left of the spectator, representing the devotion of Joan after she has found the sword. Into that face, that attitude, all that can be imagined of intensity is thrown. There is nothing conventional about this Joan; she bears all the impress of an original creation.

While we are admiring the vigorous colour of Etty, he has also given us a picture in his usual style ("Charities et Gratia"), let us not overlook another sedulous student of the human figure, Mr. Frost. Place his works by the broad, vigorous creations of Etty, and they appear effeminate by the comparison, but his flesh is correctly represented, and there is something exceedingly pleasing in his soft and finished style. His "Una" is a very delicate and elegant picture.

For a work of real, fresh, healthful life, look at the "Drive" of Edwin Landseer. Is there not genuine movement—hurrying, bustling movement in that flock of deer? And the two men in the foreground, ready to fire upon their prey, is there not a fine native ruggedness in their costume and appearance? There is always a perception of animal life in Edwin Landseer—a sympathy with the joys, pains, and terrors of the brute creation, in which he is unrivalled. It is doubtless to an emulation of Landseer that we are indebted for a very fine delineation of brute fury—two fighting deer (the "Combat"), by Mr. Ausdell. The conception is bold, and the manipulation is vigorous. Very quiet, very finished, and very Cuyyp-like are the cows of T. S. Cooper ("Drovers halting").

The creative imagination of Maclise has been in full play, and has resulted in a large picture of "Noah's sacrifice." The figure of the patriarch in white drapery is in the centre, about him stand the members of his family in various positions, the animals quitting the ark make a distinct procession in the back-ground, and the summit is formed by a double row of sitting angels. It is impossible for a work to bear more distinctly the marks of its author. It shows all Maclise's fertility of invention, and all his peculiarity of colour. The pair of lovers ("Come rest in this bosom") by this painter, is remarkable for the intensity of expression given to the tearful countenance of the man, and the composition of the group is very beautiful.

The blaze of brilliancy—the fire-work which is playing round the dim equestrian figure, dazzling you with its glorious indistinctness, is Turner's last production, as, of course, you know at once, without referring to your catalogue. How indefatigable is this artist in searching for new opportunities to display his wonderful knowledge of colour! A year or two back he pinned down a railway train, which was going at full speed, in the midst of a shower of rain, to startle his spectators with a wondrous combination of fire, steam, and atmosphere. Now he rushes to the casting of the Wellington Statue, and thence draws occasion for a new display of his own brilliancy.

What is called the "German school" of painting, is this year much more favourably represented than usual by Mr. Herbert's picture of "Our Saviour subject to his parents at Nazareth." The hardness of outline, the stiffness of attitude, and the effect of the very positive sky at the back of the figures, belong to the peculiarities of the school. The expression of the Virgin, who is eyeing her son with an earnest veneration, is sublimely conceived, though even this is somewhat frozen down by Germanism. Dyce is less Teutonic than usual this year. His sketch for a fresco, "Neptune assigning to Britannia the empire of the sea," is not without formality, but it is well drawn, and the composition is good.

Of the delicate manipulation, excessive finish, and beautiful distribution of colour, for which Mulready is renowned, his "Burchell and Sophia" is an excellent specimen. The whole is wrought with that nicety, that has almost a porcelain result. Does not the background give some notion of a porcelain perspective?

Leslie is so excellent a painter for illustrating the gaities and gravities of domestic life—is so happy in tearing an unctuous chapter out of one of our old novelists—so perfectly understands the humour of expression and the humour of costume, that one regrets to see him straying into epical regions. "Children at Play," a little party who has formed a coach and horses out of a drawing-room chair and themselves—what can be more cheering and life-like? Who would compare with it the dusky "Martha and Mary," or the morose penitent in the "Pharisee and the Publican?"

For brilliancy of colour and a successful attempt to combine together a Hogarth-like variety of character, Mr. E. M. Ward's "South Sea Bubble" is one of the most remarkable pictures of its kind. To illustrate the condition of Change Alley during a period of speculative excitement so great that it has become proverbial, the artist has assembled together an almost countless multitude of personages, and has marked out every one of them with great force and distinctness. A gentleman drinking in the contents of a promising prospectus is the principal figure of the whole, forming the centre to a motley group of people—here a man almost delirious with cupidity, there a lady parting with her trinkets to find means for speculation, there a portly dame marching pompously into the eager crowd attended by her footman. For invention in a limited sphere, for unity of expression got out of one occupation look at the "Village Choir" of T. Webster, who has the art of being humorous without drawing caricatures. The "Pulse," from Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*; a highly-finished picture by Hollins, Ellmore's well drawn and carefully wrought "Invention of the Cotton Room," Egg's "Bianca and Lucentio," strong in expression, should not be passed over. Frank Stone has carved for himself a nice little niche out of the costumes and manners.

of the last century, in which he disports himself very agreeably, placing his characters in pleasing positions, and dressing them to perfection. "Mated," a very fond young lady and gentleman, is a worthy companion to the many interesting couples whom Mr. Stone has introduced to the public. To the lines from Milton's *Allegro*, beginning, "When the merry bells ring round," we have two very clever pictures of rural merry-making by Messrs. W. P. Frith and F. Goodall, made up of the usual elements of rustic love, dances on the green, amid pitchers of strong ale. A group in Frith's picture, representing a village damsel displeased at being asked to a dance by a stupid swain, evidently preferring the society of a somewhat sturdy admirer, is remarkable for character and animation.

There are two or three painters who have appealed to the religious feeling of some of their countrymen, and have not worked in vain. If the Teutonic school disseminates something of a Catholic sentiment, Puritanism is not without its representatives, and the more rigid ride of Protestantism really comes out with very good effect. We do not so much allude to "Presbyterian Catechising," a very nice picture, by J. Philip, for, venerable as is the old divine, the artist has evidently a strong sympathy for the light disposition of the more juvenile personages—there is waggy mingled with his reverence—but we mean "Hill-preaching in the West Highlands," by J. Drummond, who evidently paints with earnest faith, and writes that faith on the mild but firm countenance of the preacher, and the devotional attention of the grim tartan-clad Celts. And still more do we mean "Quitting the Manse," by G. Harvey. That gentleman does not rush into the arms of the beautiful; he can be happy in the very midst of ugliness. The pastor who quits the Manse in consequence of the events of 1843, how ugly is his countenance! and his little girl, how ugly has she made her eyes by crying!—and how big are all the heads! But mind, there is good substantial stuff in Harvey, and we would rather see his wooden visages than multitudes of pretty conventionalities. Look again at the pastor, and you will see sincerity, and strong-will, and conscientiousness, marked in every line of his uncouth countenance. He is the very man made to be a martyr: not a romantic martyr, in drapery; but one of the stern, prosaic martyrs, of the northern parts of this island.

The three French artists who have this year favoured us with their contributions, have done themselves very great credit. Delaroche has given a fine characteristic head of Napoleon, finished to the height of continental smoothness, and breathing a most impressive melancholy. Gudin furnishes a "Scene on the Coast of Scotland," in which the transparency of the waves, and the watery aspect of the sky, are highly wrought; and Biard has gone to work on the "Capture of a Slave by a French Ship of War," like a man fully inspired with his subject. There is something crude and unfinished, not to say repulsive, in the aspect of this picture: some of the figures are exceedingly stiff and odd; but the variety of expression which breaks forth, especially as indicating the joy of the liberated blacks, is wonderful. Every form in which rapture could be conveyed by a rude and unsophisticated people, seems to have been seized by the artist; and a good contrast to the general joy is obtained by the countenance and attitude of the captive pirate, who, though conquered, still looks defiance.

The landscape department is, as usual, very abundant. Creswick, exhibiting his command on atmosphere, gives some of his best specimens. Lee still throws patches of sun-light through foliage of his trees. Roberts produces a noble view of Edinburgh, and Stanfield, piling mountain upon mountain, represents a march of the French army, which is among the most striking pieces in the collection. And we must request our readers not to overlook the little circular picture of H. Bright, although it modestly conceals itself in the corner. It represents a ruined castle on the Rhine, and while the general view is illumined by a moon which shines brightly from a deep blue sky, the setting sun is indicated by a light which falls on the building, and which thus makes the focus of the work.

The Sculpture-room is not very remarkable, though we have here and there some striking works. Mac Dowall's "Virginius and his Daughter" is a vigorous group, by an artist, who has hitherto confined himself to subjects of a gentle nature, and who this year gives us a pretty figure of a "Girl Mourning over a Dead Bird." For animation and feeling, we may look to the listening "Sabrina," and the wounded "Euridice," of Marshall, who is more life-like than any of his brother-sculptors. Then there is Bailey's statue of "Sir N. C. Tyndal"—an excellent likeness, excellently draped in modern costume. But sculpture does not flourish among us as in a genial soil, and so thinks the Royal Academy, for it bestows on this department of art a room rather fitted for the purpose of concealment than of exhibition.

R E M E M B E R M E.

BY MRS. PONSONBY.

WHEN we two parted all I heard from thee
 Were these low whisper'd words—"Remember me!"
 No vows of faith or passion did I hear;
 "Remember me!" was all that met mine ear.

I will remember thee—and from my heart
 That last, sad, humble prayer shall ne'er depart.
 That heart—this hand—another's prize may be;
Him I may love—I *must* remember thee.

The past is nothing, and our hopes are o'er,
 Our last adieu is said—we meet no more:
 Or if we *do* meet it will be in vain,
 That past—those hopes—can ne'er be ours again.

Yet will I give thee all that thou dost crave,
 A fond remembrance—strong as is the grave;
 All else shall pass away,—Love,—Hope,—Regret,—
 I soon shall cease to mourn—yet ne'er forget.

Thou too with me these memories wilt share,
 As I have shared thy love and thy despair.
 Our paths are different, yet where'er they be,
 As I remember thee—*Remember me.*

SIR GEORGE SIMPSON'S NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD.*

I.—UPPER CANADA.

SIR GEORGE SIMPSON might have traversed other countries, such as Central Africa or Australia, with more benefit to geographical knowledge ; but it would be impossible to have travelled in peopled, yet little known countries so replete with interest as those, the descriptions of which are comprised in this "Narrative of a Journey Round the World."

Commencing his travels among the English citizens of a young republic, which is at the present moment doubling its original territory, without any visible or conceivable obstacle in the way of its almost indefinite extension; Sir George proceeds to a conquered province, where the descendants of the first possessors, however inferior in wealth and influence, have every reason, he asserts, to rejoice in the defeat of their fathers ; and thence following one continuous series of English posts that stud the wilderness from the Canadian lakes to the Pacific Ocean, he plies his way from the isolated yet progressive colony of the Red River across prairies and Rocky mountains to the disputed territory of Columbia, to which, by the very force of circumstances, an eventful future must necessarily be attached.

Then again in California we have before us the fragment of the grandest of colonial empires, where English adventurers (with that innate power which makes every individual, whether Briton or American, a real representative of his country and his race), already monopolise the trade and influence the destinies of the country.

In the Sandwich Islands we can contemplate the noblest of all triumphs, the slow but sure victory of the highest civilisation over the lowest barbarism. English merchants and English missionaries now sway the destinies of an Archipelago, which promises, under their care and guidance, to become the centre of the traffic of the East and West, of the New World and the Old.

And lastly we cannot but look to the immense acquisitions of Russia in Asia, without that profound interest and those peculiar feelings as Englishmen, which must be excited in perusing the actual condition, in its distant settlements, and in territories untrodden by observing travellers, of the only possible rival of our own country in the extent and variety of moral and political influence.

Sir George Simpson sailed from Liverpool on the 4th of March, 1841, accompanied by four or five gentlemen connected with the Hudson's Bay Company's service. The party was destined to experience on its traverse the very storm in which in all probability the President was lost. Arriving at Boston on the forenoon of the 20th, they proceeded the same evening by Lowell—the Manchester of New England—to Nashua, and thence night and day they travelled onwards by sleigh, till the ice of the St. Lawrence presented them with a ready means of reaching Montreal.

Hurry is throughout the order of the day. The plains, mountains, rivers, and forests of North America are traversed for a distance of

* Narrative of a Journey Round the World, during the years 1841 and 1842. By Sir George Simpson, Governor-in-Chief of the Hudson's Bay Company's Territories in North America. 2 vols. Henry Colburn.

nearly two thousand miles in six weeks and five days, and from Ochotsk to St. Petersburg, the whole length of the Asiatic continent, or about seven thousand miles, is crossed in ninety-one days, and nearly one-half as many nights. Sir George appears to have been thoroughly infected with the American passion for getting on. Many great objects, as we shall afterwards see, were accomplished during this remarkable journey, and there apparently remained plenty of time for interesting remarks and useful observation, but the most prominent impression, after all, on arriving at the conclusion of the narrative, is that the greatest of all objects was to get over the ground.

With such a field before us, the reader would scarcely thank us for detaining him in the United States or the Canadian territories; but we have a more important reason for neglecting these countries at the present moment, inasmuch as the consideration of this part of the subject will be taken up at a future opportunity in this Magazine by more competent hands.

The season being more backward than usual, the state of the river did not allow of their departure from Montreal until the 4th of May, when they started up the Ottawa for nearly four hundred miles, turning into the Matawa, and thence across the water-shed to Lake Nipissing, where they parted with Colonel Oldfield, who had accompanied our travellers so far for the purposes of surveying the country with respect to the means of navigation. The resting-place of the previous station is characteristically described by Sir George as bad—"the ground damp, the water muddy, the frogs obstreperous, and the snakes familiar. In spite, however, of all these trifles, fatigue was as good as an opiate, and in sound sleep we soon forgot the troubles of the day."

At the outlet of the Nipissing they saw the first savages, who, though poorly clad, appeared to be faring well. The current of French River, although obstructed by rapids which necessitated several "portages," carried them swiftly downwards to Lake Huron, whence they had the prospect before them, with the single exception of Sault Sainte Marie, of seven or eight hundred miles of still water to the head of Lake Superior.

The celebrated strait above-mentioned, which empties Lake Superior into Lake Huron, has a British settlement, with a post of the Hudson's Bay Company on the one side, and an American village with an inconsiderable garrison on the other. The mortification of the party may be easily imagined, when, on arriving at this point in their journey, they learnt that the ice of Lake Superior was still as firm and as solid as in the depth of winter. This was on the 16th of May, and their fourteenth day from Montreal. Yet the sun was already powerful, and budding flowers and numerous birds attested the approach of spring—the warm weather, indeed, made the ice a pleasant addition to the wine-and-water, and their least disagreeable prospect appears to have been that of eating their way through the luxury. At length, on the night of the 19th, a slight breeze broke the field which had so pertinaciously resisted the sun's rays, though the masses continued to be closely packed, and after a hard day's work they accomplished about thirty miles. Their progress was much embarrassed by the *mirage*, which at one time deceived them with the appearance of an island, at another with that of open water, and then again with impenetrable icebergs. Arrived at

Michipicoton, after overcoming numerous difficulties, the governor held a temporary council for the southern department, after which progress was more easy and the lake more open, enabling them to sail past Thunder mountain, a bleak rock rising with a perpendicular face to the west 1200 feet out of the lake. "One of the most appalling objects of the kind," says Sir George, "that I have ever seen. The Indians have a superstition, which can hardly be repeated without becoming giddy, that any person who may scale the eminence and turn thrice round on the brink of its fearful wall will live for ever." Luckily the barren and forbidding rocks of Lake Superior have lately become an object of intense interest, and promise one day to rival in point of mineral wealth the Altai and Uralian mountains.

Stepping ashore, at length, at Fort William, at the upper extremity of the lake, the canoes were exchanged for smaller vessels to overcome the difficulties which are announced by the very name of the river—Kaministiquia. At this point Governor Simpson had an interview with a band of Saulteaux or Chippeway Indians, whose orator, a tall, handsome man, somewhat advanced in years, addressed the Europeans fluently, and with the air of a prince, arrayed in a scarlet coat with bright buttons, perfectly new, but from want of nether garments, or from a Highland taste, the tail of his shirt was made to answer the purpose of a kilt.

The little squadron started merrily, and in full song, up the beautiful river beyond whose verdant banks formed a striking and a greater contrast with the sterile and rugged coast of Lake Superior. The first obstacle was the falls of the Kakabeka, which are inferior in volume alone to those of Niagara, and have the advantage of their far-famed rival in height of fall and wildness of scenery.

"The river," says Sir George, "during the day's march, passed through forests of elm, oak, pine, birch, &c., being studded with isles not less fertile and lovely than its banks; and many a spot reminded us of the rich and quiet scenery of England. The paths of the numerous portages were spangled with violets, roses, and many other wild flowers, while the currant, the gooseberry, the raspberry, the plum, the cherry, and even the vine, were abundant. All this bounty of nature was imbued, as it were, with life by the cheerful notes of a variety of birds, and by the restless flutter of butterflies of the brightest hues. Compared with the adamantine deserts of Lake Superior, the Kaministiquia presented a perfect paradise.

"One cannot pass through this fair valley without feeling that it is destined, sooner or later, to become the happy home of civilised men, with their bleating flocks and their lowing herds, with their schools and their churches, with their full garners and their social hearths. At the time of our visit the great obstacle in the way of so blessed a consummation was the hopeless wilderness to the eastward, which seemed to bar for ever the march of settlement and cultivation. But that very wilderness, now that it is to yield up its long hidden stores, bids fair to remove the very impediments which hitherto it has itself presented. The mines of Lake Superior, besides establishing a continuity of route between the east and the west, will find their nearest and cheapest supply of agricultural produce in the valley of the Kaministiquia."

This is a bright and cheering glimpse into futurity, which offers a comfortable relief to the state of things nearer home. Beyond the Dog's Portage, a country of hill and dale, chequered with the varied tints of the pine, the aspen, the ash, and the oak, with the silvery stream of the Kaministiquia, meandering through the heart of this lovely district, led the way to the heights which separate the waters of the great Canadian

lakes from those of the Hudson's Bay territories, and at the same time divide the two territories from one another.

II.—THE HUDSON'S BAY TERRITORIES.

The entrance into the Hudson's Bay territories was effected by descending the River Embarras, so named from the great number of fallen trees that obstruct its channel, after which they crossed the beautiful lake of a Thousand lakes to the French Portage, considered to be the worst in that part of the country, and thence, by Sturgeon Lake, they proceeded into the Maligñe, and by Lac la Croix to the Macan.

"At nearly all the rapids and falls," says Sir George, "on these two rivers, the Indians have erected platforms which stretch about twenty feet from the shore; and on these they fix themselves, spear in hand, for hours, as silent and motionless as possible, till some doomed fish comes within the range of their unerring weapon. If they take more sturgeon than what they immediately require, they tether the supernumeraries by a string, through the mouth and gill, to the bank."

This latter practice prevails also on the Danube, only that the fish are generally tethered on the latter river to the stern of a boat. After traversing Lac la Pluie and five or six miles of the river of the same name, the party reached Fort Frances, where they were saluted by about a hundred Saulteaux, the warriors of a band of about five hundred souls, who had come to address the governor upon such matters as concerned them, and who being referred to the next morning, erected a conjuring tent, and muttered charms, shook rattles, and committed offerings to the flames during the whole night, singing, whooping, and dancing at intervals, to propitiate Sir George in their favour. These Saulteaux have dwindled down from being one of the most powerful tribes in the country to some three or four thousand souls, and even this inconsiderable number, though scattered over a vast extent of territory can scarcely keep body and soul together. The hunting grounds of the tribe have been nearly exhausted, and though the soil is fertile, producing wild rice in abundance, the savages are too proud to become, as they loftily express themselves, "troublers of the earth." Upon this present occasion their chief complaint was that the exchange of rum for furs had been discontinued.

"The river which empties Lac la Pluie into the Lake of the Woods is," says Sir George Simpson, "in more than one respect, decidedly the finest stream in the whole route. From Fort Frances downwards, a stretch of nearly a hundred miles, it is not interrupted by a single impediment, while yet the current is not strong enough materially to retard an ascending traveller. Nor are the banks less favourable to agriculture than the waters themselves to navigation, resembling in some measure those of the Thames near Richmond. From the very brink of the river, there rises a gentle slope of green sward, crowned in many places with a plentiful growth of birch, poplar, beech, elm, and oak. Is it too much for the eye of philanthropy to discern, through the vista of futurity, this noble stream, connecting, as it does, the fertile shores of two spacious lakes, with crowded steam-boats on its bosom, and populous towns on its borders?"

The river which empties the Lake of the Woods into Lake Winnipeg, forms so many rapids and falls along its rocky channel, that its length of more than two hundred miles is broken by no less than thirty-seven portages. Passing the two establishments of Rat Portage and Fort Alex-

ander, the party at length reached the traverse leading across Lake Winnipeg to the Red River settlement, upon their arrival at which they felicitated themselves upon having accomplished a safe journey of two thousand miles.

The origin and progress of the Red River settlement is replete with interest. The territories thereunto annexed were ceded, in the year 1811, to the late Earl of Selkirk by the Hudson's Bay Company. The territory was called Assiniboine, the particular settlement the Red River. The first body of emigrants was composed chiefly of hardy mountaineers from Scotland. In the beginning of the year 1813, the settlers amounted to about one hundred persons, and since Lord Selkirk's death in 1820, no new colonists have joined the establishment, yet, notwithstanding this drawback, and in spite of the occasional emigrations from the Red River towards the Mississippi and the Columbia, the colony numbers at present above five thousand souls, and the population is found to double every twenty years. It is impossible not to see then here, the nucleus of a powerful territory, fixed in one of the most curious and out-of-the way spots on the face of the globe. The soil is fertile, the rivers abound with fish, the prairies with buffaloes, and the woods with elk, deer, &c., and the natives are friendly; but on the other hand the winters are longer and more severe than in Canada, and the territory is liable to devastating floods, and to the plagues of frogs and locusts.

Fort Garry, the principal establishment at the junction of the Assiniboine and the Red River is a regularly built fortification with walls and bastions of stone. There is also a lower fort, a Roman Catholic cathedral, four Protestant churches, a large and flourishing school, and numerous respectable country houses, most of them consisting of two stories.

At "Rupert's Land," as the united settlements of the Assiniboine and Red River are called in the royal charter, Governor Simpson parted company with Lords Caledon and Mulgrave, who had accompanied him so far in order to hunt the buffalo. Being desirous of encountering as many of the adventurers of the wilderness as possible, these young noblemen had determined on passing through the country of the Sioux to St. Peters on the Mississippi; and they had provided themselves with guides for this purpose. Lord Caledon succeeded in carrying his intentions into effect, gaining golden opinions among the hunters, by his courage, skill, and affability; but Lord Mulgrave, from indisposition, retraced his steps, first to Fort Garry and thence to Sault Sainte Marie—that connecting link between the canoe and the steam-boat.

Quitting Fort Garry under a salute of great guns, Sir George Simpson, escorted by Mr. Rowand, in charge of the establishments upon the Saskatchewan, and a well-appointed party of eighteen or twenty men defiled into the open plains with an horizon before them as well defined as that of the blue ocean. The uniformity of the prairie, was, however, broken in parts by river courses, small lakes, and swamps, and after a journey of thirteen days, during which they travelled six hundred miles, and suffering a good deal from the mosquitoes, which literally mottled the poor horses with black patches of great size, they arrived at Carlton, the lowest of the company's establishments on the Saskatchewan, where they rested for two nights, and changed horses. Passing Fort Pitt the party reached Edmonton, the highest of the company's stations upon the Saskatchewan after a week's travelling. On the way they passed a

large body of emigrants travelling towards the Columbia. The company's forts are defended by wooden stockades, or high pickets, with bastions, battlemented gateways, &c., and some, as Edmonton, for example, have the additional advantage of a good position, crowning almost perpendicular parts of the river's bank. They have also large gardens in the vicinity, which produce abundance of potatoes and other vegetables, but wheat seldom succeeds.

In the same districts, although the red deer and moose are becoming scarce, the buffalo appears to multiply in spite of persecution. These animals appear to be incredibly numerous. Sir George relates, that in the year 1829 he saw as many as ten thousand of their putrid carcasses lying mired in a single ford of the Saskatchewan, and contaminating the air for many miles round. Besides maintaining the company's people, and all the natives, during the whole year, "in an apparently wasteful and extravagant manner," the animal in question is made up in these districts into pemmican and dried meat for the general supply of the company's service. So wasteful of life are the hunters, that in one day's journey on the Saskatchewan, we find an account of fifty-five buffaloes killed merely for the sake of their *tongues*, the carcasses being abandoned to the wolves.

The fur-bearing animals are equally numerous, and about three hundred Indians, Saulteaux, Crees, and Assiniboines are attached to the company's establishments as hunters. But while at times both whites and natives are living in wasteful abundance on venison, buffalo, fish, and game of all kinds, at others they are reduced to the last degree of hunger. "Throughout this country," says Sir George, "every thing is in extremes—unparalleled cold and excessive heat; long droughts balanced by drenching rain and destructive hail." The country, however, appears, from scattered statements, to be very fertile; in one place we read of whole plains covered with luxuriant crops of vetches, and wild peas; and wild strawberries, raspberries of large size and fine flavour, service berries and other fruits abound in the season. The ravages of the Blackfoot Indians are the most serious inconvenience in these remote settlements.

III.—THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

Beyond Edmonton the country is impracticable for vehicles, so that the luggage had to be conveyed on horseback, and wardrobes, &c., were in consequence all reduced to the smallest possible compass. The first object of interest met with was Gull Lake, a fine sheet of transparent water of about twenty miles in length, by five or six in width, and surrounded by high hills. While quietly forcing their way through the bushes beyond Red Deer's River, the party being very much scattered, they suddenly encountered a small band of Sarcees, the boldest of all the tribes that inhabit the plains. Luckily, however, with the help of a little tobacco and ammunition, the interview went off peaceably. The next day's journey was distinguished by the capture of a whole flock of geese. Every hour of their march began now to mark an ascent to a higher level. The first pines had made their appearance at Fort Pitt; they now began to increase rapidly in number, while other kinds of trees disappeared in proportion. The willow and the poplar were the last to dispute the sway with this ever-green child of the mountains. But even they soon gave up the contest,

and left the field to the black, straight naked stems of the pines, which, in these regions, shoot up in an unbroken height of eighty or a hundred feet.

These pathless forests amid which the horses were continually going astray, alternated with swamps in which the animals sank up to their girths, and which were almost impracticable in this the driest month of the year. Before them, mountain rose above mountain into white peaks that seemed like clouds on the horizon, while at their feet lay valleys of stony and repelling aspect, hemmed in by rugged and almost perpendicular crags, and surrounded by amphitheatres of cold and bare peaks. The path which they were following was a track of the Assiniboines, carried for the sake of concealment through the thickest forests. They were the first whites who had attempted this pass of the mountains.

Thick forests, broken rocks, defiles, and valleys formed the successive features of travel, but the valleys frequently contained lakes, and open glades, and meadow lands in their bosoms, and the beauty of the scenery often compensated for the difficulties of the way. At one point from the top of a peak that rose perpendicularly at least two thousand feet, there fell a stream of water which, though of very considerable volume, looked like a thread of silver on the gray rock. They tried in vain to get within shot of the numerous goats and sheep that were seen clambering and leaping on the rocks.

A level isthmus scarcely fourteen paces in width, and situated amid crags and peaks, on whose summit lay perpetual snow, formed the hinge, as it were, between the western and eastern waters. Here they filled their kettles for their lonely meal at once from the crystal sources of the Columbia and the Saskatchewan, while those feeders of two opposite oceans murmured over their beds of mossy stones as if bidding each other a long farewell. Sir George Simpson did not, like Dr. Tschudi, when on the crest or water-shed of the Andes, cheat the Pacific of a cup full, to send it travelling to the Atlantic. The sources, although so proximate, and springing as it were from the same snow wreaths, presented a remarkable difference of temperature, those of the Columbia showing only 40 deg., while those of the Saskatchewan raised the mercury to 53½ deg. It is to be regretted that the travellers were not provided with mountain barometers, or did not even register the temperature of the boiling point; but Sir George estimated the elevation at from seven thousand to eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. At the northerly pass of the Rocky Mountains, known as the Athabasca portage, the road is little better than a succession of glaciers, while the relative position of the opposite waters is such as to have few parallels on the earth's surface; for a small lake, appropriately enough known as the Committee's Punch-bowl, sends it tribute, from one end to the Columbia, and from the other to the M'Kenzie rivers.

From this point, the road naturally began to descend, and from the much greater proximity of the eastern slope of the mountains to the Pacific than of the western to the Atlantic, the increase of temperature is much more rapid on the eastern than on the western side, in fact, so much so as to make itself felt at once. "We had not," says Sir George, "descended half a mile before we felt a difference in the climate, and the trees were also of fine growth." In half a day's march the rivulet had become a river of fifty feet in width, and by the end of the ensuing

day's march had swollen out into a hundred yards ; and the channel was so deep, that the packs got soaked on the backs of the horses. The road was often exceedingly difficult. At times it lay through thick and tangled forests, where prostrate trees of large dimensions, piled and interlaced together, barricaded the track. At others it ran along the precipitous banks of the river, or along the side of steep and stony glens, or over the bed of a boiling torrent, through lonely, dark, desolate glens, or over high hills of parched clay. Several accidents happened to the horses, and sometimes not more than two miles were accomplished in four hours.

At length they reached a large prairie, through which the river winded a serpentine course, and at a point where the same river received a tributary stream before expanding into two lakes; they found (as had been anticipated from a rude hieroglyph discovered upon a tree and portraying the fact) Berland, a guide, who had been deputed from the west side of the mountains to meet the party with a fresh relay of horses. We feel upon such an occurrence that the difficulties of the journey are really over, but there were still many steep hills and bad roads to overcome before they reached the navigable *Pend' d'Oreille*.

The first natives they met with on the west side of the mountains were the so-called Flat-bow Indians, and they are described as being darker, with features less pleasing, and figures less erect than the Crees. These were succeeded by the Kootonais Indians living upon the lake and river of same name—"a miserable set of beings, small, decrepit, and dirty." At Grand Quête Lake they were still among the pine forests, but following the river of same name they found themselves advancing into a region of varied vegetation, and they soon came in for a large choice of fruits, including raspberry, gooseberry, currants, and a variety of fruits not familiar to our own country, but which surely ought to be introduced. Crossing the Kootonais in canoes of a peculiar construction, and ascending a steep mountain beyond, they reached the *Kullespelm* Lake, where they found a flat-bottomed bateau waiting for them, and capable of conveying all the travellers and their baggage, besides a crew of five men ; the horses being sent on by land.

The next day they crossed the lake, and running down the *Pend' d'Oreille* river, they reached their rendezvous by eight in the evening. At this station they found an encampment of the *Pend' d'Oreille* Indians preparing to hunt the buffalo. These Indians were handsomer in appearance, and more stately in manner than any savages they had as yet met with on the east side of the mountains. "Their behaviour," Sir George says, "was elegant and refined." The *Pend' d'Oreilles*, like their neighbours, the Kootonais, are noted for the bravery with which they defend themselves, and also for their attachment to the whites. One of their great dietetic resources is the *kammas*, a kind of wild onion.

The journey from this last station to Fort Colville, presented few difficulties, and was wound up with a gallop of fifty miles, at the end of which a prairie of three or four miles in length, with the Columbia river at one end, and a small lake in the centre, led the way to the now novel scene of a large farm, with barns and stables, fields of wheat, maize and potatoes, and herds of cattle grazing at will beyond the fences.

IV.—THE OREGON TERRITORY.

Fort Colville, by the road which our travellers had taken, was the first station in the much talked-of Oregon territory. It is a wooden fort of large size, enclosed with pickets and bastions, and standing about a mile from the nearest point of the Columbia, and about two miles from the Chaudière Falls, where salmon are so abundant, that as many as a thousand, some of them weighing upwards of forty pounds, have been caught in one day with a single basket. The soil around Colville is sandy; and the climate is so hot and dry, that a fine season there means a wet one. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, the farm is remarkably productive. Cattle thrive well, and the crops of wheat, potatoes, maize, &c., are abundant. The Chaudière Indians of the neighbourhood have also commenced agricultural operations.

The stream of the great Columbia river now lay before our travellers, and a canoe worked by sixteen oars was placed at their disposal below the Chaudière Falls. At first the banks of the river were dull and monotonous, consisting of a succession of sandy flats, with very scanty herbage, and still less wood, and which were varied in a few places by rocky hills. The average breadth of the river was about three-fourths of a mile, though here and there was a narrow channel, between precipitous rocks, down which the canoe flew in perfect safety. There were encampments of natives along the banks, and large bands of horses, which, notwithstanding the dryness of the pasture, were in excellent condition. The company's post at Okanagan was garrisoned by half-a-dozen women and children; the person in charge being absent at the farm, so they only remained long enough to rifle some pans of milk.

As they continued to descend the river, the sun became so powerful that three baths a day were scarcely sufficient to make the heat endurable. At the *Isle des Pierres* Rapids, the river rushed between lofty rocks of basalt, while the channel was obstructed by rocky islets. Beyond this the Snake River, as Sir George terms the stream known to Americans as the Lewis and Clarke's River, joins its waters to the Columbia, which it equals in magnitude, and below this, at the junction of the Wallawalla, is another company's station. This fort is in a most dismal situation, being surrounded by a sandy desert, which produces nothing but wormwood. The buildings have thus to be constructed of drift-wood, about which many a skirmish has taken place with the Indians, as anxious to secure the treasure as the whites. There was an American missionary at this station, who had been two years on the Columbia with his family, and who was grievously disappointed with the country—"a feeling," says Sir George, "common, in his opinion, to most of his fellow-citizens."

Below Wallawalla, as the whites become more numerous, so the Indians become more troublesome; and the party had to change their craft and attach to themselves an interpreter. The banks of the river were at first tenanted by the Snake Indians, described as "a poor, miserable, degraded race." For the most part the sandy plains had also given way to bold cliffs and noble bays, and amphitheatres of basaltic rocks. The Snake Indians were soon succeeded by the Cayuses, who possess horses, cattle, slaves, and other sources of wealth. A chief of these Cayuses, who rejoiced in the name of Five Crows, and in the possession of considerable

wealth, added the recommendation of being young, tall, and handsome. He had lately raised his eyes to a beautiful and amiable girl, daughter of one of the company's officers.

After enduring the flames of love for some time in silence, he determined to make his proposals in proper form ; and accordingly, having first dismissed his five wives, he presented himself and a band of retainers, master and men, all as gay as butterflies, at the gates of the fort, where the father of his " ladye love " resided. To his dismay, and perhaps also to his astonishment, his suit was rejected ; and, in the first transports of his anguish, he so far forgot himself as to marry one of his female slaves, to the great scandal of his family and his tribe.

The pleasantness of river navigation was somewhat disturbed in the onward progress, by treacherous Indians on the banks, and rapids and whirling torrents, as Les Chûtes, Les Petites Dalles, Les Dalles, or the Long Narrows, generally formed of volcanic rocks. In the Long Narrows one of the company's boats was once sucked stern foremost into a whirlpool ; and in a single instant a tide, that told no tales, was foaming over the spot, where eleven men, a woman, and a child, had found a watery grave. Seals ascend the Columbia as far as these rapids in great numbers in pursuit of salmon.

Below these rapids was the American mission of Whaspicum, which contained two comfortable houses, in which five families resided. The missionaries said that they were as happy in their new home as they could expect to be in such a wilderness, admitting, at the same time, that they had not found the land of promise which they came to seek. They were not, however, without occupation, for twenty-one rattle-snakes, reptiles delighting in rocks and sands, had been killed at the mission within the last three months.

The banks of the river were now covered with forests not only extending to the water's edge, but also into the stream ; a phenomenon concerning the cause of which Sir George says doctors differ. There are, however, still some small cascades and bold and lofty rocks at the highest point reached by the tide, after which the navigation is open to Vancouver, whither the party arrived after having crossed the continent of North America at its widest part, by a route of about five thousand miles, in the space of twelve weeks of actual travelling.

At Vancouver, which is the company's grand dépôt, and is situated ninety miles from the sea, Sir George Simpson found two vessels of the United States exploring squadron, under the command of Commodore Wilkes. Sir George, however, did not rest himself at Vancouver, but started almost at once in a large and heavy bateau, with a crew of ten men, first for the company's grazing-lands and farms, which, strange to say, are on the Willamette, or American side of the Columbia. Thence they again passed into the Columbia and up the Cowlitz, a northerly feeder, upon whose banks, Sir George says, there was a large population of whites in 1828, but since which time the intermittent fever, which commenced its ravages in the following year, has left but few to mourn for those who fell. Upon this river the party was increased by the addition of a native canoe and its complement of Chinook Indians.

Between the Cowlitz River and Puget Sound, a distance of about sixty miles, the country, which is watered by many streams and lakes, consists of an alternation of plains and belts of wood. It is well adapted both for tillage and

for pasturage, possessing a genial climate, a good soil, excellent timber, water power, natural clearings, and a seaport, and that, too, within reach of more than one advantageous market. When this tract was explored a few years ago, the Company established two farms upon it, which were subsequently transferred to the Puget Sound Agricultural Association, formed under the Company's auspices, with the view of producing wheat, wool, hides, and tallow, for exportation.

On the Cowlitz Farm there were already about a thousand acres of land under the plough, besides a large dairy, an extensive park for horses, &c.; and the crops of this season had amounted to eight or nine thousand bushels of wheat, four thousand of oats, with due proportions of barley, potatoes, &c. The other farm was on the shores of Puget Sound; and, as the soil was found to be better fitted for pasturage than tillage, it had been appropriated almost exclusively to the flocks and herds; so that now, with only two hundred acres of cultivated land, it possessed six thousand sheep, twelve hundred cattle, besides horses, pigs, &c.

In addition to these two farms, there was a Catholic mission, with about a hundred and sixty acres under the plough. There were also a few Canadian settlers, retired servants of the Hudson's Bay Company; and it was to this same neighbourhood that the emigrants from Red River were wending their way.

Are we to understand that these lands, brought under cultivation by the sweat of our countrymen, and these extensive grazing districts covered with our flocks and herds, have, by the late treaty, been ceded to America? For certainly they are southward of the line drawn by diplomacy, although up to the present moment held by British subjects.

Sir George Simpson sailed from Fort Nisqually in the Beaver steamer, Captain McNeill, a steam vessel kept by the company for the purposes of the coast-trade, which it naturally facilitates to a wonderful degree. Off Frazer's river, which falls into the Gulf of Georgia, in lat. 49°. Sir George says, that from personal exploration, that river, proposed by some as a boundary-line, is hardly practicable for any craft, and would be of little or no use to England as a channel of communication with the interior. If this parallel, he further adds, should, as proposed by the Americans, become the international boundary on the west side, Britain would not only be surrendering all the territory of any agricultural value, but would also virtually cut off the interior and the coast of her own shore from each other.

In another part of his work, Sir George Simpson discusses at length that vexed question to which we have before given a mature consideration in the *New Monthly*. It is gratifying to find the views of so high an authority, correspond with those at which we ourselves had arrived. There is no doubt that the river Columbia was discovered by Heceta, a Spaniard, in 1775. The claim advanced by the Americans founded upon Gray's first navigation of this river after Meare's and Vancouver's exploration of the coast, is exactly as if, after the coasts and shores of Great Britain had been discovered and explored by the Romans, a sea-king of the north should, from having afterwards first sailed up the Thames, lay a claim to the whole country. Astoria and the other ports planted on the Colombia, not by the United States government, but by individuals, were voluntarily abandoned during the war, and even the new settlement on the Willamette, in which Americans have now begun to plant themselves, under the high-sounding title of "Oregon city," Sir George says is a colony originally formed by British subjects, acting under British au-

thority; its nationality being as little affected as that of Canada, in the eye of public law, by American immigration.

"The United States," says Sir George, in conclusion, "will never possess more than a nominal jurisdiction, nor long possess even that, on the west side of the Rocky Mountains; and supposing the country to be divided to-morrow, to the entire satisfaction of the most unscrupulous patriot in the Union, I challenge Congress to bring my prediction and its own power to the test, by imposing the Atlantic tariff on the ports of the Pacific."

After visiting the Company's forts or stations M'Loughlin, Simpson, and Stikine, the latter only leased from the Russians, and the Russian station of Sitka, to which he afterwards returned, Sir George took his way back by what he justly designates as the most extraordinary course of inland navigation in the world; viz., Fuca's and Vancouver's straits, to the Columbia, where he found the company's barques, *Columbia* and *Cowlitz*, beating their way up the stream.

Upon this occasion Sir George visited "Oregon city." It is situated at a point where the presence of falls impedes the further navigation of the Willamette, and extends from the falls for a considerable distance up both banks of the stream, containing about a hundred and twenty farms, varying in size from a hundred* to five hundred acres each. This settlement was formed about ten years ago, under the auspices of the Hudson's Bay Company, as a retreat for its retiring servants. Of these original settlers, there are now sixty with their half-breed families, while, on the other hand, there are sixty-five new settlers from the United States, most of them with wives and children. The colony, although as yet dependent upon the Hudson's Bay Company, will, Sir George thinks, rise rapidly in importance, and soon be enabled to supply a large quantity of wheat, hides, and tallow, for exportation to a foreign market.

V. — CALIFORNIA.

Towards the close of November, Sir George Simpson embarked in the *Cowlitz*, for California, the Sandwich Islands, and Sitka. As the ship glided down the river, the waters were observed to be absolutely covered with swans, pelicans, geese, cranes, cooris, ducks, cormorants, eagles, gulls, &c. The barque reached Fort George, formerly Astoria, on the 3rd of December, but, owing to contrary winds, it was not able to cross the bar till the 21st, after which, spanking progress was made along the coast. Cape Mendocino—a spur of the Rocky Mountains—which separates two regions as different as Scotland and Spain, was doubled in a gale, and passing Bodega and Ross, a harbour and fort of the Russo-American Company in California, they at length arrived, on the 28th off the port of San Francisco, one of the finest harbours in the world.

The entrance, just narrow enough for purposes of military defence, is commanded by a fort now dismantled and dilapidated, and beyond this is a square of huts, distinguished by the lofty title of the Presidio of San Francisco, which is tenanted by a commandant and as many soldiers as might, if all told, muster the rank and file of a corporal's party. In addition to this presidio there are three others in the upper province, situated respectively at Monterey, Santa Barbara, and San Diego. But their principal occupation is gone. Founded by the Jesuits and Franciscans as the head-quarters of the carnal weapons with which to encounter

the heathen ; when the missions were spoiled and dissolved, the presidios fell into decay.

The inland sea of San Francisco comprises a number of bays, inlets, and basins, which it is needless to enumerate, but which present one of the most attractive, and yet most neglected, scenes imaginable. The sea is sheltered from every wind by an amphitheatre of green hills, and the open plains are dotted by the habitations of men ; but the Californians have nothing except a kind of raft or basket to navigate these matchless waters, which are also as little used by the world at large as by the present occupiers of the country.

At the time of Governor Simpson's visit, there were in the deep bay, called Whaler's Harbour, the government schooner, *California*, and the Russian brig, *Constantine*, bound to Sitka with the last of the tenants of Bodega and Ross. On the right, just opposite the ground occupied by the above-mentioned ships, stretched the pretty little bay of Yerba Buena, whose shores, says Sir George, are doubtless destined, under better auspices, to be the site of a flourishing town, though at present they contain only eight or nine houses in addition to the Hudson Bay Company's establishment. Here the *Cowlitz* dropped anchor in the neighbourhood of the American barque *Alert*, and brig *Bolívar*, the British barque, *Inder*, and the Mexican brig, *Catalina*, and after firing a salute, they went ashore.

"The Californians of San Francisco," says Sir George Simpson, "number between two thousand and two thousand five hundred, about seven hundred belonging to the village or *pueblo* of San José de Guadalupe, and the remainder occupying about thirty farms of various sizes generally subdivided among the families of the respective holders.

"On the score of industry, the good folks, as also their brethren of the other ports, are perhaps the least promising colonists of a new country in the world, being, in this respect, decidedly inferior to what the savages themselves had become under the training of the priests : so that the spoliation of the missions, excepting that it has opened the province to general enterprise, has directly tended to nip civilisation in the bud."

The result of this state of things is, that the trade of the bay, and, in fact, of the whole province, is entirely in the hands of foreigners, who are almost exclusively of the English race.

Of that race, however, the Americans are considerably more numerous than the British—the former naturally flocking in greater force to neutral ground, such as this country and the Sandwich Islands, while the latter find a variety of advantageous outlets in their own national colonies. At present, the foreigners are to the Californians in number as one to ten, being about six hundred out of about seven thousand ; while, by their monopoly of trade, and their command of resources, to say nothing of their superior energy and intelligence, they already possess vastly more than their numerical proportion of political influence ; and their position in this respect excites the less jealousy, inasmuch as most of them have been induced, either by a desire of shaking off legal incapacities, or by less interested motives, to profess the Catholic religion, and to marry into provincial families.

It is needless now to enter upon the circumstances which have conspired to render the Spanish Americans so very peculiarly indolent and corrupt. The population itself was in great part drawn from the most indolent variety of an indolent race, and the objects of colonization were not of the kind to awaken energy, or to uphold independence of character.

With regard to San Francisco, the superabundance of cattle and horses has further assisted in corrupting a naturally indolent population, by the readiness with which idleness can find both subsistence and recreation. The income of the missions derived from these sources were enormous. San José alone possessed 30,000 head of cattle, and San Gabriel is said to have owned twice that number. So magnificent a country, whether we regard its internal resources or its commercial capabilities, cannot be long thrown away upon its present possessors—on men who do not avail themselves of their natural advantages to a much higher degree than the savages whom they have displaced, and who are likely to become less and less energetic from generation to generation, and from year to year. The rapid progress of events in Mexico lends at the present moment the very highest importance to Sir George Simpson's views upon the future of California; and although it may be now too late to adopt the measures so patriotically recommended by the governor of so large a territory in North America, and Britain may have to fall back upon the Sandwich Islands as a more isolated and defensible check upon an aggressive republic, still it is but due to give to these views all possible publicity, so that if there has been any neglect of the interests of a great commercial and colonising nation, that neglect may at least be made known.

"The only doubt," says Sir George, "is, whether California is to fall to the British or to the Americans. The latter, whether one looks at their seizure of Texas, or at their pretensions to the Oregon, have clearly the advantage in an unscrupulous choice of weapons, being altogether too ready to forget that the fulfilment of even the most palpable decrees of Providence will not justify in man the employment of unrighteous means. But, though England cannot afford to acquire additional territory by such measures as would shake that reputation for integrity on which her empire is founded, yet she has one road open to her by which she may bring California under her sway, without either force or fraud, without either the violence of marauders, or the effrontery of diplomatists.

"Mexico owes to British subjects a public debt of more than fifty millions of dollars, which, though never formally repudiated by her, is a burden far too heavy for her to bear. By assuming a share of this debt, on consideration of being put in possession of California, England would at once relieve the republic and benefit the creditors, while the Californians themselves would eagerly prefer this course to the only other possible alternative of seeing their country follow in the wake of the Texas.

"In fact, under the treaty of 1790, which has been already cited, England is even now entitled to colonise a considerable portion of the upper province. As America has renounced every thing that lies below the parallel of forty-two degrees, England and Mexico, as the successor of Spain, are regulated in their reciprocal relations to the southward by the stipulations of the international compact aforesaid; so that England, without being questioned by any one, may immediately occupy the coast from the forty-second parallel of latitude down to the due range of the settlement of San Francisco.

"Now, the due range of a settlement varies in direction according to its position. If unconnected, like Monterey, with the interior, a settlement must be presumed to be likely to spread along the coast; while if situated, like San Francisco, at the outlet of many navigable waters, it will, in all probability, creep along the shores of its lakes and rivers. Neither on principle, therefore, nor in fact, does San Francisco extend many miles to the northward of the mouth of its harbour; so that, to take an instance, England may to-morrow justifiably occupy the valley of Santa Rosa, which opens into Bodega Bay."

VI.—THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Our travellers, after a brief visit to Monterey, took their way across the Pacific, from the bosom of which they descried the snowy summit of Mouna Kea, which falls very little short in point of elevation to the stupendous Mount Elias on the north-west coast of America, at a distance of a hundred and ten miles; and soon after the *Cowlitz* was piloted into the coral harbour of Honolulu by "Old Adams," an English tar who has made the Sandwich Islands his home for some thirty or forty years.

Sir George Simpson remained long enough at this most interesting and remarkable group of coral and volcanic islands, to give a comprehensive account of the actual condition both of the Hawaiian nation and of the foreign settlers, and of the produce and commerce of the country; but we can only afford to select a few of the most striking generalities from the facts collected by his industry. Sir George traces all the Polynesian nations to a common source—a point or points between the southern extremity of Malacca and the northern limits of Japan—but as he truly remarks, the origin of this nation has in it less to interest us, than that sentence of death which seems to be hanging over it. The first census of the population of the Sandwich Islands was taken in 1832, and gave a total native population for the whole group of 130,313, a second taken in 1836 gave no more than 108,579, and that was reduced at a third, taken in 1840, to 80,000! As this is found to be everywhere the inevitable result of the contact of so-called civilisation, with its forced labour, its alcoholic drinks, its diseases and vices, with savage life; it is needless to enter into the details of the phenomenon as more particularly connected with the Sandwich Islands, where internal wars and an enormous demand for sandal wood, assisted the ordinary causes of depopulation.

"Viewed, therefore," says Sir George, "by itself, civilisation has been, and still continues to be, a cankerworm, to prey on the population of the group. When a superior race, without fraud or violence, plants its thousands where an inferior race could hardly maintain its hundreds, nothing but the mere mawkishness of sentimentality could attempt to avert or retard the change; but there is something truly deplorable in the reflection that, in this archipelago, civilisation is sweeping the aborigines from the land of their fathers, without placing in their stead others better than themselves."

The Hawaiian language is no longer the exclusive language of the natives. English is daily becoming more familiar to them, and is, in fact, destined ere long, to be the vernacular tongue of the group. The principal food of the islanders is the root of the *kalo* (*arum esculentum*) and pork, but the islands grow in perfection a great number of vegetables and fruits, and the group in general is supplied in an eminent degree with nearly all the luxuries of every clime.

At the feasts of the foreign residents, champagne and claret flow with lavish hospitality, while the lighter and rarer viands of every name are brought direct from the richest countries on the globe—from England and France, from the United States and Mexico, from Peru and Chili, from India and China. In fact, such sumptuousness of living as we experienced, day after day, from our numerous friends, is perhaps not to be found anywhere out of London, and even there is seldom found in all its unadulterated genuineness.

While England, France, and America, have, by recognising the entire

and absolute sovereignty of the Hawaiian government, secured the Sandwich Islands as effectually as any other community against foreign interference, they still are, from their position, and the inexperience of their rulers, peculiarly liable to come into collision with the very powers that have guaranteed their independence.

Their position alone with respect to the trading interests of England and America will render neutrality extremely difficult, if not altogether impossible, in the melancholy event of a war between those kindred states; while any infringement of the law of nations in this respect will be sure to lead to the occupation of the group on the part of England, either as the avenger of her own wrongs, or as a protector against the vengeance of America. But, unlike this occasional danger, the inexperience of their rulers is a rock on which they may be dashed at any time with fatal effect; and, within these few short years, the cause in question has placed the native government at the mercy both of France and of England.

In giving up all claims over the Sandwich Islands, France surrendered nothing but her thirst for all kinds and degrees of glory: America had acquired something like an equitable title by her instrumentality in bringing the Archipelago within the pale of civilisation and Christianity; and England, to say nothing of an unvarying course of kindness and generosity, enjoyed all the legal rights, that could be based on a complete discovery and on repeated cessions.

The American missionary system appears very often to represent under a different aspect, that of the Spanish Jesuits of old. It is, indeed, in many points, precisely the same thing over again. "The protestantism of the Sandwich Islands," says Sir George, "assimilates, at least in kind, if not in degree, to that very Catholicism of California, which the missionaries of the group are so ready to decry—the proselytes, in either case, being subject to a tutelage, which does not even profess to train them to think for themselves."

But it is not only here that the resemblance holds good. The American missionary is like a Jesuit, very often a political propagandist. Hear what Sir George tells us as to the facts.

Soon after their arrival from Boston, the missionaries notoriously became, so far at least as new legislation was concerned, the real rulers of the group. For many years, they attempted, hopelessly enough, to shroud their political supremacy under a very transparent veil of special pleading, partly because most of their innovations were offensive to nearly all the foreign residents, and partly because their whole proceedings not only set at defiance their special instructions against meddling with affairs of state, but also evaded the fundamental rule of their craft, that Christianity ought, in order of time, to take precedence of civilisation. At length, however, the Rev. Mr. Richards happily modified this system of indirect domination, by resigning his position as a missionary, and standing forth as the avowed counsellor of the Hawaiian government.

The example of Mr. Richards was imitated, immediately after my departure, by Dr. Judd, who undertook the offices of treasurer and recorder, the latter department having been subsequently resigned in favour of an American lawyer, of the name of Ricord. Of the upright intentions and disinterested motives of Dr. Judd and Mr. Richards, I am able, from my own personal knowledge, to speak in high terms. Still, the fact that all the three are Americans must excite the jealousy and suspicion of British subjects in general, and must exercise all the prudence and caution of the British consul in particular.

VII.—ASIATIC RUSSIA.

As Sir George Simpson proceeded from the Sandwich Islands north-

wards to Sitka, the change of temperature became perceptible, not only from day to day, but from hour to hour, and in twenty-two days they exchanged an inter-tropical climate for a heavy squall of snow, which ushered the *Cowlitz* into Norfolk Sound. As they arrived at Sitka on Saturday, April the 30th, according to the reckoning of the *Cowlitz*, but on Sunday, the 18th of April, according to the Russians, the Russian calendar was adopted, during Sir George's five months' uninterrupted travel across that colossal empire, which, like Great Britain, literally girds the globe, where either continent has the greatest breadth. Sir George speaks highly of Governor Etholine's endeavours to improve this chief station of Russian America, but he still conveys a sufficient notion of the difficulties to be overcome, when he says, that "of all the dirty and wretched places that he had ever seen, Sitka is pre-eminently the most wretched and the most dirty." Yet in this miserable spot a bishop of the Greek church, and a whole body of ecclesiastics, are located in accordance with that policy—too much neglected by Great Britain—which has amalgamated so many uncongenial tribes into a compact people, by means of one law, one language, and one faith.

Sir George sailed for New Archangel in the Russian ship, the *Alexander*, on the 9th of May, after a farewell dinner contributed with the sumptuousness and luxury which everywhere in Russia contrasts with the poverty and misery of the lower classes. On the way they fell in with an American whaler which had been out nineteen months, and had got 2,200 barrels of oil. The captain gloried in being a real "teetotaller," notwithstanding which he went away from the *Alexander* with a tumbler or two of port on board.

On the 23rd of June, after a voyage of forty-four days, and after availing themselves of every lane of open water in the floating ice, the *Alexander* reached the port of Ochotsk—a collection of wretched buildings standing on a shingly beach so low and flat as not to be distinguishable from the adjacent waters, and embedded in the almost perpetual fogs of an hyperborean climate.

Ochotsk having been supplanted as a penal colony by the mines, now numbers only eight hundred souls.

A more dreary scene can scarcely be conceived. Not a tree, and hardly even a green blade, is to be seen within miles of the town; and in the midst of the disorderly collection of huts is a stagnant marsh, which, unless when frozen, must be a nursery of all sorts of malaria and pestilence. The climate is at least on a par with the soil. Summer consists of three months of damp and chilly weather, during great part of which the snow still covers the hills, and the ice chokes the harbour; and this is succeeded by nine months of dreary winter, in which the cold, unlike that of more inland spots, is as raw as it is intense.

In such a climate, spontaneous vegetation is hardly to be expected, and hence the principal food of the inhabitants is fish, which is extremely abundant. All other supplies for the table are brought across Asiatic Russia, and are ruinously extravagant. Scurvy rages frightfully, and the only remedy is a kind of wild onion or garlick. The buildings are of wood, and most of them are in a state of decay. The town is, indeed, a mere place of transit between Yakutsk on the one hand, and Kamtschatka and Russian America on the other. Yet being the only town within the compass of a territorial space of two or three European kingdoms, the

inhabitants have a high sense of their own dignity, and out of eight hundred souls there are, including judges and clerks of the court, no fewer than forty limbs of the law. One of the judges, Fish by name, was born in St. Petersburg of English parents, but like the rest, he has learnt the inevitable Russian practice of tempering justice with self-interest. Of the venality of the employés at Ochotsk, an idea can only be formed by considering what is known to exist under the immediate shadow of the Tsar, multiplied by the distance of the whole of the Asiatic continent. Upon this subject Sir George Simpson makes the very sensible remark, that the head of an extensive despotism is always peculiarly liable to be deceived by his subordinate functionaries. Official knaves always rely on the proverbial consolation, that the emperor is far off, and they calculate on the interested sympathy of nearly all those who may be occupying the long ladder of communication between his majesty and themselves.

Horses and guides were procured at Ochotsk, from the Yakuti, who were so inclined to drive hard bargains that, to bring matters to a final understanding they had to be marched by a party of Cossacks before Governor Golovin. The journey was then commenced by a ride along the sea-shore, whence they struck into forests of pine, larch, willows, and alder, with abundance of swamp tea, such as grows in Labrador and many parts of the Hudson's Bay territories. The Yakuti, although corrupted by constant punishment, were really good guides and cheerful creatures, turning every incident into a rude melody to beguile their own toil and that of their cattle. In the conveyance of large caravans of goods, the property is left entirely under their charge, and they are known to be careful, faithful, and honest, in the discharge of their duty. They are, however, extremely superstitious, and have a greater dread of the elves and spirits who dwell in their interminable forests than even of the Cossacks, and as every locality has its own elf, the Yakuti, when on a journey, have no respite, soothing by various offerings of horse-hair, and other matters, one object of terror after another, and only multiplying their tormentors as they increase their speed.

The road lay up the course of the Ochota, a river of which the enterprising and eccentric Cochrane said, "Byron swam the Hellespont, and John Cochrane the Ochota," and they had to ford it sometimes as many as fourteen times a day. Many villages of Yakuti were passed; the people are described as very industrious, young and old, male and female, always being occupied with some employment. They were, moreover, cleanly and hospitable. The hills, although it was now midsummer, were still covered with snow, and the atmosphere was very cold. On the third day they saw a huge she-bear and her cub making off at a round trot. Bears are both numerous and fierce in the Yakuti country, and often kill the horses of travellers.

As they proceeded, the country became more fertile, there was no want of flowering plants, and the forests were enlivened by the warbling of birds, which was particularly grateful to Governor Simpson, who for twenty years of his life had been accustomed to the death-like silence of the American woods. A plant grew in this neighbourhood which intoxicates horses, and often proves fatal to them. Numerous caravans of goods and herds of cattle were met with on their way to Ochotsk. The encampments along the roadside were also numerous and good, and to

one who had just passed the Rocky Mountains the road itself appeared very passable when not absolutely running in the bed of a river.

On the fifth day they passed Ciss Kule or Spine Lake, which, like the Committee's Punch Bowl, pours its waters on one side to the sea of Ochotsk, and on the other to the Polar Ocean. The country around was studded with large fields of perpetual snow and ice. Beyond this, at the ferry of the Udoma, was a small station, where the party were hospitably received. The next day they passed more glaciers, amid a scenery otherwise picturesque enough, and the road was absolutely alive with caravans and travellers, all taking advantage of the fine season to proceed to Ochotsk with goods, provisions, and cattle. Their course lay next along the bed of the Nalivnoi, in the valley of which were numerous glaciers, the largest, known as the Capitanskaia Sascha, being eight or ten miles in circumference. The glare of the sun's rays in traversing these fields of ice was most painful. This was succeeded by a country of pine, poplar, and willow, and the latter appeared to vegetate where the roots were buried in perpetual frost. On the Yagetlog, or long river, which they reached the next day, the glaciers were as frequent and as troublesome as ever. The Yakutis estimate distances by the time necessary to boil a kettle, which, as this varies according to the altitude, must be a very uncertain method of computation. They say such a place is so many kettles off, or only part of a kettle. That most horrible of all annoyances, mosquitoes, were beyond any thing tormenting.

On the eleventh day, they passed the crest of the Nanukau with its field of ice, which contrasted strangely with the sultriness of the weather. After this the road began to improve. The scenery at the same time lost its alpine character, the mountains flattening down to hills, the torrents sobering into rivers, and the roads becoming level, while the landscape was rendered more cheerful by shrubs and flowers, among which the wild rhubarb was particularly plentiful. Hares, rabbits, and partridges were also abundant.

The difficulties of the road were, however, merely altered in form, rude rocks and forests being exchanged for morasses, bridged with corduroy, so full of gaps as to be quite as dangerous, and nearly as impracticable, as the morass itself. At the Aldan river, which is three-quarters of a mile in width, is a small settlement with, as usual, a guard of Cossacks in uniform. After partaking of a repast of five different kinds of fish, Sir George galloped to the Anga (seventy-eight versts) by supper time, and the next day achieved eighty-one versts more through a country described as exhibiting on all sides signs of civilisation and comfort. The landscape was varied by copses of wood, lakes teeming with wild-fowl and meadows covered with countless herds, the whole subdivided into separate farms. The country, indeed, between the Aldan and the Lena, appeared to have once consisted almost entirely of a chain of lakes.

At length, on the seventeenth day, after a toilsome progress of eight hundred and eighty miles over rock and ice, through forest and morass, and across rivers and torrents, the spires and cupolas of Yakutsk announced the presence of a large town with all the signs of civilised life, and that upon the banks of one of the grandest rivers in the world, for the Lena is even here, at a distance of twelve or thirteen thousand versts from the sea, five or six miles wide.

Yakutsk, the capital of the district of the same name, contains about four hundred dwellings, laid out into wide streets and spacious squares. Of public buildings, there are seven churches, a monastery, a hospital, a barrack, and the ruins of an old Ostrog or fort. The town is situated on an extensive plain, once, probably, the bed of the Lena, and hence the surrounding country is flat and uninteresting. The climate is hyperborean, the heat of summer not sufficing to dissipate the effects of winter to a depth of more than two or three feet. In consequence of which the cellars remain in a frozen state during the whole year, and the wells send up newly-formed ice in midsummer. With such a climate and such a soil agriculture is out of the question. Rye alone ripens occasionally. Yakutsk is, however, not merely a town of transport, admirably situated for the purpose, and receiving its supplies from the Upper Lena, but it is also the emporium of the ivory and the fur trade of eastern Siberia. These are, as usual in Russia, sold at an annual fair.

Sir George Simpson was received with the utmost kindness and hospitality by the authorities of Yakutsk. Russian profusion and prodigality were taxed to do him honour. The Yakuti beat the Muscovites and all the world in gluttony. Sir George saw two men eat thirty-six pounds of boiled beef, and eighteen pounds of melted butter at a meal. After such repasts, the Yakuti remain for three or four days prostrate and in a state of stupor, neither eating nor drinking, being rolled about occasionally to promote digestion.

At Bestach, a sort of post on the river which saves a tedious winding, Sir George took to the Lena in a tolerably comfortable boat, with another in tow for the indispensable Cossack and the servants. The boats being towed against the current by horses, sometimes supplanted by boys or even women. A journey of two thousand five hundred versts on the broad, shallow, sluggish Lena, cramped up in a boat, tormented by musquitoes and fevered with heat, does not present a pleasing subject to dwell upon. The fish of the river are most deserving of mention. The yelma or white salmon is highest in repute; next comes the stirlitz, a kind of sturgeon; and then the titemay, a kind of salmon trout.

On the sixth day the boats arrived at Olekminsk, a small town of about fifty houses with a mixed population of 3630 Yakuti, 520 Tungusi, and 630 Muscovites. The climate was now sufficiently good for potatoes, rye, oats, and Himalayan wheat. The sables of the Olekma, at the mouth of which Olekminsk is situated, are universally admitted to be the finest in the world; the best skins are obtained towards the head of the river in the Yablonnoi mountains. There was the same excessive eating and drinking at this station as elsewhere.

In their onward progress, the Cossack had often to belabour the poor creatures who towed the boats with a stick to get them to do their duty. This sounds very disagreeably to Englishmen, who repudiate a system necessarily had recourse to in Russia and in great part of the East. Sir George says himself that he found, as Captain Cochrane had found before him, that under the system of corporal chastisement the people had become so degraded as hardly to appreciate the force of any other motive.

The tenth day brought the travellers to Yerbinsky, the first station in the Irkutsk government. The river was now contracted to about half a mile in width, and was studded with islands of pine, birch, and willow.

On the next day they passed the town of Vittimsk, on the River Vittim, renowned for its sables, and which flows from the Vittim steppe in the Yablonnoi not far from the Chinese frontier. On the banks of the river currants of various kinds were met with, as also cranberries, raspberries, service-berries, strawberries, and choke-cherries. The travellers had also regular supplies of mutton, fish, potatoes, eggs, honey, cream, butter, &c.

At Fliinskaya they entered the country of the Tungusi, who are described as being both physically and morally superior to the Yakuti; active, well-made, and independent in their manners and sentiments. Upon the banks of the river were large heaps of the cones of the stone pine, which are crushed for food and for the oil, the latter being universally used by the Tungusi for salads and cookery. Nettles are also artificially grown as greens. Beyond Kirensk, the second town on the Lena in point of size and importance, agricultural settlements became much more numerous.

On the 8th of August the tedious journey on the Lena was brought to a close. Carriages, sent to meet the party by the Governor of Irkutsk, were waiting near the mouth of the Uga, and they were whirled, jolted, and thumped through the ancient town of Vercholensk, and thence by Katschooga—the roads, the cattle, and the weather being as fine as the heart could wish—to the Bratsky steppe, a magnificent prairie studded with Burat settlements, while thousands of cattle, horses, goats, and sheep, were grazing on the rich pasture all round as far as the eye could reach.

Beyond this steppe was a village of political exiles of distinction, and ascending a slight eminence they obtained their first view of the metropolis of Eastern Siberia, with its fifteen churches and their spires, its convents, hospitals, and other public buildings congregated at the junction of three rivers, the Angara, the Irkut, and the Oushakoffka. The first favourable impression vanished, however, as they got nearer, and they were disappointed at seeing so little bustle in the wide streets, and so many edifices going to decay.

At Irkutsk, a handsome carriage with four magnificent grays, as also a smaller vehicle and pair, were placed at Sir George's disposal by the governor, with postilion, footman, and bearded coachman all complete, and several days were spent in calls and festivities. Most assuredly the Russians are, from all concurrent testimonies, the most hospitable people in the world. But when Sir George was about to make a lateral excursion to Kiachta, he received a hurried note from the same governor stating that, according to information just obtained by his excellency, the Chinese, without assigning any reason, had suddenly interdicted all communication with foreigners of every nation! In fact, drink champagne *ad libitum*, but do not spy into the secrets of the land. Instead of a trip to the frontier of the "flowery land," Sir George made an excursion to Lake Baikal, the largest body of fresh water on the old continent. Surrounded by lofty mountains, whose precipitous sides sink at once into the bottomless waters, Sir George describes Lake Baikal as possessing but few harbours or anchorages, and as being little better in regard to traffic than a barren waste. What traffic does exist is connected partly with the great mines of Nertshinsk and with the international emporium

of Kiachta. As both these must cross this upland sea, it is obvious that both time and money would be economised by the introduction of steam, an improvement which, according to the public prints, has been effected since the visit of Sir George and his recommendations to that effect.

Our travellers quitted Irkutsk on the 15th of August, by the regular post road to Tobolsk. In consequence of severe rains the roads were very bad, and it was not till the 20th that they reached Kansk in the district of Yenissei, which has the reputation of being the worst governed district in all Siberia. The villages, however, are described as very numerous not only on the road, but as far back on either side as they could see, and the people all looked healthy, comfortable, and happy.

Sir George speaks highly of the Russian criminal system.

"In fact," he says, "for reforming the criminal, in addition to the punishment of the crime, Siberia is undoubtedly the best penitentiary in the world. When not bad enough for the mines, each exile is provided with a lot of ground, a house, a horse, two cows, and agricultural implements, and also, for the first year, with provisions. For three years he pays no taxes whatever, and for the next ten only half the full amount. To bring fear, as well as hope, to operate in his favour, he clearly understands that his very first slip will send him from his home and his family, to toil, as an outcast, in the mines. Thus does the government bestow an almost parental care on all the less atrocious criminals."

No stay, beyond that of changing horses, was made at Krasnoyarsk, the capital of Yenissei, where the usual number of public buildings, all of wood, such as churches, hospitals, and barracks were perceived. Krasnoyarsk is, however, the centre of those gold washings which find employment for many thousand of souls, and which threaten some day or other to affect by their produce the currency of the civilised world. The province of Yenissei had that year alone yielded five hundred poods of gold.

From the Yenissei the travellers proceeded onwards to Atchinsk, where a town of 2000 souls, and surrounding villages with five times the number, have sprung up within the last twenty years owing to the attractive occupation of hunting up the precious metals. In each town and village along the great road, there was a wooden fort for locking up convicts on their journey. Three hours were spent in crossing the river Kid, while cold, wet, sleepy, and unwell, Sir George thought this the most miserable portion of his long journey. Even the next few days were as uncomfortable as possible—weather and roads being bad, and there being nothing to eat but black bread and sour milk, with most vexatious delays at every station.

At length they reached Tomsk on the Tom, a handsome and flourishing town with wide streets and brick buildings. Tomsk has a population of 18,000 in summer, and 24,000 in winter, the extra 6000 being occupied in gold hunting during the season. Either Sir George was tired and out of spirits, or every thing went wrong at Tomsk. The feeding was bad, and the Cossacks and Tatars were troublesome.

Passing the Barabinsky steppe and Kolyran, one of the most valuable of the mining districts, they got on more briskly. The Cossack had

given out that Sir George was an ambassador from the Emperor of China to the Tsar, and as the roads were excellent, the joke was enjoyed, and they were whirled along at the rate of twelve or fifteen versts an hour.

Thus they soon reached Omsk, the new metropolis of western Siberia, described as situated at the confluence of the Om and the Irtysh, in the midst of a sandy plain, presenting no tree of larger size than a dwarf willow. The town is strongly fortified, and it has been selected with a view to the gradual subjugation of the Kirghiz, who occupy all the country from this place to the Caspian on the one side and Khiva and Bokhara on the other.

The distance from Omsk to Tobolsk, the former seat of government, only occupied the travellers three nights and two days. The country was flat and uninteresting, yet closely settled. The fine old city of Tobolsk is celebrated in history as the seat of the great triumph of Yarnac Timofeeff over Kutchum Khan, the descendant of the terrible Zinghis, and Sir George relished alike the beauty of the city and its historical associations. Tobolsk has, however, been set aside commercially as well as politically, and the caravans from China to Russia now pass between Tara and Tiumen.

The mayor of the latter city gave the travellers the best repast which they had enjoyed since leaving Irkutsk, and this put the governor in such good humour, that he declares it to be the only place in Siberia, that at all comes up to our English idea of a snug, pleasant, and prosperous town. It is curious to observe to what an extent a traveller's feelings influence his opinions; for example, Captain Cochrane who received every attention at Kamishloff, the first station in Russia Proper, describes it as a pretty place, while Sir George Simpson, who was tormented in his feverish haste by every delay of the post, set it down in the first draft of his journal as a miserable village.

Passing Ekaterineburg, the centre of the mining districts of the Uralian Mountains, but which Sir George was unable to visit owing to indisposition, and Kangar another thriving town depending on the mines, the travellers soon reached the fine old city of Perm, where, however, they only remained an hour to change horses. At this rate, Kazan, Nishney Novogorod, Vladimir, and Moscow were swiftly left behind, and Sir George Simpson reached St. Petersburg on the 8th of the English October, having travelled the whole distance from Ochotsk (7000 miles) in ninety-one days, and from Irkutsk in forty-one days, of which time thirty-six nights had been spent in the carriage, two on the floor, two on a sofa, and one in a bed—a truly remarkable example of fortitude and endurance in travel. Having returned to England, *via* Hamburgh, Sir George's whole journey round the world was completed within the space of nineteen months and twenty-six days!

THE OPERA.—JENNY LIND.

IN our last number we endeavoured to give a faint notion of the excitement that was occasioned by the mere arrival of Jenny Lind at Blackwall. We have now to describe the *furore* which was produced on her *débüt*.

"Describe," did we say?—Oh, yes that's an easy word—that same describe. We really cannot do it.—We would as soon undertake to imitate in a whisper the sound created by the explosion of a powder-mill. We would fain avail ourselves of the simile of the painter, who concealed Agamemnon's face, but we have an uneasy suspicion that we used it last month. Let us, therefore, turn our humble means to the best account. We shall fail, but it will not be without doing our utmost.

In the first place our readers must picture to their minds the interior of the Opera-house utterly crammed. They must fancy the pit-folks so packed together, as to render it problematical whether the attraction of adhesion will ever let them come apart again. They must fancy the elevated habitants of the gallery rising up in a dense compact mass to the vanishing point near the ceiling. They must fancy boxes occupied by royalty, nobility, and the rest of fashion. This they can fancy, for perchance they may recollect the visit of the Emperor Nicholas. It is even just possible they may conceive the awful sense of expectation which, like a weighty atmosphere, pressed upon that dense throng. The feeling that the unutterable was approaching bound every tongue. This state of things, we will benignantly grant, those of our readers whose organ of ideality is greatly developed, may possibly imagine.

But the shout that burst forth when Jenny Lind, in pilgrim's dress, was dragged upon the stage—that shout, we say, none can represent to themselves who were not actually present. The poor organ of ideality might swell and burst and leap through the skull that encloses it, without even approaching in a remote degree to a result so desirable. Every man, woman, and child became a Stentor on the occasion—every one seemed to have provided himself with a patent pair of lungs, warranted to bear the strongest enthusiasm, and off they all went into full action. It was such a hurricane of applause, that we marvelled it did not sweep off the stage the little fair, delicate form which had raised it.

Just as on some broiling summer's day, a clap of thunder which threatens to demolish all your doors and windows, is followed by a pelting torrent of rain, which seems as though it would melt away your chimney-pots, so was the roar of approbation followed by an overwhelming shower of "hushes." People had seen—people wished to hear.

The very first *roulade* executed by Mademoiselle Lind caused a revival of the uproar. Never mind interrupting the song, the folks *must* applaud, be the consequences what they might. But for the details of success, for the number of times Jenny Lind was called after the fall of the curtain, for the particular *arias* in which she gained most approbation both in *Roberto* and *la Sonnambule*, we refer to the daily papers. For us it is left to give a notion—faint as we have said—of the general impression.

The voice of Jenny Lind is not only a thing admirable, but a thing loveable. It does not only hit the ears of the auditors, but it reposes in

their hearts. In that *pianissimo* of hers, so clear throughout all its diminution, which dies away to all but nothingness, there is an indescribable appeal. And when she uses that softened voice for a firmly sustained *shake*, she keeps the souls of her hearers likewise in a state of tremulation. The truth and courage with which she takes distant intervals, the brilliancy of her *floriture* excite universal astonishment, but it is the *piano* that peculiarly wins the affection of the audience. No matter how the sound is softened, there is melody in it still, lurking like a young Eros among rose-leaves. And to this do the feelings of all respond. It seems as if the vocalist has struck some secret chord in the soul, the existence of which is not known till it is felt to vibrate. Hence the enthusiasm excited by Jenny Lind is something altogether *per se*, expressing not only the highest approbation, but the heartiest sympathy.

To the charm of her singing the charm of her acting is a powerful assistant. There is no one who has carried "naturalness" to such perfection as Jenny Lind. She makes you forget the artist in the person represented. Her Alice and her Amina are both peasant girls, but each has her separate individuality which is caught by Jenny with exactness. The one is a character in a mystery, almost the representative of supernatural influences, almost the embodiment of the good principle as Bertram is the incarnation of evil. The other is a peasant girl, and nothing more, with no other attribute than those of spontaneous tenderness and perfect innocence. The devotion of Alice at the cross, as represented by Mademoiselle Lind, is the very sublime of Christian faith and confidence; her Amina is simplicity itself. In this last character she has even created a greater sensation than by her *débüt* in *Roberto*. The work of Bellini is more conversant to the notions of the *habitués* of Her Majesty's Theatre than the Gallo-Germanic opera of Meyerbeer. Jenny in *Roberto* is a glory of light, but it is a glory in something like gloom. In *La Sonnambule* all is sunny.

And of Jenny Lind's Maria in "*La Figlia di Reggimento*," on which the curtain has just fallen now that we are penning this article, we might say almost the same thing as of her Alice. It is not the opera that has made the "hit," but the incomparable Jenny. Somehow these comic operas—with three or four exceptions—never exactly fit the taste of the English audience. Reports from Italy pronounce them light and pleasing, but on hearing them, "light" turns out to signify "meagre," and "pleasing" to denote "common-place." The fact is, these pieces are written for an audience who follow recitative as we do the spoken dialogue in our own farces, and who can therefore submit to operas in which the music is, in fact, subordinate to the drama. With the *habitués* of Her Majesty's Theatre, the drama is decidedly subordinate to the music, and hence there is a constant difficulty with a work constructed on the opposite principle. People found "*La Figlia*" no great affair, but Jenny was exquisite.

Yes, it is a thing to look back upon with that unfeigned enjoyment of the camp-life, which she infused into the character of the admirable *Vivandière*. The "*Rataplan*"—word so musical to French ears—she trolled with such easy gaiety; the movement of marking time with the feet was executed with such a delicate sense of merriment, that nothing could be more delightful. And there was not so much as a single particle of coarseness,—there was nothing to indicate the ill-effects that

might have arisen from Maria's singular education. The hilarity and unsophisticated nature of the young girl were seized upon as the characteristics, and the picture was as charming as possible.

We do not often notice general theatricals, but being at the Opera-house, and therefore in the vicinity of a very decided success, let us just step over the way to the

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Mr. Robert Bell has just produced a very nice comedy called "*Temper*," which is marked by neat, elegant dialogue, and abounds in forcibly drawn characters. Those who wish to see the mischief of losing one's temper explained in a very agreeable and intelligible manner, would do well to witness Mr. Bell's production. Farren has the character of an old gentleman weak in the mnemonic department, and acts it better than he has acted for many a day. He no longer plays the hearty, dashing old man as he was wont, but in representing the approach of imbecility he is unrivalled. Miss Fortescue plays the heroine of the piece,—the more idealized impersonation of "*Temper*" rendered unhappy by her own over-sensitiveness, and very beautifully does she act a very prettily conceived character. Then, for the "fun" of the piece, there are a brace of crabbed, oldish-young ladies from the country, played with much humour by Miss P. Horton and Mrs. Humby. Altogether "*Temper*" is a very nice, pleasant work, breathing a gentlemanlike spirit throughout, exciting mirth by its comic, sympathy by its serious portions, and the applause it has received has been alike distinguished and genuine.

LITERATURE.

A YEAR OF CONSOLATION.*

HAVING been so far misled by the injudicious advice of friends as to venture in winter time by Nevers and across the Morvan to Chalons, instead of following the direct road to the latter city; Mrs. Butler met with so many mishaps and terrors in the early part of her journey, as for a time to render the possibility of a year of consolation being derived from a sojourn in southern Europe to appear as a thing quite out of the question. Inkings of the true feeling of artistic and poetic enjoyment, however, begin to come to the surface at a quiet visit to the curious old Romanesque church of Tournus, and these ultimately gain permanent ascendancy with the pleasant scene presented by Mr. M—'s English factory at Marseilles. The old vein of complaint, dissatisfaction, and discontent was for a moment re-opened by the "crazy, ricketty, dusty, dirty, ragged, filthy conveyance which carried the mails of his Holiness the Pope." It was only for a moment.

Suddenly, against the clear azure of the sky, a huge shadowy cupola rose up. I felt a perfect tumult of doubt, fear, and hope—such as I experienced when,

* *A Year of Consolation.* By Mrs. Butler (late Fanny Kemble). 2 vols. Edward Moxon.

through the overhanging thickets that fringe them, I first saw the yeasty waters of Lake Erie, rushing to their great plunge. The great vision rose higher and higher as we drove under its mighty mass ; and as we turned within the *Porta de Cavallegieri*, and stopped again at the barrier, St. Peter's stood over against us, towering into the violet-coloured sky—and it was real—and I really saw it ; I knew the whole form of the great wonderful structure ; I knew the huge pillars of the noble arcade, and the pale ghost-like shining of the moonlit fountains through the colonnade. I was in Rome, and it was the very Rome of my imagination.

Putting aside "the dark, dismal, stinking streets" through which she was rattled at the onset, Mrs. Butler tells us that the skies, waters, musical noises, myriad associations, and equally numerous works of art, of the City of the Seven Hills yielded her consolation, and certainly the flood of eloquence which she has devoted to the expression of all that she saw and felt is an earnest proof that neither was her imaginative ardour damped, nor her appreciation of beauty affected, by her untoward journey to the imperial city.

The view from the top of the Pincio, and the description of the Pincian villa, are full of colour : from the Monte Mario, the view of Rome, the Tiber, the hills, the Campagna, and the sea, is described as equally glorious ; but there was the impertinent curiosity of the clerk at *Torlonias* as a check to first impressions, and a wretched pauperism ever present to pain or disgust at each new exploration.

Rome, the palsied city of age ! the catacomb of renown ! the memory of whose illustrious dead seems more vigorous than the bodily presence of her dead alive, has been most enjoyed by some contemplative minds, when the glorious old ghost has flung away her gauds, wrapped her solemn mantle around her, pulled down her cowl over her brow, and become once more the sublime phantom she really is ; but Mrs. Butler was immersed at once into the popular splendours of the Holy Week, and most heartily did she appear to enjoy them !

Our return home was any thing but as triumphant as our going forth ; and I am sure would have furnished an admirable subject for a caricature. The white lining of the carriage half torn off ; the floor of it ankle-deep in confetti, sugar-plums, and nosegays, which had been thrown to and fro till they formed one brown agglomeration of dirty rubbish ; the seats under us heaped with the same pervading trash. Heaven knows how it got there. Hoarse with laughing ; our arms aching with hurling things at our fellow-creatures ; our shawls awry ; our faces all smeared with flour ; our bonnets battered and dented into cocked hats with the thumps from nosegays thrown at us ; our very stays filled with the horrid little confetti, that had fallen into our bosoms, and down our backs, and all over us.

After this strange fashion passed the days of the modern *Saturnalia*, and with the grim entrance of Lent the scene was changed to visits to the studios of artists, rides in the Campagna, and participation in the sacred solemnities of the Romish church, and in the rivalry between the choir of St. Peter's and that of the Sistine chapel. This kind of "religious sight-seeing," as Mrs. Butler terms it, furnishes some heightened and picturesque descriptions, from one who appears by her wide-embracing sympathies to have dwelt as much, even in Rome, with the present as with the past, and who acknowledges that, as a pilgrim to a land of noble memories, she still ever looked forward with hopeful eyes upon the mental and moral torpor that broods over it.

Mrs. Butler happened, further, to be present at Rome during the in-

auguration. of the new pope, Pius IX., and the extreme interest which was felt in the character and measures of the new head of the Roman Catholic Church led her to gather together all the information, and every anecdote, which she was able to obtain, relating to him. This curious information, if possible, gives additional value to these interesting volumes, which, whether in what relates to art or to life, display every where the same lively imagination and poetical temperament, speaking out by impulse, and thus ever giving the novelty and earnestness of unadulterated impressions, to whatever comes under the author's attention. j

MEN, WOMEN, AND BOOKS.*

THIS delightful work places itself without the pale of criticism by its author's acknowledgment of thanks to the editors of certain reviews and magazines, at the head of the latter of which stand the *New Monthly* and *Ainsworth*, for their courtesies in granting to him the power of making the greater part of this selection from his uncollected prose writings. A more varied or interesting group of subjects than what are thus afforded by the monthly and yearly lucubrations of one, in whom belief in good, cheerfulness of endeavour, discernment of universal beauty, and brotherly consideration for mistake and circumstance, have ever formed prominent characteristics, cannot be easily imagined.

From the false alarm about science becoming the ruin of poetry to the description of the passengers in omnibuses ; from the consideration of the hereditary characteristics of mind and body, to the description of the penurious old gentleman who is fond of invitations and the great ; from the world of books to beds and bed-rooms ; from poetical statesmen and social morality to female sovereigns and female beauty ; from grave to gay, and from philosophy to humour, the pen of a familiar and justly appreciated writer, travels with all the facility of a trained and experienced thought, a happy perception, and a warm imagination, till " Men, Women, and Books," remain upon us as a vision of beauty, that will not be easily laid aside by those who have ever deemed the happy destiny of the whole human race to be the object of solicitude, or of affectionate thought.

NOVELS OF THE MONTH.

- I. EVELYN HARCOURT—II. THE THREE COUSINS—III. A WHIM AND ITS CONSEQUENCES—IV. THE M'DERMOTS OF BALLYCLORAN—V. THE CARDINAL'S DAUGHTER—VI. RANTHORPE—VII. THE STUDENT OF SALAMANCA—VIII. THE JESUIT IN THE FAMILY.

THE new novels of the month may be truly said to possess average merit, and to belong to a good school. If not calculated to

* Men, Women and Books ; a selection of Sketches, Essays, and Critical Memoirs, from his uncollected Prose Writings, by Leigh Hunt. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

enhance the popularity of so delightful a species of composition, they still, by their abundance of natural incident, character, and dialogue, make themselves far more agreeable and acceptable than the now common run of political and theological prose fictions, with their maudlin sentiment and perverse philosophy. It is not that among scenes of pretended existence, we do not too often find in novels, purporting to represent actual life, characters that are exhibited in the mere masquerade attire of an imaginary world, and that, for the sake of contrasts and effects, vraisemblance is too frequently sacrificed; the strict and severe adherence to the simplicity of nature and truth, appears, except in the hands of a few great masters, to be beyond the perfection attainable by the more numerous aspirants to fame as writers of prose fiction; while to expose in detail these ever prolific sources of error would involve us in a wearisome and monotonous criticism.

I.—*Evelyn Harcourt** is a beautiful creation. The miseries of whose career appear throughout to be capable of relief by a word of explanation, which would have been inevitable in actual life; and although it may not have been in the author's aim to bring these perplexities to an immediate end, still it cannot be expected that, unless sufficient cause is shown for it by the intricacy and mystery of the plot, that the reader's patience shall, in such cases, be as great as the author's perseverance in warding off a conclusion which has stood forth as inevitable from the commencement.

Evelyn Harcourt, a penniless and unprotected orphan, but as beautiful a creature as ever inspired a poet's verse, was introduced into the fashionable world as the *protégée* of the tasteful and luxurious Lady Truro. All London raved about the beautiful Evelyn at her first appearance; but among the fashionable nonentities of the day, the accomplished maiden herself soon distinguished with a favourable eye a Mr. Sherborne—an author, whose poetry had always seemed to her to be the most exquisite she had ever read, and whose works of fiction had become celebrated throughout Europe. Our romancers ought to feel highly gratified by this preference shown by beauty and intellect to the aristocracy of nature over that of birth.

But as the current of love is proverbially liable to disturbances, Evelyn's career is chequered, first by the importunate addresses of an empty-headed fop, the Lord Haverfordwest, but still more seriously so by a mistaken and totally uncalled-for jealousy of a certain Helen Eridge, whose connexion with Evelyn is of a singular description, she being the daughter of a lady who was abandoned in early life by Captain Harcourt, the father of Evelyn, for that young person's Neapolitan mother.

This first mistake leads to a host of others, one of the most prominent of which is a reconciliation with Arthur Sherborne, to be almost as immediately cancelled by an affiancement with the Duke of Shetland, a betrothal forced upon the heroine by threats of destruction against him whom his grace is pleased to designate as "a melancholy, miserable, rhyme-stringing scoundrel." This untoward progress of events is scarcely relieved by what befalls Helen Eridge, who, marrying Captain Percy,

* *Evelyn Harcourt*. A Novel. By the Author of "Temptation; or, A Wife's Perils," &c. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

"the most popular man of his regiment," follows him to Canada, to become almost as soon a widow, and to return broken-hearted and herself dying to her home. There is relief, however, in the character of Mrs. Harry Eridge, a Frenchified Englishwoman, wrought up into an excellent caricature of what such a personage might be supposed to be.

Poor Evelyn, in the meantime, borne down by the struggle, is, by the effect of mental anxiety and illness afflicted with blindness, under which circumstance it naturally remained to the high-minded and intellectual Sherborne to do that justice which the noble duke was no longer so anxious to do himself, and for which he is rewarded by Evelyn's ultimate restoration to sight by the skill of the faculty. This last episode in a life of great mental trial and perplexity is, as it ought to be, the most touching and interesting in the work.

II.—MRS. TROLLOPE has maintained in her last novel, *The Three Cousins*,* her reputation as a vigorous delineator of female character in its various phases. "The Three Cousins" represent the three states of womanhood, the first being the wife, the second the widow, and the third the maid. The persevering widow, Mrs. Cobhurst, is admirably portrayed, while the domestic Bishop of Solway, and his good-natured lady. Mrs. Morrison, are scarcely less truthfully depicted. There is some difficulty at first in determining who are and who are not to be the personages of the tale. We are almost unconsciously impressed with the idea that the narrative was commenced with one order of intentions, and ultimately finished with a wholly different scheme. The rich and eccentric old uncle, Sir Joseph Lexington, is hard to follow in his vagaries. His wayward tenderness to his *protégée*, the young lady of the story, and equally wayward treatment of his supposed illegitimate nephew, Edward, is, however, well calculated to keep anxiety upon the stretch. That the young lady when wooed by a noble lord, whose suit is apparently favoured by uncle, bishop, wife, and widow, should persevere in her attachment to her illegitimate cousin, is quite enough to cause a tremendous eruption of the family volcano, but this threatens a denouement when carried so far as actually to hurry the great lion of the story—the uncle himself—off the stage of life. And so it turns out, for the fortunes and the history of Edward Lexington are legitimately cleared up, and happiness long deferred is at length brought within reach of a deserving couple.

III.—While in Mrs. Trollope's story the plot is evidently laid down with a view simply to the developement of bold and startling contrasts of character, the clever author of a *Whim and its Consequences*† has endeavoured, and that with equal skill and success, to combine variety of incident with skillfully delineated character. It is, indeed, a story of great dramatic power, and intensity of purpose.

Young Chandos, maltreated and driven from his inheritance by his elder brother, is forced to take service as a gardener with a squire who has two fair daughters. While in this situation, he loves and is loved by one of these fair maidens, who alone knows him in disguise, and an engagement is contracted between them. In the mean time the cruel baron comes in to woo the sister, but his success is somewhat marred by a gipsy's prophecy,

* *The Three Cousins*; a Novel. By Mrs. Trollope. Author of "Father Eustace," &c. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

† *A Whim and its Consequences*. 3 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co. ;

which, in its anticipated fulfilment, casts its dismal shadow over the happiness of all parties. In the necessity of concealing his unjust and unbrotherly deeds, the cruel baron is at length driven to the commission of murder—a crime which, unluckily, Chandos, the hero of the story, is there to witness, and in which he consequently becomes involved by circumstantial evidence, upon which hangs the main interest of the narrative. The unfortunate lover is taken up as a criminal, charged with murder, and tried, the whole train of implicating circumstances being well wrought up to a climax of effect. The accused will not assert his innocence because he must involve his brother. And often as the trial of an innocent man has been made the groundwork of a tale, yet it has never been contrived with greater skill than in the present instance. Through all the minutiae of detail the most breathless suspense is preserved.

IV.—Such startling social anomalies as are presented to us in the history of the decline and fall of the M'Dermots of Ballycloran* can only be met with in Irish life. Standing mid-way between the educated and the ignorant classes of a civilised community—between conventional refinement and downright depravity—belonging neither to the aristocracy, nor to the middle classes, nor to the labouring classes, but partaking contradictorily of some of the more prominent Irish peculiarities of each—gentlemen by position but peasants in language, thoughts, usages, and intercourse—the history of such a family carries along with it a literal propriety, which, though out of the bounds of ordinary experience, remains true only to Irish probability. And what a field do such probabilities present for fiction and imagination to run riot upon?

Setting aside the interest afforded by a wild heroine and a really good priest, there is an air of tarnished chivalry in the demeanour of Thady, the last representative of the M'Dermots, which is infinitely amusing. The ancestral pride and family pretensions ever struggling against a humiliating position, a vanishing estate, and a crumbling tenantry, is not only true to life, but makes of this account of the M'Dermots a most characteristic picture of Irish society.

V.—*The Cardinal's Daughter*† is a novel greatly to our liking. The legitimate province of such fictions is to surprise and excite, to stimulate curiosity, and to baffle speculation, and the *Cardinal's Daughter* fulfills these indications to the letter. It is a work solely of invention and ideality, which, departing from the regions of practical observation, wanders at will into a world of fancy, where strange devices and intricate combinations add their charm to an accurate delineation of character, and a vivid and poetical conception of life. It is impossible on these points to praise too highly the works of the late Mackenzie Daniel. It is not long ago that we had especially to point them out in connexion with the *Young Baronet*, a tale which is even surpassed in interest by this last relic of a skilful narrator and inventive writer. It is well that according to its merits they may be the means of relieving a friendless widow and infant children, and that they have then the double opportunity of doing a good act, and of perusing a very interesting story.

* The M'Dermots of Ballycloran. By Mr. A. Trollope. In 3 vols. T. C. Newby.

† *The Cardinal's Daughter*; a novel by the late Robert Mackenzie Daniel, author of the "*Scottish Heiress*," &c., &c. 3 vols. T. C. Newby.

VI.—*Ranthorpe** which follows next in order of notice is, curious to say, the picture of those severe struggles, those fearful “pantings on the thorns of life” which belong to the career of the novelist. The picture is conceived in a sound spirit of humanity, and depicts with earnestness and sincerity what he who undertakes to combat misery with his pen may have to undergo. Most sincerely do we hope that such a work may be largely read, and that it may do good in its generation.

VII.—*The Student of Salamanca*† has already obtained a merited popularity which leaves nothing to do upon its transfer from the columns of *Blackwood's Magazine* into those of a fair-sized volume, than to give it a hearty welcome. *The Student of Salamanca*, is indeed, an extremely well told story, the interest of which is kept up without flagging from beginning to end.

VIII.—A Jesuit in the family and a journey to Rome,‡ nominal or real, stand pretty nearly in the relations of cause and effect. “The Jesuit's end,” says their redoubtable adversary, M. Steinmetz, “is the conquest of a soul and all its contingencies.” his “means” are every motive-power that can influence the human heart. The Jesuit is impelled by a self-idea; but his selfishness is not the littleness of common men. It is something preternatural. It scorns the petty motives of other men, and seeks to rival providence in its comprehensive grasp. It is a mortal's infinitude. To the Jesuits all things are “indifferent,” except the “end” he has in view. That “end” of his endeavours may, with certain modifications, be common to the leaders of all professing Christians; but the main characteristic of the Jesuit is (after) his tenacity of purpose—his determination to compass his “end” by all the means which he believes the god of his cause offers for his appliance.

This is an important distinction, and to those who may wish for curiosity sake, or to whom it may be necessary for conviction, to be satisfied of the fact of this convenient and seemingly expedient morality, without perusing the learned dogmas of a Suarez, a Reginald, or of an Escobar, even as so ably set forth in the story of “Piquillo Alliaga,” we recommend Mr. Steinmetz's book. There he will find the different phases of action and progress. Passions wrought on by passions, weaknesses operated on by weaknesses; joy and woe, pleasure and pain alike used as means to an end. Perjury, fraud, equivocation, falsehood in all its ramifications, nay, if we are to believe this unflinching opponent, violence and murder are permitted by the Jesuit moralists, *cum eis visum fuerit expedire*, as Escobar expressed it. Truly a refined civilisation has its banes as well as an imperfect civilisation, and of all these the most disagreeable to contemplate are the fierce conflicts of sect against sect, and the war of man against man, in the cause of that kind and beneficent deity who loves those who love him, and what man does not—forgives errors of doctrine—for soundness of heart and faith.

* Ranthorpe. 1 vol. Chapman and Hall.

† The Student of Salamanca. 1 vol. William Blackwood, and Sons.

‡ The Jesuit in the Family. A Tale. By Andrew Steinmetz. Author of the “Noviciate,” &c. Smith, Elder, & Co.

HENFREY'S BOTANY.*

THIS is a work of far greater extent and intricacy than might be imagined from its modest title. It is not much known, except to working Botanists and Horticulturists, what a chaos of confusion exists in regard to the character and names of parts of plants. Botany has its tyrants, who lord it in their own sphere, with the greater impunity as the circle to which they address themselves is narrowed and incapable of that defence which can only rest upon the sympathy of the enlightened. But the botanical legislator is safe—the enlightened are so few! Mr. Henfrey has, however, clipped off many of the turgidities of the science, has carefully sifted and arranged what facts are well ascertained, and his work is in every respect adapted to be the class-book, wherever such is left to the choice of the student or the amateur.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

THE comprehensive reviews which we have been induced to give of Sir George Simpson's *Overland Journey Round the World*, and of M. de Hell's *Travels in Southern Russia*, and the extent of our limited space occupied by these reviews, obliges us to postpone the notices which have been prepared of many interesting works that have appeared during the past month. Among these may be particularly noticed a very unpretending but very pleasing and instructive,

Journal of a few Months' Residence in Portugal, and Glimpses of the South of Spain, published by Mr. Moxon.

Mr. Leitch Ritchie's *British World in the East*, published by W. H. Allen and Co., is also a well-written, carefully compiled, and comprehensive summary of the leading facts connected with the historical, moral, and commercial relations of Great Britain with India, China, Australia, South Africa, and the other possessions or connexions of Great Britain in the eastern and southern seas.

Mr. Cottle's *Reminiscences of Coleridge and Southey* will claim our earliest attention, as will also *An Officer's Sketch of Assam* and Assaad Kayat's *Voice from Lebanon*, with Tichendorf's *Travels in the East*, may form the subject of a future agreeable commentary. Not less important or less worthy of consideration is Mr. Meadows'

Desultory Notes on the Government and People of China, and on the Chinese Language, published by W. H. Allen and Co. It is the work of a man in every respect qualified to throw light upon the subject of which he treats.

Mind and Matter, illustrated by Considerations on Hereditary Inanity and the Influence of Temperament in the Development of the passions, by Dr. J. G. Millingen, and published by H. Hurst, is also a

* Outlines of Structural and Physiological Botany. By Arthur Henfrey, F.L.S., &c., with numerous Illustrations. John Van Voorst.

work of a class which merits a careful attention and a considerate, not a desultory, notice.

We have once before been disappointed in our notices of Mr. Miller's delightful little books, *Summer*, *Autumn*, and *Spring*, and which are so full of natural and artificial beauty, as to be literary and artistic gems of their kind, and not the less to be admired for their revival of those truly rural tit-bits of Bewick, the historian of our native songsters and winged inhabitants.

Amiable Hans Christian Andersen, too, with his *Picture Book without Pictures*, translated by Meta Taylor, must not be neglected.

The season has also been more than usually prolific of poetical works of various degrees of merit. The claims of Lord Robertson to distinction in perhaps the highest sphere of literary composition have been contested, but it is impossible not to accede to the learned lord a cultivated taste, a perfect sense of the great, the good, and the beautiful, and deep poetic feeling. The *Gleams of Thought* now published, as reflected from the writings of Milton, will, in our opinion, do much towards establishing Lord Robertson's claims to a poetical reputation of a high order.

Charles Mackay is ever himself, whether tunefully singing in his voices from the crowd, or softly sighing from the mountains. There are utterances of these last Voices, of exceeding beauty and truthfulness, and it is to be regretted that the subjects partake so much of the same monotonous character, as to appear as if the prose articles of a certain weekly newspaper had been done into verse.

Modern Life, and other Poems, dedicated to that most impartial of critics, the public, shall, with the author's consent, be left to their verdict. Digby P. Starkey, barrister-at-law, the author of unconnected poems called *Theoria*, has adopted that title as expressive of his labour having reference only to the moral impressions of beauty. Some of these poems have already appeared in the pages of the *Dublin University Magazine*, and almost all are characterised by the spirit, and free and gifted language of one who has been a favourite votary of the muses. It is to be hoped that Mr. Starkey's work will meet with the same appreciation in this country that it has met with in his own.

Mr. E. D. Baynes has sent forth the first four parts of the *Annals of England* in sonorous pentameters, dedicated to Her Most Gracious Majesty as a feeler with respect to the continuation and completion of the work. It is not the first attempt of the kind, and as far as we are able to judge, fails more from the positive impossibility of treating such subjects poetically, as for example:

"With other such, 'tis therefore my intention
To pass them by, and make no further mention ;"

or,

"From Sandwich sailing north, th' instructed fleet
Returning south, th' expected tour complete,"

than from actual want of ability.

Dreams, by Owen Howell, are, we fear, far too really dreamy to meet with favour from a public so little disposed to accept poetical compositions of any kind, and still less so those which are of a merely imaginative character.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

AND HUMORIST.

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invariably keep copies.

NOW READY,
THE JULY NUMBER OF
AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY
W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

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CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE CASINO.

BY L. MARIOTTI.

LUNIGIANA, or VAL-DI-MAGRA, is a narrow and deep strip of land on the Apennines, a dainty valley which may well put the most gorgeous descriptions of Rasselas to the blush. It was too rich and fair, too blessed a region for any mortal monarch to lord it all over. Consequently the King of Sardinia, the Duke of Modena, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany have each their own slice. The upper district belongs to the last-named potentate, and forms a separate dependence of the Grand Duchy, hemmed in on all sides by the neighbouring territories.

The metropolis of this little Tuscan province is called Pontremoli.

Pontremoli—Pons-Remuli, according to some—more probably Pons-tremulus—derives its name from a crazy and shaky old bridge in the vicinity of the old town-gate,—a rickety concern, which has been rocking and swinging, and would, ages ago, have sunk into the torrent beneath, but for the interference of San Giovanni Nepomuceno, the bluff Teutonic saint, Old Nepomuck from Prague, there hung in effigy, with his characteristic crown of five stars, and stretching forth his hand to avert the wrath of flood and avalanche, and supply the defect of solid masonry.

Why the good Bohemian bishop, who could not help himself from a fatal tumble from the bridge on the Moldau, should be set up to stay a bridge in its fall, is one of those mysteries of the Roman Catholic Olympus, which mere profanes need not attempt to explain—unless it were by reasons analogous to those which appointed the Virgin saints, Lucy and Apollonia, to guard their worshippers against all ophthalmic and odontalgic diseases; viz., that the latter having every tooth in her mouth drawn, and the former both eyes torn from their sockets, pickled, seasoned, and served up at supper, by the inhumanity of heathenish tyrants, and having, therefore, nothing to apprehend from tooth-ache and sore-eyes on their own account, they are, it is inferred, amply at leisure to take care of other people's infirmities.

Thanks, as we said, to the exertions of the saint, in behalf of the structure from which it takes its name, the city of the tumble-down bridge, is as flourishing a place as any other market-town in the Apennines. It lies deep in the valley, in a snug hollow, sheltered on three sides, cloaked and blanketed, as it were, in the deep folds of its bold mountain-range. Up to their summits the hills are one vast chestnut and olive forest. The vineyards bloom on the lower eminences; corn-fields and pasture-grounds spread to the south-west, immediately below the town. A few white dots glimmer through the dense ever-green mantling the heights. These are the church-steeple of Vignola, Bagnone, Filatiera, and other less important hamlets of the district. Else nothing interrupts the sameness of that luxuriant vegetation. The very torrents glide or dash down unseen into the main stream of the Magra—unseen, though by their wild rattling crash, perpetually enlivening the stillness of their Alpine solitude.

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Pontremoli is a town of one thousand houses, or *fuochi*; for hearths are a well-known and most desirable luxury in that high region. Every third house is a wine-shop, or else a nobleman's palace. Often, indeed, the publican's oak-branch hangs on the same door by the side of the patrician's marble escutcheon, for the vineyards of the district are a common source of wealth to great and small, and the broken-down lord disdains not to improve his finances by transacting a little business in the vintner's line, through the agency of his butler or steward, in his own premises.

From one corner to the other of the peninsula, Italy is rich in poor nobles. Every village and hamlet, especially in the mountains, has its own nursery of these parasitic weeds. Half-starved counts, and penniless marquises, idle, proud, overbearing in proportion to their insignificance. They are the remnants of the feudal families, which were driven from the towns and plains in republican times. On their mountain-fastnesses they lingered in silence and obscurity, they fastened on their vassals like leeches, they bred like rabbits in their burrows. Together with the laws that swept down their half-obsolete lordly privileges, came the abolition of primogeniture which raised every branch to a level with the parent stem. Every puny lordling stood up, every inch a lord. The eldest brother once reduced to beggary, every cadet of either sex came in for a fair share in the patrimony. From the remotest epochs in medieval history, Lunigiana was the stronghold of Italian feudalism. The Malaspini and Pela-vicini, two kindred branches of the house of Este, were, as their names implied, Hard-skinners and Evil-thorns in the sides of their neighbours. But, on the earliest decline of feudal power, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the most generous and enterprising—perhaps also the most needy—members of those families had emigrated to the free cities of Lombardy, Liguria, and Tuscany, there to bring their high blood and mettle to bear on the scramble for honour to which free institutions opened so ample a field; till by their strenuous exertions they re-asserted a power which ephemeral republicanism had wrenched from them. As leaders of the burgher nobility those regenerated patricians held up their head throughout every phasis of Italian decline; and their descendants at the present day, the numerous branches of the Malaspina and Pallavicino (for so they have softened their appellation from its first villanous meaning) enjoy as much consideration as rank and wealth can, in an enslaved country, afford them above the mass of their fellow-bondmen.

But a sprinkling of both races, together with other houses of less conspicuous descent, always tarried behind; clinging to their native warrens on the Apuan hills with the tenacity of the craven vermin, they have been before compared to; parading their quarters before the gaping rustics of that primitive district, greeting each other with the empty titles their petty sovereigns doled out to them, and giving themselves airs as the *crème de la crème*, the elder branches, the indigenous and genuine aristocracy of the land.

Their ancestors' eyries and rookeries on the Apennine crags were too stately and spacious, or else too bleak and uncomfortable for the stunted and dwindled race, and the sinking fortunes of later generations. A sense of insecurity in their isolated position in olden times, and subsequently that social instinct which impels the Italians to huddle together in their crowded cities, gradually led the lords of Lunigiana to shift their homes to Pontremoli, where, as we have seen, their mansions, in every

style of building since the flood, in every state of unrepair, rose up in every direction along the straggling main street of the town. There, draining their vineyards to the last drop, felling their woods to the last stick, and grinding their tenants to the last farthing; haggling and wrangling with money-lending locusts who eat them out of house and home, they labour hard to keep up what they call the lustre of their family—a mere rush-light at the best, which they are compelled to hide under the bushel of a remote and most insignificant province.

A few of the most thriving do, indeed, contrive to diversify their paltry existence by spending a Christmas or carnival season at Parma, at Florence, at any of the minor capitals, either as a better sort of upper lacqueys at court, or as spungers and hangers-on at some of their namesakes, and more than questionable relatives. But the travelled members are rare in the community; whilst the vast majority, penury-bound, rise, fall, and rot on the spot, as irremovable as the piers of their paralytic old bridge, ever since good Nepomuck put his miraculous veto on their locomotive propensities.

It would be long to enumerate the causes which contribute to render this otherwise fertile and happy valley a true Abyssinian retreat, a kind of Italian Krähwinkle—a hot-bed of hobbies, of silly old notions, which everywhere else have given way, like noxious old weeds, under the hasty tread of civilisation. In the first place, the district is literally and materially inaccessible. There is no way into it. Poor Napoleon (that wag of "Boz" all the time wondering why the Italians should cherish his memory) had done a job for them; and that was a job in his own style. From the Lombard plain, across the Apennine pass of La Cisa, up to the very gates of Pontremoli, he had driven a military road, which was to be prolonged as far as the Mediterranean to the Gulf of Spezia. In beauty and magnificence, no less than in expense and difficulties overcome, the work had little to envy the more renowned achievement of Mount Cenis and the Simplon. The traces of the gigantic enterprise are still recent, enormous chasms in the rocks testifying the strife by which man asserted his sway over stubborn nature; the blasted crags bearing still on their brow the scars and bruises where the fire and sword had struck, as they rose frowning and threatening astride the path, and grappled with all the might of the hundred-handed conqueror; the furrows of the mine still black with the gunpowder which blew the very bowels of the mountain asunder—and along their yawning gaps the trickling waters of the Alpine springs, which, frozen in their fall by the northern blast on a winter's morning, hang on the sable rock in myriads of icicles, all sparkling in the rising sun like diamonds on a suit of jet.

All labour lost! Napoleon's successors, to whom a road is an infernal machine, suffered the whole to fall into ruin, and the ill-fated Pontremolese remained there up to the period we are now describing, as effectually shut out of the world as the early colonists of Greenland, since the last European mariners were hopelessly driven back from their ice-bound, inhospitable coast.*

The entrance to the valley, moreover, is, especially on its more practicable side, guarded by dragons, dragoons, gaugers, and crocodiles, Scribes and Pharisees, bugbears of the very worst description, stopping the luckless traveller at every corner of the road (such as it is), ransacking his trunks,

* The road has been since restored and continued as far as Sarzana and La Spezia.

and rummaging his pockets, in search of salt, tobacco, bibles, lucifer-matches, and other treasonable matters ; vexing, perplexing, worrying him to death with questions, cross-questions, and catechisms, as to his name, surname, nick-name, country, and business ; testing the soundness of his opinions of all things in general, and of the government of his serene highness, their liege sovereign, in particular.

Of these abominable political turnpike gates, these lurking-places, whence blackguards in tattered uniforms level their carbines at you with,

D——n your eyes, your passport or your life,

no less than ten are to be met along the distance of scarcely as many miles between Sarzana and Pontremoli ; for the ducal and royal cloaks of those diminutive potentates being made up of patches of ancient feudal estates, their extreme borders are so miserably jagged and dovetailed into each other, that any man with reasonable length of limbs, is sure to get over a new frontier at every stride, and if we recollect that no less than three of these irksome station-houses bear the redoubted cognisance of Este, and acknowledge the sway of that beau-ideal of despotic Quixotism, the Duke of Modena (now deceased, but only in the flesh, for he has left a son behind him), we may easily conceive that the most enterprising tourist—a very Trollope—would give up the excursion in despair ; a journey to Timbuctoo, or an expedition to the North Pole being mere child-play to it.

Morally and physically, thus boxed up in their snuggeries, secure from the intrusion of even English curiosity, forgetting and forgotten, these blessed people build up a universe in their Lilliputian community. They measure the human race by the only known standard, their own. The highest in the land are the biggest of men. The very Gulliver, in their own estimation, is the Marchese Pavese de Negri, whose palace has a whitewashed front, and whose family coach rumbles along in all the majesty of *chasseur* and postilion.

For, be it kept in mind, state-carriages are known in Pontremoli ; though no other vehicles are. A few second-hand, antediluvian berlines—a something between a four-post bedstead and a lord mayor's barge—followed in the train of miners and sappers at the time of the construction of the Napoleonic high road. These got stranded, as it were, in the valley, since all communication with what "Eothen" calls the "wheel-going world," was ultimately broken up ; at these, a knowing village cooper has been hammering, tinkering away ever since, to fit them for parading machines for the flower of the nobility of Lunigiana—and these may yet be seen, and better heard, regularly of an afternoon, creaking, squeaking, calling out a thousand murders, as they do duty on the Corso—a round level drive by the water-side, a kind of stadium about five furlongs in diameter, around which their Pontremolese mightinesses may be seen pompously unbuckling, ducking, and *salaaming* at each other, with the rotatory assiduity of poor caitiffs doing penance at the treadmill.

There are some Pavese living in considerable affluence at Parma, and there is one Gian Carlo de Negri in Genoa, an accomplished and good-natured *millionaire*. But the Marquis in Val di Magra is *the* Pavese de Negri. His namesakes in the two above-mentioned towns are new men—things of yesterday—merely irrelevant veins unaccountably straying from the main artery, but he is the heart of hearts, the stagnant puddle of the life-blood of both families. The whirlwind of fortune may drive mere scatterlings abroad : dry leaves, withered branches, ever ready to fly be-

fore the blast. But the good old trunk is rooted to the ground—proof against hurricanes. The strongest inducements to migrate have been held out to him by allied courts—ay, and to each of his ancestors before him. His own father was called to fill the all-important function of head cheese-grater to his maccaronic majesty. His present highness of Lucca wished to trust him—the noble marquis himself, with the golden snuffers and extinguishers of the royal bed-chamber. But the Pavesi de Negri were used to hold a court of their own. They were in themselves a potentate. Can Lunigiana subsist without the Pavesi de Negri? was not their lordly ascendancy still paramount in the province? were not its interests for ever identified with those of the house?

It cost troubles, he might say, and vexation of spirit, to keep up the house to any thing like its original stand,—anxieties of which mere city lordlings have not the faintest idea. They, who scruple not to dirty their yellow kid gloves in trade, and turn a penny out of life-assurances and straw-bonnet factories, little conceive what it is to scrape together one's revenue out of oil flasks and goat-skins of wine—to get one's own out of ploughman, vine-dresser, and muleteer's clutches, now the villains insist on having as much right to their day's wages as their landlord has to their day's work; to drive it into the thick skulls of our Lombard customers that acid wine makes the coolest beverage, and rancid oil the most savoury seasoning; to make a stand against free-thinkers and liberals, who cut parson and pope, cry "A fig for the Lent-Bull," and, the sacrilegious dogs!—fry their fritters in lard!

The wonder is, what becomes of half the specie in Europe! The English, grovelling shopkeepers—have got a loadstone for all the coined metal on earth: they spin, they steam, they fag, they barter the very air of heaven for gold—and—serves them right—Midas-like, they starve in their wealth.

Money! money! where is all the money of Italy gone to? Here stands a marquis, the tallest and broadest in the land—the oldest in the world, his name the very title-page in the golden book, his coat-of-arms a very menagerie, with half-a-score granite peaks in the mountains, a wilderness of woodland, lots of dismantled castles, swarms of servants, three hundred and sixty-five windows to his palace—and never a blessed *scudo* to cross himself with!

And precisely at this conjuncture—with the *marchesino* coming of age! The son—the only son—the only possible son! for be it understood, the Pavesi de Negri can be no more than two in the world—have been no more for eighteen generations. His stately marchioness—rest to her disdainful soul!—could hold the lioness's language to all those common sows, the mothers of mankind, "we breed but once in our life, but 'tis a lion's whelp is on the straw."

The *marchesino* coming of age! The consummation of one-and-twenty years longings! the lordly cub licked into the full-grown brute!

With all the bustle, the scraping, and scouring at the Casino, nine-and-ninety tapers on the grand chandeliers! twenty-one *mortaletti*—three-pounders every one of them, to be fired away on the market-square at sunset, and ices and rockets, and fiddles and ribbons, and fountains running with malmsey! And in so great an emergency, in sight of so ruinous a lavishness, of such unprecedented largesses, never a poor *paolo*, never a rascally *quattrino* to carry on the war.

The noble marquis was indeed in a most lamentable pickle. Not an inch of land unmortgaged, not a blade of corn unsold in the grass. In-

deed, the most available part of the property had long since sunk into that bottomless whirlpool of expenditure—the family pride. His town mansion—with more windows, forsooth, than shutters—bald rocks and close-shaven forest lands, thin pastures on the bleak mountain-crest, was all that remained of his ancestral acres—the mere shell of what had at no time been the fattest of oysters.

He had no family to provide for, it is true, for his only son—whelp, as he loved to designate the “heir,” about whom all the fuss was now going on—had been brought up at those aristocratic workhouses the Collegio de’ Nobili at Parma, and the Reggimento Savona at Genoa, in the former of which he had, through the interest of his relatives, been presented with a scholarship, in the latter with a commission.

But his hall swarmed with all manner of nondescript domestics, his staff of attendants, from scullion to major-domo could vie in numbers and high-sounding titles with the court of a German mediatised prince of moderate pretensions. Provincial servants in Italy are, we will acknowledge, tolerably well-trained to the starving system, which they see is equally the order of the day with their betters. Still they all cost more than they are worth; all have a back to be decked in the pepper and snuff colours of the Pavesi livery; all have a mouth—often mouths—whose cravings are not always to be hushed with all the harvest of the half-score Apennine peaks in their patron’s dominions.

What of it? Are they not, most of them, house-bred menials: children’s children of his grandfather’s flunkys: the natural dependencies of a patrician household? Had not the Pavesi of old even a regular fool in their pay? And would he not have one, if love or money could procure the genuine article?

Nor could all this idle gang suffice to pamper the pompous inanity of the infatuated spendthrift. Horses and hounds, game preserves, deer-houses, and even a Swiss chalet and dairy, all that could cause an outlay without the faintest hope of return, was entertained with proportionate magnificence; all the luxuries of discomfort, all that could be found most unprofitable, most unamusing, most incompatible with a man in the marquis’s cheerless position; the toils, the burdens, the embarrassments, all of grandeur but the substance, must be got, no matter how much at the expense of his peace of mind, of his credit and self-respect.

Nor was it even the yearly expenditure that drew the deepest on his impoverished exchequer. Unbounded liberality, he flattered himself, would command the homage that hardly power exacted in feudal times. The surly boors of Lunigiana must be fuddled into their former allegiance. Christmas and carnival, harvest and vintage witnessed a yearly course of periodical orgies in the palace-yard. Every birth, marriage, and death, and the anniversary of all such events, was signalled by a *cuccagna* and *corte bandita*; Anglice, cauldrons of macaroni, butts of wine, riots, bon-fires, fighting, dancing, profusion, utter confusion. The christening and confirmation, the breeching and coating of the marchesino, had already given rise to noise and waste without limit. But the solemnisation of his twenty-first birthday was to out-do all former doings. The young lord had been summoned home from his winter-quarters more than three months ago. He had been paraded from house to house, and along every lane and alley in all the glitter of his regimental finery. He had been hailed with blessings from every cottage-door as a bonny lad and comely. Expectation was on the tiptoe for something little short of a miracle on

his being ushered into manhood ; and the fond marquis-father was fully bent on over-shooting the mark of popular anticipation, were he to sink palace and rocks in the effort.

By a dexterous stroke of policy, however, he had removed one-half of the difficulty of his enterprise. The auspicious ceremony was to be of a public character. From the stately halls and courts of the Pavesi mansion, the scene was to be shifted to the market square of the town and to the *Casino*, or club of the nobles. The lonesomeness of his widowed position, happily afforded him a good pretext for excluding the fairest and most ornamental part of the community from his invitations, and the choice of the Casino, inviolable ground to any but the privileged few, left no choice to the honest burgesses of the middle classes, but either to join the revelling mob on the square, or give up all participation in the pageant.

At Rome, Milan, or Naples, and in other large towns, Casinos have either been abolished, or, like English clubs, rendered accessible to all that can afford the outlay of the subscription fees. Thanks to natural good sense, or, perhaps, also to a sense of their utter helplessness and insignificance, the Italian patricians have, in all civilised places, accommodated themselves to their fallen fortunes, and are by far the most affable, most civil and agreeable of all European aristocracy. Endeavouring, some of them, to win by their accomplishments, their patronage to talent, popular manners, and the adoption or affectation of liberal principles, a distinction which they are aware, is no longer attached to their beggarly titles, they seem anxious, above all things, to evince their readiness to waive all pretensions, to court admission into, and amalgamation with, all that education and good-breeding has raised to their level: so that a man of genius, an artist, or even a professional man, is not only tolerated, but eagerly sought after, honoured, and *fêted* in their circles.

It is only in some unknown nook and backward corner, such as Bagnacavallo or Scaricalasino, in Romagna, some paltry *castello* in the marches, or the Calabrias, some unexplored mountain district, such as we have described Lunigiana, that Casinos are still extant, with all the narrow-minded *morgue* and petulance that gave them rise. It was the boast of the aristocratic lounge, named the "*Casino Apuano*," at Pontremoli, that it had never been soiled by the sole of a commoner's shoe. It was the House of Lords of the mighty oligarchy of Val-di-Magra, and, as such, only open to every male of a titled family on his reaching his majority. Admission into the immaculate premises was tantamount to the donning of the senatorial *Toga* at Rome. Florestan Pavesi de Negri, the hope and pride of our vain-glorious marchese, was, therefore, to be made both a man and a nobleman of in the evening.

The brushing up, lighting, and warming of that revered sanctuary of patrician conceit, the refreshments for the noble peers, and the coarser festivities for the rabble outside would most probably doom the "*happiest of parents*" to a disbursement of some thousand crowns. Contractors for provisions had already been appointed and settled with. Malandrino, the one-eyed landlord of the "*Crab*," and Spungino, the confectioner and *acquacedrataio* of the "*Chequers*," had already received orders to an enormous amount. The main spring to set all these wheels in motion was alone wanting; the marquis being in that sad predicament, which his countrymen humorously express by "*lacking twenty shillings to make a pound.*"*

* Gli mancan venti soldi a far una lira.

To extricate himself from his irksome embarrassment, he had no resource left but a visit, which he had, unwisely, put off till the eleventh hour—a visit to that most dreaded, yet most inevitable, of his acquaintance, an unsafe friend, though a near relative, as the English familiarly designate him—a visit to his money-lender, the Genoese, Girolamo Quartin.

Girolamo Quartin was a character in his way. A good-natured, open-handed—a mere *amateur* usurer. He had started in life as a muleteer, and had thriven in that line, owing to his honesty, punctuality, no less than to the inexhaustible kindness which made him ever ready for a good turn to a neighbour, and the humour which was never at fault with a hearty joke for every mountain lass in his beats. With a good round sum of money, fairly come by, and the warm wishes of all who knew him, he had, later in life, settled at Pontremoli, together with a niece, by adoption a daughter, by name Teresina, a Ligurian beauty, black-haired and black-eyed, breathing fire from her pouting lips, like a walking Vesuvius in miniature.

Exorbitantly rich as the retired muleteer was surmised to be, he had always repulsed the insinuations of those who wished him to become a landed proprietor. His ambition had a higher aim. He made himself the landlords' lord. He did not hang the three golden balls on his door, for he scorned to levy his taxes on the poor. But he opened a bank to the by far more needy aristocrats whom he loathed and despised, and delighted by his long-withheld relief, to tantalise, to torture, to humble to the dust.

Of all the debt-eaten bankrupts among his titled customers, none was so deep in the Genoese's books as our own munificent marchese; none that the usurer had more discretionally in his clutches—none, we must add for justice's sake, he loved to nettle and chafe, to snub and to bully, with a more ingenious refinement of cruelty.

Every negotiation for a fresh supply of cash amounted to a positive fight between lender and borrower, a fight, too, in which the latter was invariably worsted; for independent of his position as a suppliant, he knew the Genoese knave had an easy nonchalance, a quiet sarcasm, with him, which grated on his thin-skinned vanity, stung and galled him more bitterly than the most open, most deadly affront.

For one of these dire encounters, the poormarquis, from necessity, nerved and brazened himself, on the morning of the memorable day. He sought for, and obtained admission into, the redoubted sanctum of the surly Plutus, and stood before him sick at heart with the qualms of loathing and misgiving.

Girolamo's counting-house had all the fantastic look of an old curiosity shop. It was a repository of antiquity, suits of armour, family pictures, and all the woful pomp of greatness departed; it comprehended, likewise, a dead and living museum of natural history. The shrieks of a couple of cockatoos perched on an iron-box, for the contents of which his lordship entered a suitor, assailed his ears on his entrance; and a whole tribe of monkeys, jabbering, chattering, taunting, and bantering, if their meaning were utterable, thronged around him.

Girolamo Quartin fed a legion of pets. His favours were equally shared by oviparous, and viviparous. Famed for humanity to the dumb part of creation in his former capacity of a mule-tamer, he had gained that ascendancy over them, which discerning kindness can alone secure,

even upon irrational creatures. He was loved even as he loved. He idolised, pampered, actually killed his "happy family" with kindness, but, by way of atonement, stuffed, spiced, embalmed, all but canonised them when dead. Dead or alive he treasured them, addressed them with the most indiscriminate affection.

Still it is difficult, we know even for the strictest lover of justice, to guard against the subtle temptations of partiality; and even Quartin had a Benjamin. This darling of darlings of his heart, was—tell it not to ears polite—a dapple donkey; but that was a clever, an erudite, a very phenomenon amongst donkeys.

For so many years a dealer in four-footed cattle, Quartin was deeply conversant with all their manners, instincts, and humours. He had established a gipsy-like understanding with them—talked with—read them. Against the cold-blooded philosophy, which denies horses and mules the blessing of a rational soul, Quartin produced, as a practical, irrefragable argument, his ass.

And a monster of abilities, to be sure, the animal was. People who have witnessed the prodigies of mathematical dogs and industrious fleas, may think little of his achievements; but the more unsophisticated rustics of Val-di-Magra stoutly declared the very devil must be at the bottom of his apish freaks and more than canine sagacity.

In the first place, Sibillin (for so his master styled him) would stand and walk on his hind legs, like any bear or monkey. He would answer to his name, and follow his master better than any mastiff. I am not sure he could not bray a tone like any German bullfinch; but this was well proved, that he could sit in an arm-chair, or a carriage, as any gentleman born.

O ye partisans of the omnipotence of education! Here was a well-disciplined individual of that most indocile, most stolid of all living species, whom his master had been able to drive in an open gig along the Strada Nuovo and Novissima, at Genoa, in the file of masquerading carriages, on the last carnival season, attired in a capuchin frock; and the impersonation was so high-finished, the illusion was so complete, that the deuce of a row there was that night at the convent, to make out which of the brethren had so far trampled on the rules of the order, as to appear on the Corso on so profane an occasion. True enough, the murder was out in the end, and Quartin was fain to smuggle himself and his long-eared mimic out of Genoa, beyond reach of the resentment of the outraged fraternity, and of the vengeance of the police. Still it was a masterly performance, and none who had witnessed it but must avow that the extamer of mules was fully justified in his predilection for the peregrine genius of his beast, and borne out in his Pythagorean theory.

He loved every individual in his ark-like establishment; but he was proud of the long-eared nurseling he had so successfully reared and trained from his tenderest colt-hood, and was often heard to say that Sibillin stood the highest in his good graces as a quadruped, even as Teresina was his all in all among bipeds.

The gifted creature was, however, absent at the time, being, in fact, engaged at a game of romps with the kitchen maid below stairs.

Some comparative silence being at last established among the feathered tribe, and the quadrumane having respectfully fallen back, at a beck from the charmer, the marquis, screwing up his courage to the sticking point, thus opened the negotiation.

"Well, Quartin, *compare* ! How wags the world with you, gossip ? You have heard the news, have you not ?"

"News, my lord," quoth the usurer. "News, to be sure. New moon 0 h. 10 min. 57 sec. Sol in Capricorn. Horns in the ascendant. Slippery times, my lord marquis, for fathers of families."

"There, there, always at your nonsense ! You are aware *this* is the evening, and must have expected my visit. Come !" he added, deeming it expedient to put on a bold face and carry his object by storm, "come, I am in your hands. Name your own terms ; a cool thousand will do my business."

Quartin looked at the noble demurely. He laid hand on the ponderous ledger that stood open before him, deliberately reading out of its pages.

"Marchese Pavesi de Negri, Lord of Fivizzano, Baron of Nebbiano, &c. &c., to Girolamo Quartin, money lender, and vulgarly called usurer, Dr."

"There, there, that'll do," again broke out the marchese. "Curse the book and curse its contents. I know how deep I am in your debt, you know on what security you stand. Every acre of land, every brick of my house has been pawned to you, but on my word—a nobleman's word—"

Quartin struck up a tune. It was a favourite air he was then imparting to a proficient blackbird.

"Come, Mary, warm my feet,
More wine, my love, more logs,
'Tis raining cats and dogs,
Dost hear the hail and sleet ?

"Do, Mary, warm my feet,
The fire is waxing low,
Give it a hearty poke ;
Burn alder, pine, and oak,
Do, Mary, warm my toe.

"Burn table, chair, and bench,
More logs, more wine, good wench,
The logs they must be dry,
The wine is better neat,
Come, Mary, warm my feet."*

The wrath of the marquis at this sally of the money-lending wag was only restrained by surprise. Quartin had hitherto masked his insolence under, at least, a thin vein of obsequiousness ; he had never so far forgotten himself in his exalted customer's presence. The latter was thunder-struck. For one moment he clenched his fist convulsively, and held it levelled at the nose of his unconcerned antagonist. He mastered his passion, nevertheless, and striking his hand harmlessly enough on the counter, he said, with as much stateliness as he could muster up in his smothered rage,

"Fellow, what do you mean ?"

"Simply this," said the fellow, with more earnestness. "Pawn your nobleman's word to your peers, with whom it may be current coin. As for me, I would as soon rely on the chattering of yonder macaw."

"Base-born hind," insisted the marquis.

* "*Mariana, scald' m' i pè ;
Mo scald 'm' ia ben v'lontera,*" &c. &c.

A popular old song in the north of Italy.

"Cool and friendly, lord marquis!" sneered the Genoese, "cool and friendly! I mean no offence, though I am, as our old women say, 'ugly and sincere,' and never disguise my mind. Base-born hinds trade not in noblemen's words; you have said it—you are in my power. I lift up my finger, and behold, the lord marquis exchanges his dismantled ghost of a mansion for a snug cell in the town-gaol. But I am mild and forbearing, as the most vicious of my mules may testify. I am magnanimous, and I'll come to an understanding with your lordship."

The marquis breathed.

"That's sensibly said; name your terms," said he.

"Behold, my lord marquis," continued the late muleteer, in a softer tone, but underneath which seemed still to lurk a mischievous leer, as if he revelled in the thought of the wound he was adroitly and measuredly going to inflict. "I have a niece—I should say a daughter. She is clever, well-spoken, sensible, a blessing to me in my loneliness. She is an angel in the parlour, a cherub in the kitchen. Yet even this paragon, even this invaluable treasure shall I part with for your lordship's sake."

The marquis gaped with amazement.

"For *my* sake?" he echoed.

"Hear me out, lord marquis," the Genoese went on. "Teresina, the giddy thing, is lost to me. I have been at great pains to make out what could be the matter with her. Dumb brutes speak plainly enough to a man of understanding, but a lass is a riddle even to a mule-tamer of five-and-twenty years' standing. Not to weary your lordship, I have dived into her secret.

"Well, sir, she has eyes in her head and goes to mass of a Sunday—that means she saw, she was seen. There has been sighing, guitar-strumming, and at last *cicisbe-ing** underneath her chamber-window. One night, Sibillin, my favourite, had caught the influenza, and I could not sleep. I heard it all.

"The gallant is a proper youth, truth must be spoken, and a well-behaved one. You would never name him the son of his father. But, hang it, my lord marquis, there's a father in the case. The boy is civil, off-handed, obliging; the father is an old fool, a stickler for rank and birth, and all sorts of nonsense. The son has seen the world, and the starch has been properly rubbed out of him; the father looks stiff, prim, all-of-a-piece, as if he had swallowed a poker.

"The young spark's attentions, I argued, can bode no good to the usurer's child, and full of the thought I loaded my blunderbuss, and, by the God that is above us, I meant to shoot him down like the marten at the door of my poultry-yard.

"Thank Heaven, I thought twice about it. I stepped up to him, had a long talk with him. I have already said it, the lad is a likely lad, and means well by Teresina. He stands in awe of his father, but the young folks are both young, and the mar—the father is not immortal. Well, my lord, the rogue must rob me of my child, and right welcome is he to her. I have as good as promised—pawned her to him. Yet a few months, and these poor monkeys and Sibillin are all that will be left to cheer me in my old age."

* *Cicisbeo*, *cicisbeare*, imitative words from *ci ci*, conveying the sound of the soft whisper of love. *Cicisbeo*, in Italian, means a *gallant*, a *beau*, in the most general sense of these words. It is only the malignity of foreigners that has perverted the term, and construed it into a "dangler about married women."

The marquis looked sadly perplexed, but an instinctive shudder began to creep through his veins. Had he, indeed, rightly guessed the bold usurer's drift?

"The cream of the joke, your lordship," concluded the villain, almost chuckling in the midst of the maudlin sentimentality he had hitherto affected, will be when his lord—when the lad's father comes to hear of it. He'll kick and flounder in a handsome style, the vicious old brute, I warrant you. But I hold him, curb and snaffle, secure in my hands, chained like a buffalo with a ring through his nose. I can make or mar him, and, mark you, this evening must settle. This evening his pride meets with its fall, or else he drinks with me a health to the betrothed: long life and wedded happiness—to Florestan and Teresina! You comprehend me, lord marquis?"

The lord marquis might, himself, have repeated the question. Did he really understand the *roturier's* meaning? His head swam as in dizziness; he reeled and swang backwards and forwards, blinded, maddened. His rage, at last, was too much for him. Gnashing his teeth, foaming at the mouth he rushed suddenly forward, and the lordly cane glanced in the air, and fell like a thunderbolt in the direction of the devoted head of the offender. Girolamo was however on his guard, and by a timely dodge evaded the blow. At the same moment a huge old ourang-outang which had been moping unobserved in a corner during the colloquy, sprang at the nobleman's neck.

"Villain, murderer, low-born blood-sucker!" gasped the marquis, his passion towering even above the panic of that sudden assault. "Miserable miscreant, will you stand by and see me throttled in your presence by this monster?"

"Down, Jacko," shouted the money-lender, bursting into laughter, the moment he saw his antagonist out of danger. "You are not in the vein for business, my lord marquis, I see, nor are these faithful creatures tame enough to look on and see their master ill-used. I wish you a pleasant morning, my lord marquis, and a little more patience and gentleness. I vouch you will listen to reason ere night."

So saying, and picking from the ground a skirt of the nobleman's coat which had been torn from his back in the short but fierce skirmish, he handed it with a deep bow to the now crest-fallen lord, and opening the door for him with every show of ceremony, banged it lustily after him.

The evening brought with it discord, confusion, the devil to pay. The gunpowder (the marquis was made to understand) had got wet in the mortars on the first fall of the evening dew. The faggots for the bonfires seemed equally affected by the dampness of the atmosphere. The market-place remained obstinately, ominously, dark and mute. The inn-keeper of the "Crab" contended that, owing to the severity of the weather, or else to the terror of the festive artillery that did *not* go off, every drop of wine in his casks had turned as sour as the grapes in the fable, and the mob in the market-place, affected by the drought, and afflicted with a sudden sore throat, could muster no livelier shout, no heartier cheer, than a most jarring chorus of crowing, groaning, and hissing.

A volley of such disheartening greetings welcomed his lordship himself as he drove up to the portico of the Casino, in all the display of footmen and outriders, and it was with more hurry than dignity that he leaped from the carriage and shuffled himself in at the door to escape the light missiles which flew at him on all sides.

Here was traditional devotedness, reverence for rank, gratitude from the descendants of his forefather's vassals. One word had flown abroad ; the talisman bottled up in Girolamo Quartin's counter was not forthcoming, and behold the multitude yelled like the hyena disappointed of his prey ! The outraged nobleman cast a hurried glance behind him. Every thing without looked cheerless, dismal. None but the lowest rabble, shameless, senseless, bent on hostilities ! Over the way, on the opposite side of the square, black, hideous, rose the town gaol ; its foul birds grinning, grimacing, cracking their ribald jokes with their brethren below. The town gaol ! the dingy abode, accommodation in which, he had been told in the morning , was in readiness for himself at no distant period !

With a shudder of misgiving, the marquis rushed in. Darkness and sullenness equally awaited him inside the club house. It was now barely seven, indeed, and the meeting was appointed at eight. The *Amphitryon* of the day was glad of a few minutes to inspect the proceedings. But what proceedings, good heavens, what preparations ! The *caffettiere* of the "Chequers" was as inexorable, as surly, and crabbed as he of the "Crab." Heat had, it would seem, proved no less pernicious to the ices within doors, than the sharp frost to the malmsey-flowing fountains without. Every particle of snow had melted, every drop of *liqueur* in the Maraschino flasks had evaporated, and the reception of the marchessino, however interesting, would, most likely, turn out a very dry ceremony.

Now in Italy, no less than in England, whatever folk may think to the contrary, eating and drinking is the great business of life. Indeed the "Casino Apuano," with all the *prestige* of its name, was in fact a mere *Trattoria*, a better kind of cook and confectioner's shop, with a *bisca* or hell to it. The magnates of the land met there to treat each other *alla Romana*, that is, each paying his own share of the scot. There was a restaurateur and café attached to the establishment, and the consumers settled their scores as they could best.

Every chance for a supper or even for the meagrest *buffet* was at an end for the evening. It required all the eloquence of the distracted marquis to prevail upon the ill-humoured beadles to light as many tapers as would prevent the members striking their heads against each other. For, the chandeliers in the grand salon were only lighted on state occasions, and the head-waiter had not been told who he should look up to for damages.

The representatives of the ruling houses of Lunigiana gradually, meantime, began to drop in. The new candidate was to come last, and his father had directed him to tarry outside, while he was warming up his colleagues to a proper degree of enthusiasm in his behalf. The members were rather astonished than pleased at the hooting and pelting with which each had been saluted, on the mob-beleagured threshold. Many of them cast a suspicious look round the gloomy hall at the bare and desolate sideboards. An air of langour and discomfiture was depicted in their long faces, some of them had even husbanded their appetites for the solemnity. An eldest son, and an only son, was an important matter, no doubt, but a good, substantial, genial supper, was an object also. Indeed the two things were pretty well identified in their brains. One could not be without the other ; the presence of one could not make up for the other's absence.

Some of the most intimate friends of the marquis, however, strove to

The Casino.

smother their disappointment; so far as to make up to him with well-bred congratulations, and well-acted cordiality; till, recovering from the chill of despair that weighed down his spirits, the fond parent requested his friends to be seated, and proceeded to open the business of the evening.

Meanwhile, Florestano Pavesi de Negri, the innocent cause of all this distress and agony, had quitted his father's mansion, leisurely and reluctantly wending his way to the Casino.

A liberal education, a free intercourse with the world, a prolonged journey to the North, whither he had accompanied his Genoese relative, and perhaps natural gifts of sounder sense, had set him widely at variance with his father's obsolete notions. He was nowhere more ill at ease than amidst all the tawdry grandeur and pompous dulness of his ancestral dwelling. The father himself was even more surprised than delighted at the prolonged stay of his darling boy, in the present instance, unaware of the spell of Teresina's black eyes, by which all the wonder had been achieved.

During these three months of the young officer's furlough, the lovers had frequent interviews. Teresina's uncle was hardly just to her in his panegyrics of her charms. Teresina had a cultivated mind—the result of early education with her parents at Genoa; and a naturally radiant wit to set off those limited acquirements to ten times their positive amount; and the delighted Florestan was soon made aware that the low-born maiden might be, in every respect, a meet companion for a man of even higher pretensions than his own.

How far the young lord, with penury staring him in the face, might be also actuated by less romantic considerations of the money-lender's position, and of the probable reversion of his strong-box to his lovely niece need not here be discussed; neither shall we inquire to what extent, a malicious wish to inflict the deepest and most incurable wound on the old marquis, by inveigling his son into a *mésalliance* with the usurer's child, might have tended to enlist the latter in the lover's cause, and brought him to enter into their views with an alacrity that exceeded their brightest anticipations. Suffice it, that the very best understanding reigned between the trio; the old marquis's views being only by one of them, looked upon as a grave obstacle to the consummation of their common desire.

Full of these thoughts the enamoured youth tarried under the windows of his black-eyed maiden. He was tall and well-made, and wrapped as he was in the broad folds of his military cloak, his fine stature assumed gigantic dimensions in the deep shade of night. His cocked hat was lowered over his brow, and the lofty plume waved gracefully in the wind. Suddenly a streak of light darted through the Genoese's door, and danced fitfully over the frosty pavement. The broad, rubicund face of the money-lender shone on the threshold, animated with a grin of delight at having caught the lurker about his premises. He had been in ambush for him. He beckoned the youth in, pushed him through the entrance, and was soon heard bolting and barring the door from within.

Immediately he busied himself about his guest's comforts with an eagerness such as he had never before exhibited. He took his plumed hat from his head, disencumbered him of his cloak, took the sword from his side, as if constituting him his prisoner, and as he took one article after another from him, he threw them on his shoulder, put them under his arms, taking possession of them with a cunning look, as if he had some great design upon them. Finally, he led the way into his cheerful par-

lour, set the perplexed gallant by the side of his own blushing Teresa, bade him be merry and make himself at home, and left the fond couple to the enjoyment of their unlooked-for bliss, while he walked away carrying the youth's trappings along with him.

Half-past eight, nine, had in the meantime struck at the clock of the Casino, and the noble dotard was not yet at the end of his long-winded harangue. He had traced his genealogy as far back as the founder of the family, the first Florestano, who had slain in battle the King of Macoco, a mighty monarch from the very centre of Africa, who had crossed over to Italy in the suite of Genseric the Vandal, and as, agreeably to the manners of those chivalrous times, he had brought home with him the spoils of the vanquished, and ever afterwards wore on the battlefield the very *Pavese* or shield taken from the negro king—he had thus given origin to the patronymic appellation of Pavese del Negro, in which, with the very slightest possible modification, the family gloried to the present day. The orator proceeded to unfold the subsequent exploits of one hundred and fifty of the lineal inheritors of that proud name, and after a brief and modest allusion to his humble self, he launched out into the praises of the hopeful heir, the hero of the night, whom he described not only as a restorer of the glories of the house, but also as a vindicator of all the honours and privileges of the order his redoubted audience belonged to.

Here paternal and patrician emotion ran away with the noble speaker. Unconscious of the yawns, low but deep, that hunger and *ennui* forced from the very heart of his well-bred colleagues, unaware of the murmurs of the storming multitude outside, he prolonged his entangled and tautological peroration, till he no longer knew what fell from his lips.

A sense of uneasiness, of ill-dissembled impatience, wonder, and indignation at the Marchesino's unaccountable absence might be perceived in him, in the midst of all his warmth of delivery. He stole frequent hurried glances at the door, where his eye, however, was only met by the impassible, stolid look of the head-beadle. He shifted his posture from right to left, he fretted and fidgetted. A thought, a terrible one, shot through his head,—that the rabble—that Quartin—that the enemy might have waylaid, arrested,—who knows? murdered the expected one.

At last he came to a sudden pause. There were footsteps in the vestibule; a black panache was seen waving on the threshold. "Here he is!" exclaimed he, no longer attempting to master his feelings; and with the quickness and springiness of his better days, he bounded from his elevated station, and rushed to the candidate's rencounter.

Every eye was naturally turned in the direction of the new comer. The youth, hitherto a mere boy, and permanently domiciled abroad, was utterly unknown to many in the assemblage; and the father's exaggerated encomiums had set expectation on the utmost stretch.

The new candidate stepped forward all wrapped in his ample cloak, without removing his plumed shako: the heavy tramp of his iron heel resounded fiercely on the marble floor, and his ponderous falchion formidably rattled and clattered after him. There was staggering in his tread, which the already prepossessed bystanders attributed to his filial emotion. He held his hands stretched forwards towards his aged parent, and clumsily enough, truth to say, he hobbled and blundered up to him. The

marquis, however, went two-thirds of the way to meet him, and fell, almost sobbing, into his outstretched arms.

With as sudden a movement, however, after the first hug, he drew back in dismay. He uttered a cry of alarm: cold drops of sudden horror oozed from his countenance.

There was universal amazement: many of the nobles moved forward: the marquis threw himself in the arms of the nearest.

Suddenly the new member, as if enjoying the consternation he had created, lifted up his dark countenance from the folds of his mantle: he gazed haughtily, scornfully round, and broke out into a tremendous, triumphant Hee-haw!!

It was Sibillin, Girolamo's versatile friend, the phoenix of donkeys!

And behold, as with the shifting of scenes at a melodrama, in, after the donkey, came the donkey-master, in, after him, howling, roaring, bawling, streamed the tag-rag and bobtail. Taken by surprise, the illustrious members jumped up from their seats. They thronged like sheep, now to one corner, now to the opposite, anywhere, far from the contact of the unwashed invaders. The contest never lasted a minute. Out at the back-doors, out at the windows, vanished the routed aristocracy. The mobocracy had for once carried the day.

Our friend the marquis alone held his ground, being too far out of his senses to think of escape. A fatal suspicion as to his son's fate lingered also in his mind, in the midst of all that dismal turmoil.

"My son?" he cried out to Girolamo. "Villain, what has become of my son?"

"Safe enough, my lord marquis," said the Genoese. "My Lord Florestan sends his best compliments, and begs to acquaint your lordship, that he is now face to face with Teresa, whilst the parish priest of Vignola is splicing the noose for them."

"Base traitor!" exclaimed the old lord, as he made hastily for the door. "My carriage! what ho! my domestics!"

"Your lacqueys and carriage send also their respects. The latter sequestered at my bidding: the former in quest of new masters. And, my lord marquis, the bailiffs have possession of the palace since sunset. At sunrise the execution begins."

The marquis hurried from the spot followed by a yell of derision. The rabble went steadily to work. Malandrino and Spungino issued from the multitude, and the land soon flowed with milk and honey.

On the orgie that ensued, we beg that a veil may be drawn.

The marquis found the information imparted by the blunt money-lender perfectly correct. That night he had no roof left to lay his head under. He slept at a friend's and arose another man—from sheer necessity, a wiser man in the morning. He sanctioned the young people's union. The wreck of his property was restored unencumbered to him. He insisted, however, that his son and bride, no less than the hated donkey-trainer, should forthwith remove from Pontremoli. With this condition they complied, and the three, together with the immortal Sibillin, are now thriving at Chiavari.

Neither the marquis himself, nor any of his colleagues, ever again set foot on the desecrated shrine of their idle pastimes. The club-house was let out to the police for a station-house, and, as far as regards Pontremoli, there is an end for ever of the Casino.

THE ALCALDE OF ZALAMEA.

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

FROM THE SPANISH OF CALDERON DE LA BARCA.

THE extracts from this drama are translated on a principle different from that adopted in the preceding tales. The ordinary blank verse, hitherto employed, gave them a similarity to the works of the old English dramatists, which, while it tended to make them popular, deprived them of their national peculiarity. The *measure* now is that of the originals. The rhyme peculiar to Spain, which is known as the *Rima asonante* has been disregarded, for its adoption would involve a difficulty perhaps insurmountable, and even if it were surmounted no effect perceptible to an English ear would be produced. But where rhyme, generally so called, has been adopted by the author it is also used here, and the rhymes occur in the same order as in the original. The labour of translation is much increased by this method—the same adopted by a counoisseeur of the Spanish drama, who wrote in “Blackwood” some years ago, and from whose versions I took the hint for improvement,—but it has the great advantage of exhibiting to the reader an important distinction between the English and the Spanish dramatists, namely, the variety of metre which the latter employs, and which always gives to his work something of a lyrical character.—J. O.

CHAP. I.

THE noise and bustle of the Spanish army on the march of Philip II. to take possession of his newly-acquired kingdom of Portugal, may be easily conceived from the following dialogue, in which Rebollo, a soldier, Chispa, a woman attached to him, and one or two other soldiers are the speakers.

Rebollo.—May a curse upon him fall,
Who thus makes us march apace,
Trudging on from place to place
Without rest.

All.— Amen, say all.

Rebollo.—Are we but a gipsy throng,
That we tramp in such a manner,
Following a roll'd up banner
And a drum?

First Soldier.— Complaints again !

Rebollo.—Which awhile its tumult ceasing
Grants us all the mighty blessing,
Not to split our heads in twain.

First Soldier.—Prithce, grumble not so fast ;
For our trouble and vexation,
We shall find a consolation
In our quarters, man, at last.

Rebollo.—If I die upon the way,
What are quarters, man, to me?
Or if living I should be,
Will they lodge me—who can say?
The alcaldes—this I know—
Will inform the commissary,
That if we no longer tarry,
All the needful hey'll bestow.

He will say at first, no doubt,
 There's no chance of his complying,
 For the soldiers all are dying.
 If they bring their money out,
 He says: Soldiers, we're forbidden
 By an order to remain,
 We must march away again.
 So we trudge off, roughly ridden,
 We must all comply, you see,
 With this order melancholy,
 Which makes *him* a monk, most jolly,
 But a mendicant of me.
 So, if Zalamea sees us
 In its walls to-night, I swear
 That when once I'm station'd there,
 If to march on they should tease us,
 You will have to go without me;
 In my lifetime o'er and o'er,
 I have run away before—
 I confess it—do not doubt me.

First Soldier.—By a miserable end
 Has the soldier often paid
 For such tricks, I am afraid;
 And the case it does not mend,
 That as general we have
 Don Lope de Figuerroa,
 Upon whom they all bestow a*
 Name as being stout and brave.
 But in dealing curses round,
 In his blasphemies and swearing,
 In his ranting and his tearing
 He's unrivall'd I'll be bound.
 He's a judge who hates delay,
 Does his business at a stroke.

Rebolledo.—Now, my masters, that's no joke,
 Still I'll stick to what I say.

Second Soldier.—Faith, is this a cause for bragging?

Rebolledo.—'Tis not for myself I fear,
 But for this poor creature here,
 Whom behind me I am dragging.

Chispa.—Señor Rebolledo, no—
 Such anxiety I scorn.
 Bearded was my soul when born,—
 You have known it long ago.
 Quite insulting is your fear,
 I have join'd the army sure,
 Ev'ry labour we endure,
 With a gallant heart to bear.
 Had I wish'd a life of ease,
 Surely I was most short-witted,
 When the Regidor I quitted.
 He had plenty if you please,
 There was not a month that pass'd,
 But of gifts he had a store,
 And there's many a Regidor
 Who don't hold his purse too fast.
 So, my boys, you see me here,
 Marching on with Rebolledo,
 Fit to do whate'er I may do,
 Without flinching, without fear.
 Give yourself no care about me.

* Gentle reader, I know as well as you that "bestow a" is a queer ending of a line, but before you are too wrathful find a rhyme for "Figuerroa," without mentioning a boa-constrictor or the name of a person or place. Nor am I at all sure that something of doggerel does not accord with the spirit of the original.—J. O.

Rebolledo.—Nay, by Heav'n above, I swear,
You are crown of all the fair.

Soldier.—That's a truth, man, never doubt me,
Long live Chispa !

Rebolledo.— Yes, bravó !

And the sentiment I double,
If to cheer us in our trouble
As we up hill—down hill go,
She will chant a lively stanza,
Making all the air resound.

Chispa.—Your petition, sir, has found
In the castanet its answer.

Rebolledo.—Ay, and I will take a share,
So you'll all look out, my hearties,
And give sentence on the parties.

Soldier.—Bravo, man, you've spoken fair.

(*Rebolledo and Chispa sing.*)

Chispa.—I am, titiri, titiri, tina,
Flow'r of the jacarandina.*

Rebolledo.—I am, titiri, titiri, taina,
Flow'r of the jacarandaina.

Chispa.—Let the Ensign march to battle,
And the Captain, off go he !

Rebolledo.—Those may kill the Moors who like it,
Moors have done no harm to me.

Chispa.—Knock the peel about the oven,
Bread in plenty there must be.

Rebolledo.—Hostess, quick, and kill a chicken,
Mutton don't agree with me. (*End of song.*)

Soldier.—Here's the tow'r, so sing no more,
Though the music which you sung,
In my ears so sweetly rung,
I regret the journey's o'er.
But, however, as you knew,
Here we all are forced to stay.

Rebolledo.—Is that Zalamea, pray?

Chispa.—That the belfry soon will show.
Do not, sir, so much regret,
That my song so soon is o'er,
Plenty of occasions more
There will be to hear it yet.
This is most enlivening,
That when all in every case,
Love to show a weeping face,
I, in every case can sing.

Now the sergeant of the company had discovered, in the town of Zalamea, a remarkably pretty peasant girl, and wishing to oblige his captain, Don Alvaro de Ataide, had contrived that the latter should be quartered on her father, Pedro Crespo. This man, though belonging to the peasant class, possessed immense wealth, and was, moreover, as particular about his family honour as the highest noble in Castile. To the courteous he was courteous in return, but to a rough address he would invariably return a rough answer, without caring a *maravedí* for the rank of the person addressing him. Among his fellow-townsmen he was greatly respected, and was capable of holding the highest municipal offices.

This same Pedro Crespo, as a loyal subject of his most Catholic Majesty Philip II., could not but be too happy to lodge in his house the soldiers in the service of that virtuous monarch. But while determined to show his new guests

* "Jacarandina" signifies a troop of ragamuffins, and this sort of vagabond song is called a "Jacara."—J. O.

every hospitality, he thought it would be quite as well that they should see nothing of his daughter Isabel, whom, therefore, he put in a room at the top of the house, together with her cousin Ines. The damsel herself highly approved of this arrangement, for her notions of propriety were quite as rigid as those of her father. There was also a son, Juan, who thought exactly in the same way, and altogether the Crespo family was composed of exceedingly particular people, who held every thing like an affair of gallantry in the greatest abhorrence.

The precautionary measures with respect to Isabel, though unexceptionably proper, were considered exceedingly annoying by the gallant captain, who found he could not get a glimpse of the beauty of Zalamea. He did not indeed believe that Isabel would prove so lovely as the sergeant had described her, but at the same time he thought that an amour with his host's daughter would be a very agreeable method of filling up a spare hour. The first point was to get an opportunity of seeing her, and for this purpose he held a consultation with the soldier Rebolledo, whose gratitude he secured by promising to obtain for him and Chispa the right of opening a gaming-booth for the amusement of the army. It was decided that a sham quarrel should be got up between the captain and Rebolledo, and that the latter should fly for refuge to the women's apartment, whither the captain should follow him with a drawn sword.

The plan was carried into execution, and brought about a general uproar. Rebolledo and the captain were followed by old Crespo and Juan, the latter of whom at once saw through the trick, and began to quarrel with the captain in spite of the remonstrances of his father, who did not believe that any wrong had been intended. When the disturbance was at its height, and the captain and Juan had both drawn their swords, the stout old general Don Lope de Figuerroa, who had just reached Zalamea, heard the noise, and at once entered the house. Mildness, as we have seen, was by no means the characteristic of Don Lope, and on this occasion the pain he endured from a wound in the leg, caused him to be even less mild than usual. It was, indeed, most annoying, as he said, that the very first spectacle which presented itself on his entering the town was a quarrel between the inhabitants and the soldiers. In an ill-humour with all the parties, he told the captain and Rebolledo to remove instantly to another lodging, as he himself intended to remain in Crespo's house. The whole affair wound up with a violent altercation between the two old men, Crespo declaring that he would kill any soldier who made any attempt against his honour, and the general swearing that he would hang up on the spot any peasant who should lay a finger on a soldier. They separated in a state of mutual dissatisfaction; Don Lope, who was most renowned for his proficiency in swearing, being not a little astonished that he had found a peasant who could swear as well as himself.

CHAP. II.

ALTHOUGH the captain was removed from Crespo's house, the impression of the lovely Isabel had not been effaced from his mind. The sergeant, much as he had been struck by the girl's beauty, was greatly astonished that so wild a passion, as filled the heart of the captain, could be inspired by one single sight of her. But the captain replied :

Pray, what further cause could be
Than this one sole act of seeing !
All at once the glimm'ring embers
Blaze into a burning fire,
The abyss at once becomes
A sulphureous volcano.
All at once the flash is kindled,
Which destroys what it encounters,
All at once the roaring cannon
Vomits forth its load of horror,
Wonder not if all at once,
Love, which is a four-fold fire, ⁺
Lightning, cannon, noise, and flame,
Levels, burns, alarms, and wounds us.

Again consulting with his old allies, Rebolledo and Chispa, it was settled that a serenade should be played before Crespo's house, in order to allure Isabel to the window.

We are by no means surprised to find that Don Lope de Figuerroa and old Crespo, when better acquainted with each other, became remarkably good friends. Their positions were different, but their humours were congenial, and there was something in the rough old general's notions of discipline, which was not altogether dissimilar from the sturdy peasant's view of honour. In the evening Crespo entertained Don Lope in his garden, the beauties of which he thus described :

'Tis a pleasant little garden,
Which my daughter takes delight in—
Seat yourself: the gentle breezes
There are sounding through the leaves
Of these vines and verdant summits,
Full a thousand measures playing;
Keeping time by this clear fountain,
This guitar of pearls and silver;
Well-tuned strings are all the pebbles
Over frets of brightest gold;
Pardon if the only music
Is the sound of instruments
Without singers to delight you,
Without voices to amuse you,
For the little birds which warble,
Which alone are my musicians,
Do not love to sing at night,
And you know I cannot force them.

Even Isabel and Ines were allowed to join the party, and Juan was so anxious to follow the profession of a soldier, that he expressed a wish that Don Lope would take him under his special protection. While the different parties were conversing in a friendly manner, the sound of the serenaders was heard in the street. Don Lope, Crespo, and Juan, all rushed upon them, and a grand scuffle in the dark ensued, which ended in the intruders escaping, and Don Lope and Crespo engaging by mistake in single combat. On discovering their error they were amused, each having admired his adversary's skill in fencing. Finding that Captain Alonso's company had something to do with the disturbance, Don Lope ordered it to leave the town.

Prior to the departure of Don Lope de Figuerroa, who was to take Juan with him, the old peasant gave the following advice to his son concerning his future conduct :

Now, my son, while Señor Lope
 Is preparing for departure,
 Hear my counsel in the presence
 Of your sister and your cousin.
 By the grace of God, my Juan,
 You were born of lineage purer
 Than the Sun, although a peasant.
 Both the facts I choose to tell you.
 One, that you may never humble
 So your pride and noble spirit,
 As, desponding and faint-hearted,
 To, resign all thoughts of rising
 To be higher ; — And the other,
 That by vain and empty efforts,
 You may ne'er be cast down lower.
 To the two considerations
 Give an equal weight, yet humbly ;
 For if humble and right-minded,
 You will make the good remember'd
 You have done, and to oblivion
 Cast events which prove unhappy
 For the proud and overbearing.
 Many who the world have enter'd
 With some heavy stain upon them,
 Have, by humbleness removed it.
 Many who have enter'd stainless,
 Have in life become dishonour'd
 By their foolish want of foresight.
 Boy, be cautious above measure,
 Generous and open-handed ;
 Doff your hat, and spend your money,
 If you wish for friends in plenty.
 Far beyond the worth of gold
 Which the sun on Indian soil
 Breeds, and which the sea consumes,
 Is the love of all around you.
 Never lightly speak of women,
 For I tell you, the most humble
 Has a claim to veneration ; —
 After all, they gave us birth.
 Do not fight for ev'ry trifle ;
 For, when in the towns I see
 Many folks, who study fencing,
 To myself I often say ;
 This is not the sort of school
 We should have ; 'tis thus I reason ;
 'Tis not much to teach a man
 How to fight with skill and spirit.
 No, 'twere better far to teach him
 What to fight for. I declare,
 Were there but a single master
 Who would teach — not *how* to fight,
 But the proper cause for fighting,
 All would send their sons as pupils.

The departure of the general and Juan left Crespo's house in a defenceless condition against the attempt of Captain Alonso. Accordingly, when the old peasant was sitting in the open air with his niece and daughter, the captain, with his confidential soldiers, suddenly secured Crespo and Isabel, who were carried off different ways.

CHAP. III.

POOR Crespo was tied by the lawless soldiers to a tree, in which condition he remained till he was found by his daughter Isabel, who appeared in a state of the deepest distress. She insisted that her father, before she unbound him, should hear what had befallen her. The captain had taken her to a lonely place, and there had forcibly dishonoured her. Her brother Juan, whose horse had fallen, had chanced to be near the spot and immediately attacked and wounded the captain. The timid girl had fled from the scene of contention, fearing that her brother might slay her before she had explained that her misfortune had occurred without any guilty intention on her part. The story being told, she loosened her father from the tree, and desired him to kill her, but, convinced that she had meant no wrong, he simply told her to rise from her knees, and determined to return with her to his now melancholy home, and afterwards place her in a convent. On their way, they were met by an emissary from the municipal court of Zalamea, with the intelligence that Crespo had been elected alcalde, or local judge of the town. This officer, though chosen from persons of plebeian race, was armed with considerable power in his district.

The captain, who had been only slightly wounded by Juan, was unluckily brought by his sergeant to the town of Zalamea—and, moreover, into the very room where the municipal council was held. For these local authorities, however, the captain did not care, as he knew that, being in the service of the king, a council of war had alone the right to judge of any offences he might commit.

Crespo, with his staff of office as alcalde, entered the room, attended by the persons of his court. When he was in the presence of the man who had so deeply injured him in the tender point of family honour, he ordered his attendants to quit him, and requested the captain to dismiss his soldiers. They were now alone, and Crespo thus addressed the captain :

Having by my rank as judge
Exercised the power of office,
That to hear I might compel you,
Now I cast my staff aside,
And as one man to another
All my grief I wish to tell you.
(Casts aside the staff.)

Now we find ourselves alone,
Señor Don Alonso, now
Let us both discourse more clearly,
So that all the heavy sorrows
Which, at present, are imprison'd
In the dungeon of my bosom,
May not swell with such a force
As to break the bonds of silence.
Know I am an honest man,
Who if he his birth had chosen
Had not suffer'd—Heaven bear witness,—
E'en the slightest stain or blemish
In himself, if the ambition
Of his soul could have effaced it.
Even here among my equals
I have made them all respect me.
By assembly and by council

I am held in estimation.
 Wealth in plenty I possess,
 For there is not, thanks to Heaven,
 Any countryman more wealthy
 Than myself in any village
 Of the district. Then my daughter
 Has, I think, been educated
 With the purest reputation,
 Strictest discipline, and virtue
 In the world. Such was her mother,
 Whom may God preserve in heaven !
 Now I think it will suffice
 As a proof of this, señor,
 That I'm wealthy, and yet no one
 Snarls at me ; that I am modest,
 And that no one dares insult me.
 Bear in mind, too, that I live
 In a place of narrow compass,
 Where the greatest fault we have
 Is to tell about the vices
 And the faults of one another.
 Oh, I would to God, señor,
 That to know them were sufficient.
 That my daughter is most lovely
 Has been proved by your excesses,
 Though I scarce can keep from weeping
 With the deepest, bitterest anguish
 When I name them. We'll not quaff
 All the poison of the vessel,
 Something should be left for patience.
 Señor, we must not allow
 All by time to be accomplish'd ;
 Something we must do ourselves,
 If an error we would cover ;
 Now this error is most grievous,
 And though willing to conceal it,
 This I cannot do, God knows.
 If this wrong remain'd a secret
 Deeply buried in my bosom,
 I should act not as I'm acting,
 But to shun the pain of talking
 Should endure my grief with patience.
 If a remedy I seek
 For so palpable an insult,
 This demand for satisfaction
 Is no remedy, but vengeance.
 While from plan to plan I wander,
 I can find no more than one,
 Which for me is good—for you
 Far from ill ; mark, I would give you,
 From this moment, all my fortune ;
 Neither to support myself
 Nor my son, whom I will seize
 And before your feet will fling him—
 I will keep a single coin,
 We will be content with begging
 For subsistence, should there be
 Not another mode of living.
 If you wish it, from this moment
 You may brand us both with S.*
 And then sell us in the market,
 And the price which you obtain,
 Shall increase my daughter's dowry.
 Oh, restore a reputation

* The sign of a slave,—J. O.

You have crush'd. I do not think
That your honour it will blemish.
Nay, I'm sure that the advantage
Which your sons may lose, señor,
Being grandsons of old Crespo,
They will gain with greater lustre,
From a father such as you.
In Castile there is a proverb
That the horse (the saw is true)
Bears the saddle. Look, señor,
At your feet I'm humbly kneeling,
And my bitter tears are falling
O'er my snowy beard. My heart,
Gazing on the snow and water,
Thinks my beard away is melting.
Well, what is't I seek? That honour,
That of which you have deprived me.
Though it is mine own, it seems,
While I ask you for it humbly,
That the thing which I am seeking
Is no longer mine but yours.
Mark, moreover, I can take it,
With my hands, but do not choose,
Rather wishing you should give it.

(*Kneeling.*)

To this request of Crespo to marry his daughter, the captain only replied with scorn and contumely. But Crespo was not to be wronged with impunity, and without stopping to inquire into the nice distinction between municipal and military jurisdiction, he ordered his officers to seize the captain and keep him in confinement. He also arrested his son Juan, alleging that it was for breach of discipline, but really to keep him from danger.

This violent proceeding came to the knowledge of Don Lope de Figueroa, who hurried back to Zalamea in a furious passion. He could perfectly sympathise with the grief felt by Crespo at his daughter's dishonour, but the notion of an alcalde daring to try a cause which belonged to a military tribunal, and to imprison the person of a soldier, was in the highest degree repugnant to his views as a disciplinarian. He therefore insisted on the immediate release of the captain, and on being informed by Crespo that any attempt at force would be resisted by a discharge of arquebusses, desired his soldiers to load their cannon, and reduce not only the town-house but the whole of Zalamea to ashes, in case his orders should not be complied with.

In the midst of this tumult, which promised to be far more serious than any which had happened in Zalamea since the unlucky halt of the army, King Philip II. arrived. He heard the whole of the case, and though he listened without disapproval to Crespo's justification of his conduct, he was not a little astounded when the alcalde, opening the doors of the town-house, showed him the strangled body of the captain, upon whom he had executed summary justice. Crespo, however, to excuse this strong act of a local tribunal, explained that the law of the land had but one body, though its hands were numerous, and that it little mattered which hand did an act that was right in itself. When the king had heard the affair to the end, he was so much pleased with the conduct of Crespo, that, whereas his office was only temporary, he declared that he should be perpetual

MARGARET GRAHAM.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "DARNLEY," "RICHELIEU," &c.

PART IV.

THE CLEARING OF THE DAY.

CHAP. XVII.

THE DISCOVERY.

It was a clear, fresh morning in the very infancy of autumn ; the air was cool and free ; the sky checquered with passing clouds. Fairfax took off his hat to let the wind come freely upon his burning brow. It seemed to revive him, to calm his thoughts, and they arranged themselves into more regular trains as he walked on and began to climb the hill, "There is something dark and mysterious under this," he said to himself. "What can it be ? To suppose her guilty of any evil act, of any deceit whatever, is out of the question—and yet this is very strange. What have I done to alienate her affection—and so suddenly, too ? In a moment—in one brief moment—in the midst of our greatest love and happiness, to see so complete and terrible a change is, indeed, beyond all explanation. But it cannot be endured longer—her affection is gone—her confidence. She shrinks from me—she does not trust me. We must part:" and Fairfax set his teeth hard, and mourned over broken hopes. "We must part," he repeated, "after so brief a period of happiness, after such a short dream of passionate love—we must part ! I shall love her ever still ; but she shall shrink from me no more. She shall no longer tremble at the approach of the husband of her choice—Oh, God ! this is very hard to bear."

He went on climbing the moor by the narrow path which had been followed by poor old Doctor Kenmore on the night of his murder. He did not absolutely gaze over the scene around, for he was far too busy with the internal world ; but still beautiful nature has her influence like the spell of music, which lulls, even when we listen not, and hear unwillingly. The wide, free landscape, the moor all purple with the heath, the long lines of light and shade, the blue airy tint that spread over the whole, the flitting shadows as they wandered across before his unobservant eye, the fresh, free air were impressive of calmness and of gentleness. All that was harsh in his thoughts was softened by God's beautiful creation ; a holier and more benevolent spirit seemed to pervade the atmosphere than in any dwelling made with hands, and when he had nearly reached the top of the ascent, he paused, and sat himself down on a boundary stone marking the separation of two parishes.

"Poor Margaret," he said, "I will make one more effort. She suffers, I am sure. I will try once more."

By a strange coincidence he had seated himself within a yard or two

of the very spot where the body of Doctor Kenmore had been found. His back was turned towards the ruined cottage or hut which I have mentioned, and his face towards Allenchurch and Brownswick. All was still and silent; the grasshopper was heard, but that was all. A crow winged its slow flight along, but nought else was seen to stir in the wide air; and on earth the only moving thing was a wreath of blue smoke which rose up from a cottage chimney down far below, and curled slowly up till it had passed the line of the hill and caught the fresh breeze.

One could have heard the tread of a beetle, and Fairfax distinguished the fall of a footstep behind him. It was a dull and heavy step like that of a peasant; but he did not wish his thoughts to be disturbed even by a rude "Good-morning," and therefore he paid no attention, keeping his eyes fixed in a forward direction over the declivity of the moor. The step came closer and closer, so near that Fairfax thought, "The fellow will run over me," when suddenly he heard a rush and a struggle, and a loud voice exclaim, "Damn thee, wouldst thou kill him as thou killedst the old doctor?" and at the same moment a large stone flew past him, slightly brushing his shoulder and grazing his cheek.

As may well be supposed, Fairfax started up and turned round, when he beheld, within two yards of him, the idiot, Tommy Hicks, struggling in the strong grasp of Jacob Halliday.

"On my life and soul he had nearly done it," said the man, holding him firmly. "I hope he did not hit you, sir. Another minute and he would have dashed your brains out."

"Many thanks," answered Fairfax; "but this must go on no longer, Halliday. We must tie him. The unhappy creature must be put under restraint. Here, we will tie his arms with my silk handkerchief, and take him down to Brownswick. He should have been confined in some asylum years ago."

"Ay, that he should," said Jacob Halliday, aiding to bind the idiot, which was not done without a tremendous struggle, "I always said so."

"Now his legs," said Fairfax, "his own cravat will do."

"But if we tie his legs, sir, how can he walk to Brownswick?" asked Halliday, naturally enough.

"Do it for the present, at all events," replied Fairfax, "we can loose him a little afterwards," and Jacob did as he was directed.

It was all done very rapidly, although the idiot resisted vehemently, and was very vociferous, shouting out, "I won't be hanged—I won't be hanged, you vermin. There must be a crowner's quest—I won't be hanged."

Seeing that he was fully impressed with the idea that they were going to hang him, Fairfax assured him, not only that such was not the case, but that nobody was going to hurt him in any way. When he was secured completely so as to be unable to move hand or foot, Fairfax touched Jacob Halliday's arm, saying, "Come to a little distance. I wish to speak with you for a moment."

"Now they're going to fetch a rope," cried Tommy Hicks. "Oh! I won't be hanged—I won't, I won't," and making an effort to run he fell forward, and there lay howling.

"Now, Halliday," said Fairfax, when they had got about fifty paces distant, "you just now used a very strange, but most important expression

in speaking to that poor wretch. I heard you distinctly say, 'wouldst thou kill him as thou killedst the old doctor?'"

"I was a fool for my pains, sir," replied the man, looking down sullenly.

"I think not, Halliday," said Allan Fairfax, "you were acting a good part in saving my life, which was, at all events, in danger, and you gave way to a good and generous impulse in what you said."

"I did save your life, ten chances to one, Sir Allan," answered the man, "for in another minute he would have knocked your brains out with that monstrous big stone; but I was a fool, nevertheless, for saying what I did, for of course now you will go and tell all about it; and I shall be forced to speak too, and get myself into trouble."

"For saving my life you shall be well rewarded," replied Fairfax, "and the law of England requires no man to get himself into trouble, as you call it. You can never be called upon to say any thing that can injure yourself. I partly divine your objections from what I have heard of your pursuits; but in giving evidence in regard to the horrid deed to which you alluded, no question can be pressed upon you which can at all tend to criminate you. Of this I pledge you my word, and would explain further if I knew the circumstances."

Jacob Halliday rubbed his head. "Well, sir," he said, at length, "you did me a kind turn a day or two ago, and I am sure you are a man of honour, and won't repeat a word of what I am going to say without my consent."

"Of that I give you my word," answered Fairfax; "but I tell you fairly, Halliday, I shall give information to the magistrates at once of what you did say to the idiot when you came up, so that an investigation must take place, and it is much better for you to have good and friendly advice as to what your own course should be during that investigation, than to go to it unprepared, and perhaps commit yourself."

"That's very true, sir," said Jacob Halliday, "very true, indeed; and I have often thought of telling all, too, and should have done it, if it had not been for fear of getting myself into trouble. I should have jumped over that, however, if I had seen any other poor fellow accused; but I thought it was no good when there was only the idiot to blame, for it was he who did it, and I saw him."

"But let me hear the whole particulars, Halliday," said Fairfax. "You might have placed yourself in very unpleasant circumstances."

"Not I," replied the labourer, "I never touched a penny, and knew nothing about it, but that it was done and who did it. The way of it was this, sir, and as I am going to tell you every thing, I hold you to your honour that you won't say a word—How the brute is howling; I wish he would hold his tongue." After this exclamation he proceeded as follows:—

JACOB HALLIDAY'S TALE.

"You see, sir, I was driven to desperation. There was my wife and my boy to feed and clothe, and not able to do a hand's turn to help. My wages were seven shillings a week, and the rent of my cottage was one and sixpence. I had five and sixpence to keep and cover three persons, and that only as long as I was well and hearty. Ben and I spoke to our master about it, and he treated us like dogs, because he knew we could

get no out-door relief from the Union, and that we should do any thing rather than be driven into a place which is worse than a prison, have all our little goods sold, and be forced to live separate from our wives and children. One day, however, he was cursing the game which had damaged some of his crops, and said he wondered the labourers, who came teasing him about low wages, did not help themselves to victuals, while there was plenty of it running in the fields. So, sir, I took the hint, and turned poacher; but I was not a bit the more obliged to Farmer Stumps, and often thought, and said, too, that he ought to be one of the first to suffer, for driving men to do what was not right, just to pinch something of their pay. Well, sir, about that time, Tommy Hicks went to live with Ben. I had had the offer of him and five shillings a week to keep him; but my wife said she'd never eat a morsel after he came into the house, and I had a great hatred to the lump too. However, at Ben's I saw him very often, and he somehow took a great fancy to me, and found out what I was about with the game, for though he is a borrr natural, he is as cunning as the devil; and he used to come out and help me, and wonderful how sharp he was at it. I have often thought he must be a bit of a beast himself, he knew all their ways so well. Then came that business of the fire in Farmer Stumps's rick-yard; and I know they always suspected I did it. I did not, however, I give you my word, though I knew it was going to be done—that I don't deny. But I was very sure that, with one thing or another, it would go hard with me if I was caught poaching. I did not leave off for all that, notwithstanding, and though it was a bad time of year, I used to go out to keep the pot boiling, and especially used to pick up a good deal round about that old tumbled-down hut there, for it is a regular walk for all sorts of game from the great west coppice, where there is such a deal, down to Pemberton's farm fields in the hollow. Well, one night when poor Ben was so ill, I came down here and set all my traps and things, and got into the hut to watch what would come of it, and a few minutes after, Tommy came down and joined me; and a curious way he was in that night to be sure—madder than ever if possible; for something had gone wrong with him up at Ben's, and he kept muttering, and cursing, and laughing, till he half frightened even me. I could hardly keep him quiet. At last we heard a gulp and a flapping, and I knew it was an old cock pheasant had got his neck in a noose, which I had stuck between two bushes just in his walk, and I ran and got him out in a great hurry, for I was not likely to get many, and this was a wonderful chance, for it was after roosting time. I found afterwards that he had a lame wing, which was the reason he kept walking so late. I should have told you the moon was shining very clear; and when I had got my bird I happened to look up to the eastward there, and saw a man coming down the path. So I crept back to the hut upon my hands and knees. But when I got back Tommy Hicks was not there. There was never any knowing what he would do the next minute, and I was resolved to look after him as soon as the man was past, for I thought he would spoil the sport. Looking out through the chink of the door, I soon saw that the person who was coming was good old Doctor Kenmore, but I took no notice, thinking he would soon go by, and then I could look after the Natural; but just when he got to those tall bushes that you see there, up jumped Tommy Hicks from behind them, and hit him a great blow on the back of the head with a stone, as big as a gallon loaf; and down

fell the poor old gentleman, just like an ox in the shambles. I ran out as hard as I could, and caught hold of the devil just as he had got the stone up to hit him again. There were plenty of hard words between us, as you may think, and I had a great mind to have dashed his brains out for him, for he answered just like a fool as he is, that he had a right to hit the doctor, because the doctor had hit him ; and I could not find in my heart to hurt the Natural. When I looked at the poor old man I found he was quite dead. There was no breath in him at all, and I felt so sick at my heart, I did not know what to do. Tommy Hicks had sneaked a bit away by this time, and after standing and looking for I dare say five minutes, I heard some people talking at a distance, and thought the best that I could do was to run home as fast as possible. I said to myself I could think over it till to-morrow, as to what I should do about telling ; and a terrible night I had of it to be sure. But when the morning came I fancied there would be no use of telling of the idiot, unless somebody else was accused, and I said to myself too, ' if you do tell, they will ask you what you were doing down there at the hut, and you'll get into trouble, and so I held my tongue till this blessed day.'

" But I have heard he was robbed as well as murdered," said Fairfax, " and a large sum of money taken from his person."

" And so he was, sir," answered Jacob Halliday, " but it was all the idiot's doing, for he is desperate cute after what he calls *property* ; and it would be a good thing if one could get him to tell where he put it all. I have asked him more than once ; but I never could get at it, for he is as cunning as a magpie, and hides away things in all sorts of holes : and now, sir, I should be glad to know what I had best do."

" There seems to me, Halliday, only one thing for you to do ; namely, to go down with me to the magistrates at once. I shall give information of the attack the idiot made upon me, and relate how you interfered to save me, as well as the words that you spoke to the idiot when you ran up. You must then give your evidence in regard to the old man's death. If asked what you were doing at the hut, you can refuse to answer. They have no power to compel you ; and, perhaps, by the information which you can give, we may be able to discover some of the articles which were taken from the person of the dead man, so as to fix the crime more fully upon Hicks than your unsupported testimony can do."

" But if we don't, do you think, sir, they'll suspect me ?" asked Jacob Halliday, musing.

" I think not," answered Fairfax, " for your very exclamation, in coming up to my assistance, is presumptive proof that you had no share in the deed yourself."

" So it is, sir," replied Halliday, " at least it ought to be."

" And it will be," said Fairfax, " but you cannot help seeing that the affair must now be investigated thoroughly, and, depend upon it, the only way to escape suspicion yourself, is to give every information it is in your power to afford, without, of course, doing any thing to criminate yourself. We shall have some trouble to get him down to Brownswick, I am afraid, but we can obtain assistance at Allenchurch."

" Oh, ay, we can get a cart, sir," replied Jacob Halliday, who seemed satisfied with his companion's reasoning ; " and, indeed, it is high time that Master Tommy was shut up, for he'll do more mischief if we don't mind."

"He has done too much already," said Fairfax, "in truth, the ways of Heaven are strange and wonderful. How many destinies have been affected by the acts of one miserable lunatic."

He knew not yet how far his own fate and happiness had been affected.

The young baronet's expectations were fulfilled to the utmost in regard to the difficulties of getting the idiot down to Brownswick. He resisted, he refused to walk, he threw himself down upon the ground, he bit with his teeth like a wild beast when any one strove to raise him, and it was not till the assistance of two more strong men had been obtained that he could be forced on as far as Allenchurch. There, however, a light cart was procured, and Tommy Hicks being placed therein, the rest of the way was easily performed. Much was the wonder and admiration of the townspeople to see the well-known idiot brought into the place in a cart bound hand and foot, and Sir Allan Fairfax following, with a fresh scar upon the side of his face. A crowd gathered as the vehicle proceeded, which had swelled to many hundreds by the time it reached the door of the town-hall. Many, too, were the questions asked, but the only reply obtained was, that Tommy Hicks had attempted to dash out Fairfax's brains with a large stone, and in the midst of a good deal of noise and confusion, he was carried out, resisting, as far as he could, and borne up to a room adjoining that where the magistrates usually assembled. But what took place in the justice-room must have a chapter to itself.

CHAP. XVIII.

THE MURDER OUT.

"PRAY, what magistrates are assembled?" asked Allan Fairfax of the constable whom he found in the hall.

"Sir Stephen Grizly and Mr. Hankum, sir," replied the other, "they are waiting for Mr. Greensides."

"Then be so good as to inform them that I wish to speak with them directly," said Fairfax, and in another minute he was ushered into the presence of the two justices. Both greeted him warmly, and expressed their regret to hear that Lady Fairfax was unwell; but the young baronet, with a somewhat cloudy brow, brought that part of the subject to a speedy close, and then proceeded to say, "I have come, gentlemen, to lay a charge of assault against a madman in this neighbourhood, who has attempted to dash my brains out with a stone. He is a very dangerous person; and I must say that I think it extraordinary he has been suffered to wander about the country so long."

"Oh, my dear Sir Allan," replied the chairman, interrupting him before he had quite done, with a low laugh, "you know every country town must have one fool at least at liberty. Now, the people of Brownswick are all so wise, that we could not find a more inoffensive one on whom to bestow the freedom of our city. But to be serious, the matter should have been taken up before, and shall be now."

"I am afraid that the fact of its not having been taken up before," answered Allan Fairfax, "has led to a catastrophe of a very painful kind."

I really am not aware of the formal mode of proceeding, but I have information to give, which can afterwards be reduced to proper shape, and which may tend, I trust, to bring to light the facts connected with the violent death of a gentleman in this town about two years and a half ago."

Fairfax spoke upon the subject in a stiff and hesitating manner, which showed the pain that it still gave him to refer to one who had once, for a few short hours, called Margaret Graham his wife; but the magistrates, with their curiosity suddenly awakened, paid no attention to the mode of the intelligence, and instantly overwhelmed him with questions. He replied succinctly, stating what had occurred to him on the moor, and the words which Jacob Halliday had uttered.

"I am inclined to believe," he said, "that Halliday is willing to give his evidence without prevarication or disguise. What he told me, I cannot, of course, repeat, nor would it be of any benefit to do so; but I am sure that, if questioned, he will throw light upon an event which has hitherto remained in darkness. I believe also that it will not be found impossible, with judicious treatment, to gain perhaps from the unhappy idiot himself some clue to the property which was upon the person of the deceased gentleman, or at all events to obtain more substantial proofs of the facts than the mere testimony of one witness of no very good repute."

"Leave him to me, leave him to me," said Sir Stephen Grizly, "I am accustomed to deal with my friend Tommy, and I will get the truth out of him by one means or another; but we will hear Halliday's statement first. He's a terrible fellow after hares and rabbits, but not so bad a man as he is called. Poor Tommy, it seems, is somewhat worse than he was said to be; and now, gentlemen, you must not object to my proceeding a little informally with Master Hicks, for you see madmen are no formalists, and we must humour them a little.—Ah, here comes Mr. Greensides.—Constable, bring in Tommy Hicks and Jacob Halliday, and while we take down Sir Allan's information, you may just as well amuse our friend Tom in the corner with any thing you can get hold of."

"He's awful uproarious, your worship," said the constable.

"The more reason for putting him into a good humour," replied Sir Stephen, "show him my stick with the head carved upon it, and ask him if it is not like its master? You need not lock the doors, you know, that would look bad; but you can keep the good people out by telling them to call another day."

While the prisoner and his accuser were being brought in, the case was explained to the other worthy magistrate, who had just entered, Fairfax's information was taken, and the court constituted itself, the young baronet seating himself at the corner of the table. Tommy Hicks was carried in screaming; but the constable did not try his powers upon him in vain; and while Halliday was brought forward, the fury of the other gradually subsided into a wild and incoherent conversation with the officer and other men, who were admitted to restrain him in case of need; and at the end of about ten minutes he was heard laughing aloud.

In the meantime Halliday made his deposition without varying from his statement to Fairfax in the slightest particular. He omitted, it is true, all mention of the motives which had led him to the ruinous hut upon

the moor, and when Mr. Hankum asked him what took him there, he replied,

"I thought I was not to be asked that question."

"You are not to answer it unless you like," replied Sir Stephen Grizly; "there is a very great difference, Jacob, between magistrates being permitted to ask questions and witnesses being obliged to answer them."

"Well, then, please your worship, I would rather not," said Halliday, with a low bow to Mr. Hankum.

"The court is at liberty to guess, Jacob," said Sir Stephen, winking at him; "and we have no great difficulty in the present case. But now tell me what became of all the money and other articles that were upon the person of poor old Doctor Kenmore at the time of the murder?—Clerk, have you got a copy of the evidence before the coroner?"

"Yes, your worship," replied the clerk, and went to fetch it, while Halliday answered, for his part,

"I don't know, sir. I never saw any of them but once, and then I caught Tommy looking at the head of a stick which I could swear was the poor old gentleman's. He ran away as soon as he saw I was watching him, and went into Mrs. Grimsditch's cottage, where he lives now since he left my cousin Ben. I should not wonder if it was hid somewhere thereabouts."

"Can you give us a notion of where?" asked the magistrate; "do you know the cottage well?"

"Can't say I do," answered Jacob Halliday, "I haven't been in it for these ten years, because you see, your worship, she's my wife's aunt, and we've quarrelled."

"An excellent reason," replied Sir Stephen, "and you positively know nothing of the rest of the property?"

"Nothing at all," answered Halliday.

"Then you may fall back a little," said the magistrate, "but wait there, for you will have to sign your deposition, and we may want to ask some more questions. We must have the cottage searched."

Halliday then retired from the room, not feeling quite comfortable; for there was a consciousness that some suspicion attached to himself which he could not shake off, and he would have given two or three fingers of his right hand to know that something would occur to fix the guilt more distinctly upon Tommy Hicks.

"Now tell my friend Tommy," said Sir Stephen Grizly, as soon as the other was gone, "that I want to speak a word to him about the cane."

The idiot had by this time quite forgotten his terrors, and walked forward to the table without hesitation on hearing the magistrate's message exactly in his own words.

"Ah, Tommy, how do you do?" said Sir Stephen; "take a seat, Tommy—Give Mr. Hicks a chair; and let us look at the cane. Now, Tommy, did you ever see a prettier head to a cane than that? See what a great nose there is. Now, tell me, if I had a mind to change, would you give me the head of old Doctor Kenmore's cane for that?"

Tommy Hicks laughed, but he replied, "No, no," with a sapient shake of the head. That was something gained, for it seemed like an admission that he had it to give. His next answer, however, destroyed that impression.

"And why not, Tommy?" asked the magistrate.

"Because his *was* all gold, and that's nothing but wood," replied Tommy Hicks; "I've seen his a many of times."

"But suppose I cover that all with gold, nose and all," said the persevering magistrate.

The idiot's eyes twinkled, but still he was too cunning for the snare; and he answered,

"No, no, that won't do"

"And why not?" asked Sir Stephen. "I want that head of a stick very much, and you can do nothing with it."

"Oh yes I can," cried Tommy Hicks, thrown off his guard; "but what do you want it for?"

"I want every thing of old Doctor Kenmore's that I can get," replied Sir Stephen, apparently not noticing the former part of this reply, "just out of spite, Tommy. I want to know what became of them all, and I'll give any man who tells me something very nice."

At the same time he beckoned to the constable, who came up, and a whispered conversation took place between the magistrate and the officer, which seemed to excite some uneasiness in the idiot, for he moved to and fro on his chair, and at length exclaimed,

"What is all that about?"

"Nothing to you, Tommy," replied Sir Stephen, "only I am going to give these gentlemen some marmalade."

"Orange marmalade?" asked Tommy Hicks, with a very voracious expression of countenance.

"Yes," said Sir Stephen. "do you like it?—bring some, constable. Now, I'll tell you what, Tommy, I'll give you a whole pound of the most delicious orange marmalade, if you will tell me where you put all the things that were about the old doctor when you spited him on the moor."

But the idiot only shook his head, and remained firm, till the constable returned with an immense large jar of sweetmeat, and Sir Stephen, dipping in a spoon, put some out on a plate, and sent it to Mr. Greensides.

"I'll tell," cried Tommy Hicks, at the sight of a temptation to him irresistible. "I'll tell if you promise not to hang me—for Jacob Halliday always says I ought to be hanged."

"Oh dear, no," replied Sir Stephen, "Jacob's a fool. We'll not hang you at all, Tommy."

"Nor put me in the stocks, as old Jenkins did?" asked Tommy Hicks.

"No, nor put you in the stocks," replied the magistrate, and, at the same time, he dipped the spoon in the jar again.

"I'll tell!" cried the idiot. "Give it to me."

"No, no, Tommy. Tell first, and feast after," said Sir Stephen; but seeing a dull shade come over the unhappy man's face, he added quickly, "I'll give you a taste, just to get your tongue in order. Take him that spoonful, constable."

The order was immediately obeyed, but the quantity given was skilfully apportioned to stimulate rather than appease appetite; and after Tommy Hicks had swallowed the whole at one large mouthful, he cried,

"Now, I'll tell. But you'll give me the whole pot?"

"The whole," replied Sir Stephen. "Nobody else shall have a spoon-full, unless you stop answering; then I'll give some to one, and some to another, till it is all gone. Now, tell me, Tommy, like a man, where did you put the notes and money?"

"The yellow ones in the thatch of Ben's cottage, and the silver in my pouch," replied Tommy Hicks; "the yellow's there now. I counted it by the moon t' other night."

The magistrate looked at the notes of the coroner's inquest, and asked,

"The head of the stick, what did you do with that?"

"It's at Mother Grimsditch's," said the idiot, "in a hole by the pigsty. Ay, that is what you are wanting, I know well enough."

"And the buckles out of his shoes?" asked the magistrate.

But Tommy Hicks did not answer for a minute, leering at Fairfax with a sinister, sneering expression, by no means benevolent. Sir Stephen put the spoon in the jar again, and the idiot exclaimed eagerly, pointing at the young baronet,

"I poked them into his leather-box, through the chink, and then he came and took it away, and stole my buckles."

Fairfax had usually a good deal of command over himself, except where there was an immediate wound inflicted upon those prejudices, or long-nourished and morbidly acute sensations, of which most men have some; but now he started up off his chair, exclaiming,

"Good Heavens!"

He sat down again the next instant; and Sir Stephen, without noticing the little incident, went on with his examination of the idiot.

"Let me see. His watch; did you take his watch?"

"No, no," answered Tommy Hicks, with a wonderfully cunning look. "I knew better than that. A watch talks. It goes tick, tick, tick. I will have no talking things."

"Thank you, Tommy; thank you," said the magistrate. "I think that will do. You may give him the pot, constable—but stay; did you take any thing else?"

"Nothing but the big key," replied the idiot; "and that I dropped down on Ben's floor that night; and when I saw it in Bella's hands the next day, I would not ask for it, because Jacob had said I should be hanged if it was found out how I had spited the old doctor. Ay, he hit me with a stick, and I hit him with a stone, and that is all fair."

"Give him the pot," said Sir Stephen. "I think we must commit him for trial, gentlemen; but, by your leave, we will say nothing about the marmalade."

"Without which we should have done no good," said Mr. Hankum.

"The great moving powers are rarely seen," replied the knight in the chair, who was at bottom a man of sense; "but it is not only that: a scribe shows his good discretion always, in omitting every thing that does not give dignity to his narration. Every thing important in the world has something ludicrous in it—its marmalade, in fact; but history suppresses the ludicrous, and we will suppress the marmalade, lest some foolish writer should get hold of the record, Mr. Greensides, and hold us up to posterity as 'The Marmalade Magistrates.' And now we want but one more testimony. Make out the warrant, Mr. Clerk: may I ask Sir Allan Fairfax, if he can confirm this poor creature's statement regarding the buckles?"

"So far as having found a pair of large silver buckles in my portmanteau which I had no knowledge of," replied Fairfax, "I can fully. I had left my portmanteau at Ben Halliday's cottage for several days, and just when I was on the eve of sailing for India, I called and took it away. I did not open it for some time, for I had things more fitted for sea; but when I did, I found the buckles. I put them in my writing-desk, and have them now; for I felt a curiosity to know how they came where I found them."

"Pray, were you aware of Doctor Kenmore's death, Sir Allan, at the time you took the portmanteau away?" demanded Mr. Greensides.

"Certainly not," answered Fairfax, with the blood glowing warm in his cheek, from sensations difficult to define. "I never heard of his death till I returned to England, not four months ago."

"Or perhaps he would not have taken away the portmanteau at all," whispered Sir Stephen to Mr. Hankum. "I think he ought to give the idiot something handsome; but we must give him room in the gaol.—Is the warrant ready? Now, Tommy, as a further reward for having told the whole truth, I have to tell you that you shall be removed from Mrs. Grimsditch's, which I know you hate, to a fine airy room in Brownswick, and be lodged, boarded, and clothed by your grateful country."

"Perhaps, with a hempen cravat," whispered Mr. Greensides.

"Oh dear, no," answered the worthy chairman, "every sort of folly is punished in England except the greatest. Tommy Hicks' wisdom is too well known for him to run any risk."

The warrant was placed before the chairman and signed, and Tommy Hicks was quietly removed from the justice-room, eating his marmalade all the way. Jacob Halliday was then recalled to sign his deposition, and an immediate search was ordered for the stolen property in the places which the idiot had indicated.

"I will send down the buckles immediately," said Sir Allan Fairfax, as he rose to depart; "if you are not sitting, I suppose my servant had better deliver them to the clerk?"

"To-morrow will be quite time enough," said Sir Stephen, "for I think we shall rise directly. Indeed, we might sit as long as a hen without hatching such a brood as has come forth to-day. We are really much obliged to you, Sir Allan, for having brought this dark affair to light. There can be nothing more disagreeable, I may say painful, in a little neighbourhood like this, than to have suspicions continually hovering about, like dark clouds, overshadowing from time to time very good sorts of people."

Fairfax cordially agreed with him, and went away musing. By some link he did not clearly see what the events which had just been brought to light connected themselves with the unhappy change which had taken place in his domestic life. He asked himself if Margaret could have seen the buckles in his desk, for he recollected that the alteration in her whole demeanour was to be dated from that day when he had sent her the key. But then he asked himself again, and the questions were most painful, "Could Margaret Graham have examined other parts of the desk besides that to which he had directed her attention? Even if she had, and had found the buckles there, and had recognised them, was it like her to suspect her husband—him whom she professed to love and honour above all men—from an accidental circumstance like that?" Thus he proceeded

to reason, without knowing all the facts—a course which men are sometimes obliged to pursue, but which they do pursue much more frequently than is needful—and thus he went on torturing his own heart with inquiries which he could not answer. Nevertheless, for Fairfax's character was a peculiar one in some respects, he drew a degree of relief from supposing an explanation of Margaret's conduct. That it should have a cause, though an insufficient one, was some comfort, and he said to himself as he entered the garden-gate,

"We must have a full explanation: frankness on both parts is the only thing which can save us from misery. I shall soon know whether I am to be wretched or happy for life.—Where is your mistress?" he demanded of the servant whom he found in the hall.

"She is in the back drawing-room, sir," replied the man, "and she told me to tell you that she wished to see you as soon as you came in."

"Very well," cried Fairfax, and walked on.

THE CHILD AND THE STARS.

BY J. E. CARPENTER, ESQ.

"THEY tell me, dear father, each gem in the sky
That sparkles at night is a star,
But *why* do they dwell in those regions so high,
And shed their cold lustre so far?
I *know* that the sun makes the blossoms to spring,
That it gives to the flow'rets their birth,
But *what* are the stars? do they nothing but fling
Their cold rays of light upon earth?"

"My child, it is said, that yon stars in the sky,
Are worlds that are fashion'd like this,
Where the souls of the good and the gentle who die,
Assemble together in bliss;
And the rays that they shed o'er the earth is the light
Of His glory whose throne is above,
That tell us, who dwell in these regions of night,
How great is His goodness and love."

"Then, father, why still press your hand to your brow,
Why still are your cheeks pale with care?
If all that was gentle be dwelling there now,
Dear mother, I know, must be there."
"Thou chidest me well," said the father, with pain,
"Thy wisdom is greater by far.
We may mourn for the lost, but we should not complain,
While we gaze on each beautiful star."

A GRAYBEARD'S GOSSIP ABOUT HIS LITERARY ACQUAINTANCE.

No. V.

Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

Anecdotes of the late Charles Mathews, the Comedian—The Poet Campbell; his Vanity as an Author rebuked by a pious Shoemaker; Malicious Pleasantry in Ridicule of his Slowness in Composition; his Philanthropic Exertions for Human Improvement; his deep Dejection at their occasional Failure; the Picture of the Gipsy Girl; a Fit of Hypochondria; his Library in Victoria-square; his Burial in Westminster Abbey.

OF the late Charles Mathews, the comedian, one of the most entertaining members of Hill's Sydenham *company*, my memory retains few, if any, gleanings which have not already been given to the public, in the full and delightful Biography written by his widow. This lady, whom to know is to esteem, I am proud to reckon among my literary acquaintance, and gladly do I avail myself of this opportunity to waft to her all cordial good wishes from my "loopholes of retreat," as well as to express a hope that she may give to the world another volume of those "Anecdotes of Actors," and "Desultory Recollections," of which her store is so copious, and which none can narrate so pleasantly. The matchless power of mimicry possessed by Charles Mathews, far from being confined to mere vocal flexibility, extended to the mind, look, and manner of the original; so that the hearer was not less surprised by his intuition into character than by a copy of every external manifestation so faithful and minute, that you seemed to behold a temporary metempsychosis. He was, indeed,

Proteus for shape and mocking-bird for tongue.

To possess such an unfailing source of merriment is a perilous temptation to its abuse; but he was too polite and kind-hearted to give unnecessary pain to any one, and knowing his mirth-provoking weapon to be irresistible, wielded it charily and considerately. Properly jealous of his great conversational talent, in which few men exceeded him, I have known him resist every solicitation to mimetic display, especially in great houses, if he had any reason to suspect that he had been invited, like Samson, to make sport for the Philistine lords. So well was he aware that "a jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him who hears it," that an evidently uncongenial company would seal his mouth for a whole evening; while to an audience that could appreciate and laugh heartily at his waggy, he would pour forth its inexhaustible stores without solicitation or stint.

This was eminently the case at our *Noctes Sydenhamicæ*, where every boon companion could salute his brother guest with "Hey, fellow, well met;" where all gravity was prohibited; where each guest was sure to understand a joke when he heard it; whither every one came with a full determination to laugh and drown care. Small was the chance of escape for the luckless wight who presented any peculiarity which Mathews could seize and parody; what then must have been the predicament of our host, who was *all* peculiarity; who was considered fair game by all his guests;

and who was thus run down, like Actæon, by his own merry dogs? And yet the subject of this cursory notice, however prompt and voluble in general, was apt to lose his readiness at any unexpected encountering. On my return from the continent, after an absence of three years, I ran over to Worthing where he was then acting, to pay him a visit, when, after the first hearty salutation and an expression of surprise, he looked confused, and seemed quite at a loss what to say next. To relieve his embarrassment I asked after our old friend of Sydenham, the simple mention of whose name operating as a sort of charm, he instantly mimicked his voice and manner, his guttural "Pooh, pooh," and prodigious exaggerations, running on without a moment's pause, until he had given me a most amusing account of all our old fellow Symposiarchs. It might have been said, without a catachresis, that he became himself again as soon as he had thrown himself into another; he recovered his presence of mind by assuming that of an absent party.

His many bodily infirmities, and more especially the sad accident that lamed him for life, had tended to irritate a temper which his extreme sensitiveness sometimes rendered touchy, though his *nature* was always kind and genial. Among his little *prandial* peculiarities was a vehement objection to mock-turtle soup, on account of some unwholesome ingredient with which, as he asserted, it was usually thickened. Once I met him at a party where several servants in succession having offered him a plate of his "pet abhorrence," he at length lost patience, uttered an angry "No, I tell you!" and petulantly tossing up his elbow at the same time, upset a portion of the rejected compound upon his sleeve. Next day I again encountered him at dinner, when he related what had occurred, exclaiming, "I am delighted beyond measure that my coat is spoiled; I have locked it up; I wouldn't have it cleaned for twenty pounds; call to-morrow, and I'll show you the sleeve; it stands of itself, stiff as the arm of a statue. You wouldn't believe me when I told you, on good authority, that the lawyers sold all their old parchments to the pastrycooks, to make some villanous stuff called glaize or gelatine, or in plain English *glue*, out of which they manufacture jelly, or sell it to our poisoning cooks who put it into their mock-turtle, 'to make the gruel thick and slab.'"

"I have heard of a man eating his own words," said James Smith, "but if your statement be true, a man may unconsciously have eaten his own *acts* and *deeds*."

"He may, he may!" cried Mathews. "Egad, my friend, I thank you for the hint, it explains all about my confounded indigestion. Doubtless I have some other man's *will* in my stomach, which renders it so insubordinate to my own will; I myself love roast pork and plum-pudding, but this alien will, transferred from some lawyer's office to my intestines, will not allow me to digest them. You have heard of the fellow with a bad asthma who exclaimed, 'If once I can get this troublesome breath out of my body, I'll take good care it shall never get in again;' and I may well say the same of this parchment usurper who has taken possession of my stomach. How he got there is the wonder, for years have elapsed since I swallowed glue—I mean jelly or mock-turtle."

Grievously was he annoyed by the lateness of the dinners, whereby people condemned themselves to two or three previous dark and idle hours of intolerable *ennui*. These dark hours, indeed, constituted his *bête noire*,

and formed the subject of his incessant complaint ; nor did he fail to enter an additional protest when the long-deferred meal was not punctually served.

"Now a days," I once heard him say, "I never know at what hour I may expect to get any thing to eat ; but last week I was informed to a minute when I could *not* get a mouthful. While posting to Liverpool, where I had an appointment to attend a rehearsal, the sharp air made me uncommonly hungry, and as I perceived a decent road-side inn, with the landlord standing at the door, I told the postilion to draw up, and called out from the window of the chaise,

" 'Landlord, have you got any thing hot in the house ?'

" 'No, sir.'

" 'Any thing cold in the house ?'

" 'No, sir.'

" 'The deuce ! what then *have* you got in the house ?'

" 'An execution, sir.'

" 'Poor fellow, sorry for you. Drive on, postilion.'"

And this reminds me of another anecdote which—but if I run on in this manner I shall never have done, and I might unconsciously be repeating stories inserted in the delightful biography to which the reader has already been referred. An author's vanity and a graybeard's licence may, perhaps, plead my excuse when I state, in conclusion, that on the death of this unrivalled comedian and excellent man, I was honoured by an application from his family to write a poetical inscription for his tombstone in St. Andrew's church, Plymouth ; which melancholy duty I performed, and gave vent to my feelings of sorrow and respect in a subsequent and longer tribute to his memory.

The man of the highest literary eminence among the visitors to Hill's cottage, at Sydenham, was indisputably the poet Campbell, and to him, therefore, I ought, perhaps, to have given precedence in the series of sketches which I am about to attempt. In this instance, however, mine will be hardly a sketch, hardly an outline, since his friend, Mr. Cyrus Redding, is contributing to the *New Monthly Magazine* a succession of papers which will constitute a portraiture much more finished and accurate than any that I could delineate. Another of his friends, Dr. William Beattie, who attended him during his last illness at Boulogne, and who has procured for the purpose a valuable mass of documents and letters, has announced his intention of publishing a regular biography ; so that there is nothing left for the present writer but to pick up such anecdotal strays and waifs as may, perchance, have escaped the knowledge, or have been deemed hardly worth the gathering, of other and more regular collectors. Though few men were more competent to discuss elevated and learned subjects, and to convey information as well as to confer pleasure by his manner of treating them, the poet, who was naturally sociable and hilarious, loved to unbend Apollo's bow, and to indulge in the gibes, and gambols, and flashes of merriment "that were wont to set the table in a roar." In these moods he would freely communicate any little adventure in which he had been concerned, even though it turned the laugh of the auditory against himself, as was invariably the case when he related the following unexpected disappointment of his auctorial vanity.

Walking up Holborn-hill, he perceived that he had burst his boot, and as it happened that the streets were rather wet, he turned into the first

shop where he could provide himself with a new pair, which was soon accomplished, when he wrote down his name and residence in an address-book kept for that purpose, directing the old boots to be sent home to him. No sooner had the shopkeeper read the words, "Thomas Campbell, Essex Chambers, Duke-street, St. James's," than his countenance underwent a change, and bowing with an air of profound reverence, he said, or rather whispered, as if his natural voice would not sufficiently express his homage,

"I beg your pardon, sir; I hope I am not taking too great a liberty; I would not for the world be guilty of the smallest disrespect, but *may* I venture to inquire whether I have the honour of seeing in my shop the *celebrated* Mr. Thomas Campbell?"

"My dear friend," said the bard, in relating this anecdote to me, "I have heard so little lately of my literary reputation, for people have almost forgotten the 'Pleasures of Hope,' that having, as I fondly imagined, caught a new and an ardent admirer, I resolved to play with the hook a little; so I replied, looking as modest and unconscious as I could,

"I don't exactly know whom you mean by the *celebrated* Mr. Thomas Campbell."

"Oh, sir," cried the fellow, "I meant Mr. Thomas Campbell, the African missionary—I never heard of any other!"

"An ignorant Muggletonian rascal!" ejaculated the bard, in narrating this misadventure, "I'll never buy another pair of boots of him as long as I live."

The poet's residence among the grave Algerines did not destroy his taste for jocular quirks and quiddits, for he addressed from that quarter a poetical epistle to the writer of these notices, full of puns and verbal conceits, to one of which I remember his alluding after his return to England. A reference having been made to him upon some question of chronology, he exclaimed,

"That is a point upon which you should never apply to a Scotch Cam'el (thus did he always pronounce his own name), the whole clan have short memories, and I shall never forget my amazement when I first saw an African camel carrying a load of *dates* without the least apparent inconvenience."

I have heard him state, that when a child, knowing nothing of his animal namesake, he felt offended at the association, on reading in the Old Testament, that Jacob had "much cattle, *asses* and *camels*," but he probably did not expect this anecdote to be taken *au pied de la lettre*.

Though he did not affect the character of a professed wag, he would sometimes indulge a vein of quiet, caustic drollery that might well have entitled him to his diploma as a successful jester, one instance of which I cannot refrain from recording.

It may be in the recollection of my elderly readers that, early in the career of Napoleon he gave orders for seizing a German bookseller named Palm, who had published a libel against his person and government, for which offence he was brought to a court-martial and shot. Some time subsequent to this occurrence, the eminent firm of Longman & Co., after one of their annual book sales, gave a dinner, to which were invited the principal publishers of London, as well as a few of the most eminent authors, including the subject of this notice. After dinner, the conversation turned upon the daily aggressions and enormities of Buonaparte,

who was anathematised as a tyrant and a monster, to whom it was impossible to ascribe a single good action.

"Not one—not one—not one," was assentingly echoed by three times as many loyal biblioplists.

"Egad, gentlemen," said the poet, with an arch smile, "I cannot quite agree with ye. Ye seem, all of ye, to forget that he once *shot a book-seller!*"

Few writings have attained long endurance which have not required a length of time for their composition; a literary as well as natural law seeming to require that longevity should demand an extended period of gestation. An elephant is not prolific, but its offspring outlives whole generations of the inferior animals whose incubation is of more frequent recurrence. Drudges are manually and mechanically quick, because they are intellectually slow; men of genius are tardy, because the fertility of their minds supplies a superabundance of thought, and their high standard of taste renders them fastidious in the choice and perfection of their materials. Their's is literally *l'embarras des richesses*, and such was especially the case with Campbell, the disbursement of whose mental opulence was checked and controlled by his high appreciation of art, as well as by his fear of compromising, in inferior works, the great reputation he had already acquired. In the sunset of his life, the shadow of his own greatness frightened him, and yet he felt the necessity of keeping his name before the public, lest it should be forgotten. He knew that he could out-strip others, but the difficulty was to surpass himself.

"My good friend," he once said to me, "if an author does not go forwards he goes backwards; the world will not suffer him to stand still. When he has a hungry reputation to sustain, he is like a man with a ravenous beast in his house, he must feed it, or it will prey upon its owner."

With these feelings, he was the last man who should have undertaken, as he did in two or three instances, to get up a book for the publishers, *invitâ Mivervâ*; an irksome and uncongenial task, in which he found it impossible to satisfy himself, even when the long protracted result of his labours gave satisfaction to the public. More than once have I heard him exclaim, when frittering away years upon the life of Mrs. Siddons,—

"Confound the woman. I wish her career had not been so monotonous and so virtuous, for it does not afford me any supplies, either of incident or of scandal; so that when I once get her off the stage of the theatre, I have not a word more to say."

A professed scribe would have dilated, to any extent, upon everything and nothing, however irrelevant the matter; a substitution for genuine biography which Campbell was much too punctilious to adopt.

In ridicule of the imputed rareness and difficulty of his literary parturition, more especially when the offspring of his throes was poetical, one of his waggish friends used gravely to assert, that on passing his residence, at the time that he was writing "Theodoric," he observed the knocker to be tied up, and the street in front of the house to be covered with straw. Alarmed at these appearances he gently rang the bell, and inquired anxiously after the poet's health.

"Thank you, sir," was the servant's reply, "master is doing as well as can be expected."

"Good heavens! as well as can be expected! what has happened to him?"

"Why, sir, he was this morning delivered of a *couplet!*"

With the enlarged and liberal feeling of all true poets, Campbell had ever been enthusiastically devoted to the cause of liberty and human advancement. A philanthropist in the most exalted sense of the word, he had pleaded the cause of humanity against the spoilers of Poland, the invaders of Spain, the enslavers of Greece, as well as against the bigots and oppressors of his native land. For many years had he fought the good fight, undaunted and unwavering; but the continued disappointment of his cherished aspirations, that hope deferred which the most ardent and generous spirits ever find it the most difficult to endure with patience, combined with waning health and increasing years, finally preyed upon his noble mind, oppressing him with occasional attacks of hypochondria, and a morbid despair of all human improvement. The sweetest wine is the soonest soured; and the milk of human kindness, wanting a fit recipient for its overflow, will sometimes turn to gall, and generate both mental and corporeal disturbance. For the frustration of his benevolent yearnings he could find little compensation in domestic enjoyment, the death of his wife and the mental imbecility of his son, an only child, whom he had been obliged to place under restraint, having consigned him to a sad and solitary home. Perchance some act of individual ingratitude may have further helped to *Timonise* his spirit; but whatever may have been the cause, the effect was visible enough when, in one of my visits to the metropolis, I paid him my customary visit. Not without difficulty did I discover the house in Lincoln's Inn Fields in which he had engaged a set of chambers. Various names were written on the door-post, but not that of which I was in search. I wandered from floor to floor with no better result; and at length I summoned the portress from below, who told me where to find the door of my friend's apartment; adding, that he would not have his name inscribed on it, because he did not want to be "bothered with visitors."

Undiscouraged by this warning, I ventured to knock at the portal, which was opened by the bard himself, who welcomed me with his usual cheerful cordiality, though his appearance led me to suspect that he was out of health and out of spirits. After the first salutations had been exchanged, I made inquiry about the London University, knowing that he had actively exerted himself in its establishment, though I was not aware that it was just then involved in some little temporary difficulty. "My dear friend," was his reply, "don't ask me a word about it. I never wish to hear its name mentioned. Don't ask me about any thing upon the success of which I have set my heart, for you may be sure it's a failure. All attempts at improving or benefiting my fellow-creatures I have given up for ever. I have now had a pretty long experience, and I have at length come to the conclusion—I wish I had done so sooner—that our race is not destined to improve, even if it do not relapse into comparative barbarism. Ay, you may shake your head; I know you are a sanguine believer in a never-ceasing progress towards higher destinies; but for my own part I am satisfied that man is an incorrigible rascal, whose innate brutality will ever predominate over his modicum of rationality."

After he had run on in this strain for some time, I ventured to protest against his disparaging and gloomy views, predicting that they

would deepen into a fixed despondency, if he persisted in withdrawing from his friends, and shutting himself up like a monk in his cell.

"Oh, I am at no loss for much better society than the world can give me," was his reply; "come hither and see what a charming companion I have."

So saying, he led me up to an oil-painting, of the size of life, representing a handsome gipsy girl, the work, as he informed me, of a Polish emigrant. In an enthusiastic and excited tone, he proceeded to give me the history of the picture, evidently quite unconscious of the hallucination the following narrative betrayed:—

"I was walking down Great Queen-street, when I saw this beautiful creature in a broker's shop, gazing upon me with such a friendly smile, that I instantly stood transfixed. So much was I smitten with the painting, that I inquired the price, but finding that it was forty guineas, much more than I could afford to give, I uttered a deep sigh, and walked on to Long Acre. But the gipsy was still before me, smiling at me as I proceeded, and thus she continued to bless me with her lovely presence, until I reached my home. Even in the darkness of night it was just the same. I could not sleep, because those beautiful eyes were still benignly fixed upon mine; and in the morning I asked myself, why I should be made miserable by not possessing that which forty guineas would obtain. I procured the money, accordingly, hurried to secure my beauty—there she is—and I would not take a thousand guineas for her! See how she smiles upon me! so she does in whatever part of the room I may be placed, and even when I quit the room. How can I be solitary with such a sweet companion? I talk to her constantly, and she always gives me a gracious reply. You laugh, and I don't wonder. Mark you, I don't say that you, or any one else, can hear her mellifluous voice; but I do, and that is quite enough to make her society charming, and more than enough to supply the place of all other companionship."

Seeing that it would be difficult, and, perhaps, hardly desirable to dispel an illusion which had a peculiar charm for his imaginative mind, I did not attempt to combat it, and willingly admitted the great beauty of his canvas *innamorata*. How long this species of nympholepsy lasted, I cannot say; I was told he had completely chased away the vaporous clouds by which his fine mind had been depressed, but one subsequent return of his hypochondria fell within my own immediate cognisance.

From time to time he would run down to the provincial town in which I reside, on which occasions he passed the greater part of the day with me as long as he remained. One afternoon he made his appearance, evidently in deep dejection of spirits, telling me that he had given up his chambers, and after having tied up all his money, between one and two hundred pounds, intending to bring it with him, he had ensconced himself and his valise in the stage-coach, for the purpose of paying me a visit. When the coach arrived at Reigate, he suddenly recollected that he had left his money-bag on the table of his bed-room, whereupon he jumped instantly out, ordered a post-chaise, urged the postilion to drive as fast as possible, sped back to London, and had the satisfaction to find that the landlady had found and carefully locked up his treasure. The worthy dame, after having made him count it over in her presence, to be sure that nothing had been abstracted, again tied it up, secured it in his

pocket, and the money-laden bard, throwing himself into another stage, finally reached his destination in safety.

"And why, in the name of wonder," I demanded, "did you not pay it into your banker's? and for what earthly purpose can you have come hither with so large a sum of money?"

"Pay it into my banker's!" exclaimed the poet, "why, my good friend, I have just drawn it out. As to my purpose in doing so, I will disclose it to *you*; but I do so in confidence. The fact is that I shall stay here for some time: I have secured capital apartments at the hotel; I shall live handsomely until the money is all gone; I shall then take advantage of some fine morning to go out in a boat, as if for the purpose of fishing; and when we are at a sufficient distance from land, I have made up my mind to jump overboard, that I may take my leave for ever of a good-for-nothing and ungrateful world, which no philanthropist can improve, and which no gentleman can wish to live in—I beg your pardon; *you* are willing, I believe, to take a prolonged lease of life: I am tired of mine, and care not how soon I get rid of it."

I treated this as a joke, or as the splenetic effusion of the minute; but his look and manner evinced a seriousness that pained and alarmed me. A few post-prandial glasses of wine, however, so completely chased away his blue devils, that he quickly became too much elevated in spirits to be quite guarded in his language; and subsequent meetings gave me occasion to observe, that very slight potations disturbed the equipoise of his mind. Bracing air, change of scene, and a little cheerful society, having cured his morbid despondency, he returned to London in a few days, with his health invigorated, and his money-bag unemptied.

The last time I encountered my friend was at his own house in Victoria-square, Pimlico, where he took great delight in showing me his library,—a projecting skylight room, built at the back of the premises.

"This is much better than your study," he said, rubbing his hands; "a library should be always lighted in this way; first, because it gives you the command of the whole wall for your books; and secondly, because, instead of being tempted to sit at the window, and look out upon living knaves and fools, you hold uninterrupted communion with the surrounding spirits of departed sages and philanthropists; or if you look upwards, you gaze out upon the pure and glorious heavens."

It will be seen that there was still a touch of misanthropy in his language; but it was literally a *façon de parler*; it never reached his heart.

Summoned to attend his burial, I performed the melancholy duty of following this eminent bard and distinguished man to his last, and most appropriate resting-place in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey. His funeral suggested to me a short poem, with the last stanza of which I will conclude this brief and slight notice of Thomas Campbell:—

To me, the humblest of the mourning band,
Who knew the bard thro' many a changeful year,
It was a proud, sad privilege to stand
Beside his grave, and shed a parting tear.
Seven lustres had he been my friend,
Be that my plea when I suspend
This all-unworthy wreath on such a poet's bier.

THE BALLAD OF RUDIGER THE PROUD.

BY MRS. PONSONBY.

HEAR how Rudiger the Proud
Spoke, while riding on his way
Where the brawling streams are loud,
Amid the woods of Lindaunay.
Young he was—of noble presence—
Goodly form and knightly air ;
And the gleaming of the sunlight
Touch'd his brow and golden hair.

Thus he spoke—"How fair this valley !
Smiling in the morning's sun ;
Flowers around my path are springing,
Glancing streams beside me run.
O'er my head, in green luxuriance,
Interlacing branches meet,
'Twixt the boughs the sunlight shining,
Gilds the turf beneath my feet.

"All around lie fertile pastures ;
High above my castle stands,
Looking o'er the forest ranges,
Looking o'er the meadow-lands—
O'er the stately forest ranges,
Where, amid the rich green-wood,
Fox and bristly boar lie hidden,
Gallant hart and red-deer good.

"O'er the flat and fertile meadows,
Stored with sheep and mighty beeves ;
O'er the corn-fields, where the reapers
Pile on high the lusty sheaves ;
O'er the hamlets, soft and smiling,
Where the little children play,
While the maidens from the orchards,
Singing, bear the fruit away.

"O'er the wild and open country,
Where, unchecked by bit or rein,
Steeds, which never hand hath harness'd,
Rear the head and toss the mane.
Far away to where the ocean,
Breaking on the rocky shores,
Bears the ships that seek my harbours
With their freights of precious stores.

"All are mine, from tower to turret—
From high mount to distant sea—
Fertile pastures—open country—
Forest ranges, fair and free.
Mine is all that wealth can offer ;
Mine is all that rank can boast ;
Soon the maid I love shall bless me
With the hand I prize the most.

"Fair before me lies the future,
Smooth the road, and bright the bride
Who on that high path shall ever
Smile my happy heart beside ;
Lovely children shall surround me,
Worthy heirs to such a crown,
Round my peaceful couch shall gather,
When my head in death lies down.

"When at last, mid years and honours,
I, a great old man, shall die,
Leaving good and proud example
To a far posterity,—
Still, though in my coffin sleeping,
Ever great shall be my fame,
And the kings of earth shall envy
My proud life and deathless name."

Thus spoke Rudiger the Proud,
As he went upon his way,
Heedless of the gathering cloud
Above the woods of Lindaunay—
Heedless how, 'mid troubled foamings,
Heaven's and earth's wild waters meet,
While no more the sunlight shining
Gilds the turf beneath his feet.

Round him now the tempest gather'd—
Howl'd the wind—the thunder roar'd—
Through the whirl'd and tortured
branches
Down the heavy rain-drops pour'd ;
Fearless still, and onward riding,
Calmly pass'd he on his way,
Though the lightning—fierce and fre-
quent—
Lit the woods of Lindaunay.

While the herdsman leaves his cattle,
While the reaper quits the sheaves,
While the maidens from the orchards,
Creep beneath the sheltering caves,
While his steed with terror trembles,
And from lairs in deep green wood,
Flee the startled savage creatures—
Bristly boar and red deer good.

Once he raised his looks to Heaven,
But with proud and changeless eye,
"God," he said, "will from the tempest
Shield the head he made so high."
Swift the answer came in lightning :
Sudden from his swerving horse,
Rudiger—by lightning levell'd—
Sinks amid the torrent's course.

THE PRIEST OF ISIS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AZETH, THE EGYPTIAN."

III.

THE CELL.

THE air was heavy and still. It crept through the murky cell with flagging wings, as if it feared to break the wizard muteness that was about. Not a gleam of light shone through the darkness, save where that pale cresset's feeble ray gave out a sickly flame; flickering against the wall, it but added fantastic horrors of its own to the too real terrors round. For chains encrusted with gore, and daggers rusting with red stains—whips, matted and torn from frequent use—fettters for the free hand, and the strong arm, and the swift foot—and tell-tale marks on the clayey floor, which here and there was moist and slippery with undried pools of human blood, all these did the pale light reveal to the eyes of the bound and captive priest; a fearful tale, too sadly read!

Seated on a low wooden stool, the wretched Zimnis had now full leisure to think over his crime in loving, where the Myriad-named* had forbidden. He had full leisure for calmness and repentance. But, as yet, his heart beat too full for the stillness of reflection. He cared not for the guilt, he cared only for *her* punishment, and for their mutual separation. Were she safe, or were they to perish together, their souls breathed out in one last long embrace, the proud ones might do their worst, and he could smile at their tortures. But alone—she afar off, suffering degradation or punishment which made the blood clot through his veins as he thought—he to be slain, and leave her thus alone and defenceless, when but an hour's space had given them both joy and life for ever—it was not cowardice which forced that heavy sigh—it was not cowardice which blanched his cheek and darkened his full eye! To be powerless, when every nerve is strained and every vein pulsing with eagerness to act and defend—to be bound, when the wild heart is speeding on its way with the swiftness of the falcon's flight—to be chained, when the arm would raise and strike home—oh! surely hell hath no greater torment—surely the ASSESSORS, when they condemn the unclean soul to its debased habitation, are more merciful than man's nature and his fate!

"Oëri! Oëri!" he groaned; "even now thy shrieks are penetrating through the thick walls of this loathsome cell! Even now I hear the hissing of thy crimson blood, as the heated iron tears thy tender flesh!—even now I see thee, beautiful and beloved! kneel at the feet of thy executioners, and pray them for mercy—in vain! Thy voice could charm Aphophis† from his course, but may not move these ruthless souls to pity. And, again, if the very Gentile's measure of tenderness be meted out to thee, with what maddening desecration of thy spirit's holy temple is it clogged! The bright bird of pity will flee to thy aid,

* Isis—the Myrionomous.

† A pestilent serpent, slain by Horus. (Apollo and Python.)

yet the stern Baieth* will be fairer! The love of Semmuthis, of itself, could drag a soul to the lowest of the condemned! Oh, ye gods! slay us both on the instant—let our freed spirits wander, wrapped in each other's embrace, through the pathless ether! Slay us, ye gods! slay us now and together! Gods!—do I pray to the phantoms of policy?" he added, bitterly; "what can the mute idols of the *Ædes* do for the living man? And even if they exist in their glorious places, it is but with scorning that they look upon our ways!" and he hid his face, shuddering as he pronounced these fearful words with such passionate emphasis.

"Will not life, and the aid of thy kind, be dearer to thee?" said a voice near. It was a woman's voice, with a foreign accent hanging upon its silvery tones.

"Ah!" sighed Zimnis, moving restlessly, "the cruel Typhon† hath tempted me; he hath mocked at my misery, and made his sport of my despair."

"Thou art not mocked," said the same voice; "tell me, wilt thou flee, and with Oëri?"

"Gods! this is too much!" groaned the priest, burying his face deeper in his robe.

"Why this sorrow, when the cup of joy is held to thy lips?" and a light touch was laid on his hand.

This at the least was not fancy. He started up and stared wildly before him. A young girl of exquisite shape and beauty, dressed in a foreign garb, stood by his side, her eyes cast on the ground.

"Follow me," she said, still without raising her looks. "If thou wouldst see thy beloved, follow on my path. Be brave; fear nothing. I will not lead thee to harm."

And she looked into his face with a sudden energy, which made the blood crimson on her cheek. It was a strange glance from one so young and fair to *him*! She pointed to a small door in the wall, which had afforded herself an entrance, and which now stood open. She turned toward it, and beckoned to the priest that he should follow her.

Zimnis shook his head with a mournful calmness, as he pointed to his fetters.

"These on thee!" she cried, paling to a deadly hue: she knelt—she took the links in her small slender fingers—as by a magic spell they fell from his limbs; were those bright tears which so rapidly gemmed the rusted links, the embodiments of that spell?

A moment passed, and he stood free and unbound. The girl still knelt. Apparently she had forgotten her mission.

"But once!" she then cried, looking at Zimnis with her large, swimming eyes; "but once, and only once!" She took his hand and pressed it to her lips. They burnt like living flame, hot as the tears which accompanied them. "Come!" she whispered, rising and darting forward. The priest followed; and the door of the cell closed behind them.

After a rapid descent, far down into the bowels of the earth, they entered into a long, dark corridor. They had not gone far when the sound of advancing feet was heard, and the light of torches blazed in the distance.

* The Human Soul on its departure from the body.

† The Evil Spirit.

"It is he!" exclaimed the girl, uttering a faint cry, as she fell into the priest's arms deprived of motion and of life.

Embarrassed with the fainting maiden, and too well acquainted with the hidden dangers of his own temple to trust himself to a rapid flight along paths whose every step might plunge him into some abyss, or entomb him in some treacherous cell, Zimnis stood for a brief space irresolute. Yet to remain was inevitable death; to proceed might give the chance of salvation. His eye, accustomed to the various secret springs, whose existence was known only to the initiated, caught the glitter of the bronze nail, the presence of which, in a stone, indicated a door of masonry work. They were now within the glare of the torches, though hitherto concealed by an angle of the wall. A few seconds more, and they must be discovered. The muffled tread came closer—the hushed voices grew more distinct. As his last resource, Zimnis turned the nail, and a door of stone-work opened. He vaulted through, still bearing the young girl in his arms. The stones rolled back, and the priest heard the tread of the train as it swept past on their way to his cell.

"At last I have my vengeance!" said one, half aloud, as he passed the masked door.

He was the last, and his step was heavier than the rest. It was Sem-muthis, the high priest of Isis, who thus spoke; he, renowned for sanctity and austerity almost beyond the power of humanity to support.

"Fiend! for once again thou art baffled!" Zimnis answered, through his closed teeth. "I have crossed thee in thy love—I have made thy pontiff's fillet sit uneasy round thy brow—and now have I once more mocked thee and thy power!"

The corridor into which Zimnis had entered, was broad and long, and brilliantly lighted by lamps, which hung suspended from the roof by golden cords, wreathed with flowery tendrils. Lofty pillars, round which twined lithe snakes, supported the painted roof. Formed of that dazzling, rose-coloured granite which is studded with bright crystals, they sparkled, and gave out corruscations, as if they had been gems from the mountain mines; they extended far as the eye could reach—a bewildering length of splendour and horror together. For the serpents twined about the lotus capitals and heavy shafts, hissing angrily, and darting their forked tongues, as if they were the guardians of the place, watching over the mysteries enshrined there. Altars were raised at short intervals between the columns, and from them rose up clouds of incense which hung heavily on the air, floating like the white wings of lazy birds basking in the sunshine. Their pedestals were garlanded with flowers—and amongst the flowers, too, twined the green snakes. By each altar was set a golden bowl of pure water of the Nile. Zimnis took one of these, and sprinkled the girl's face and neck with the Blue River's magic dews. She sighed, and opened her languid, dewy eyes.

"Art thou saved?" she whispered with a gentle rapture, her sweet voice murmuring like a bee.

"And thou?" he answered.

"Saved by thee!" she said, closing her eyes in a dreamy delight.

"Thy promise, sweet maiden!" Zimnis exclaimed with impatience, "thy promise to lead me to Oëri!"

"True! true!" cried the girl, starting from his arms, while a look of

pain convulsed her lovely face ; “ Oh ! happy Oëri ! happy in thy misery—happy in thy death—for thou art beloved ! ” and she wept.

“ And thou, too, wilt be happy in the god-like deed of salvation. Nay, weep not ! thou art too beautiful and too young for tears. My heart bleeds to see thee thus.”

“ Doth it so ! ” she almost shrieked, as she flung herself at his feet. “ Oh, Zimnis !—divine priest—beautiful as the bright day-god, Phœbus the golden-haired, say but those words again ! Oh ! they fall upon my withered heart like the soft fountain upon the sand ! Say that thou dost pity me—that thou dost not utterly abhor the wretched maiden fainting at thy feet ! ”

“ What madness hath seized thee ? ” he exclaimed, drawing back.

“ I am the Oëri to whom thou wert to be led : I, Myrrha the Ionian—the captive—the debased ! But I love thee, and I would die for thee. I used thy maiden’s magic name as a lure to charm thee to freedom. I know not her place, neither her fate. Oh ! wilt thou forgive a love too ardent, and all too open ? Wilt thou pardon me, and, it may be, love ? ”

And her voice sunk to a deep whisper, while she bathed his feet with her tears.

“ It is not a crime to love thee ! ” she added, with an impassioned tone.

“ I will not reproach thee ! ” said the priest, with forced calmness. “ Thou hast slain me, but thou art forgiven.”

And before the girl could stay him, Zimnis had fled through the corridor, crossed and closed the stone gateway, and in a few brief seconds he stood before the high priest in the cell of torture.

“ Ha ! thou art come ! Thou escapest me not again ! ” cried Semmuthis, with a savage laugh. “ Is it thus thou takest the air ? Brave of heart and swift of foot, thou must be twice captured—twice fettered. But thy bravery, as thy speed, avails thee nought. Thou art the prey of Semmuthis, and his hand never loosed its grasp, while the life-blood trickled in his victim’s frame.”

“ Thou mayst do thy worst ; ” said Zimnis, quietly.

“ What ! so soon daunted ? Then thy courage was not the sun’s true blaze of glory ! Out on thee for a dastard craven ! ”

“ And out on thee,” retorted Zimnis in a loud, angry tone ; “ for a monster of vices ! Thy secret life I know, thou High Priest of Isis ; and thy deeds are deeds of crime, at which my love, unlawful as it be, will shine as the very virtue of Heaven ! ”

“ And who will believe thee, poor, prating fool ? ” sneered Semmuthis. “ I have fenced myself round with too strong a hedge of sanctity for thee to pierce ! Thou mayst rail, accuse—nay, prove—but a few high-sounding phrases, and a few seeming miracles, will make the herd crouch at my knees, while they rend thee limb from limb for blasphemy ! ”

“ Impious !—dost thou not dread —— ? ”

“ I dread nothing,” interrupted Semmuthis. “ Within the Adytum, without the temenos, I meet nought to fear. But why stand calmly talking with thee here ? Come, my sons ! ” he cried, summoning the attendant priests who had withdrawn from the cell as soon as they had re-bounded the hapless Zimnis ; “ to your holy task of punishment ! And now thou art in my hand in truth and in earnest ; and I swear by the life of the gods that thou dost not leave its hold alive. Thy bold heart will I empty of

each drop of blood, then hang it as banner of victory over my path. The jackal and the hyæna shall feast on thy flesh—the vulture shall incarnadine his beak in thy gore. Ay, Zimnis! thou shalt learn, when too late, what it is to have Semmuthis for thy foe! And more, thou shalt keep, as thy latest thought, the knowledge that while thy corse yet quivers with its lingering life, Oëri, for me, forgets that Zimnis of Philæ ever hid within the sanctuary of her love. And while her soft hands twine themselves round my neck, she will whisper her confession that the love of Semmuthis is as a golden band for her young life, while thine was but a leaden chain to her joy!"

And the hierophant laughed, as only a demon could, while he watched the agony of the tortured priest.

"To your work;" then he cried, again beckoning the attendants.

Silent they came, their white robes shrouding them, as they had been corpses from the tombs. The red iron had seared his flesh—the blood flowed—it hissed on the burning instrument. The smile deepened on the face of Semmuthis, as he repeated again and again his hideous picture, speaking it low, under his breath, then loudly urging to fresh vigour those holy ministers of his will. Not a groan had passed the lips of Zimnis—not a muscle had been disturbed. He was brave and high-hearted now as ever; and, in spirit, beyond the power of his enemy.

A shriek—a sob—a woman's flying feet—the name of "Zimnis!" uttered in a prolonged cry of pain, and a female, closely veiled, rushed through the closed door, and threw herself upon the priest's bleeding bosom.

Was it Oëri? Alas! alas! the veil fell off, and the Ionian maiden, whom he had left but a moment before, clasped Zimnis in her arms.

IV.

THE CHRISTIAN MONK.

THE moon had risen upon the desert sands which gird that green valley of the Nile; and, like a rival sun,* he poured out his yellow rays, as they had been golden showers, upon the air. Nature slept; peace was abroad,—peace in this world of jarring strife, of vanity and of falseness! Thank those great gods above that they have given us night! Thank them that they have made us one sweet resting-place, where our wearied souls may halt and be refreshed, where they may pause in the fierce career of life to think upon Heaven, and, by thought, become its like! Without thee, beautiful night, nor love, nor virtue would meet us on the earth; nor the green herb, nor the gentle flower, spring around our steps in the plain. It is from rest, and from the quiet of darkness, that we drink of the waters of life, and gain that strength which enables us to bear the burden of our being.

And alone on those wild desert sands, what heavenly blessings might not be gained! With not a voice to break the echo of the song from above—not an eye to dim the glory that surrounds us—not an earthly passion to bind the spirit back from its home,—how clearly could we see and know of Truth and God!

See—where leaning against the rugged rock yon old man stands, his eyes raised upwards, and his lips moving in prayer. He, in truth, is

* Perhaps it is necessary to observe that the moon was masculine in Egyptian mythology.

not one of Egypt's luxurious sons, whose dainty delicacy must not be wounded by the roughness of reality—who must be steeped in all sweet pleasures, and not behold even truth face to face, because of its stern teachings;—but he is a man whose worn and furrowed brow, whose appearance and demeanour, speak loudly of all stern actualities,—the reverse of mental idleness or luxury. His garments are of sackcloth and the skins of beasts; his only girdle is the thick coarse rope. His feet are bare—unprotected by the meanest sandal from the sharp rocks and the burning sands; his head has, for only covering, those long white locks which fall upon his bare shoulders, nor adorned with Theban chaplet, nor smoothed with sweet-scented oils, nor trimly curled, nor gracefully arranged. The night-wind, that whispered by, stirred them as they fell in that silver veil about his brow, and the moon's rays glanced on them, and seemed to tinge their threads with glory. It was the prophetic aureole of his future heavenly state.

It was, indeed, a strange sight, and one that had something most serenely holy in it,—that vision of the solitary old man, standing thus, alone in the pathless desert, silently communing with his gods. Let their names be names of spiritual darkness, still would it have been holy; but what, then, when the Father was the spirit to whom he prayed? A cross round his neck, and a rosary in his hand,—though both marks of the Egyptian's faith and form of prayer,—were here symbols of a religion widely different: they were the Christian saint's token of his creed. And he who stood thus in the moonlight, was the great author of the Christian loveless law—the holy cenobite—the vanquisher of the spirit of sin—Anthony of Heraclea. For years he had thus lived in the desert. Once he had gone to Alexandria in search of martyrdom; but that bliss through pain having been denied him, he had returned to his beloved solitude, more solitary than before. He had neither changed his garments, such as they were, of sackcloth and of sheepskin, nor had he washed his body for years. His food was pulse and water; his bed the hard stone; his pleasures prayer, penance, and fasting; his actions fierce warfare with the demons; his reward the glory of the idea which impressed him. He had the support of a firm faith in his own creed, a firm reliance on his conviction, to sustain him. Zimmi, the young priest of Isis, had doubt, contempt, and the galling knowledge of a treacherous imprisonment, a lying and treacherous initiation, to madden him. And yet the elder law—the law of Isis—was but the same as that which Anthony, the follower of the Nazarene, practised. Can belief so change the substance of things, that what brings torture to the one, is, to the other full of a rapt blessedness from the breath of the idea? It is strange! Is then the world—are the very senses of man—delirious, and mockers to the soul? Is there nothing stable—nothing tangible in this wide universe, save the thought which fleets unto death as it is born? Is the mind the sole thing of matter which is true?

A light step was heard upon the sands—a woman's fairy tread. But the saint was too much absorbed in his heavenly visions to hear it, or to heed it, if heard. Yet surely that young, sweet form which rapidly approached was fair enough to have won a thought, even from the empyrean above, to the heaven of her beauty! She was more lovely than the poet's loveliest dream, more witching than that false fair shape which once came with deathly blandishments to soothe the saint, after his cruel combat with the fiends of darkness—that false fair shape, itself the deadliest!

Rapidly the young girl approached, though her pale cheek and bleeding feet told of a long and painful journey ; still, when she saw the old man, fresh life and energy seemed to be poured into her heart, and she ran, for all that her steps were faint and staggering, until she knelt before him.

"Father ! father !" she cried, "save a hapless son of earth !"

"Save !" said the old man, as if repeating a thought aloud. "Nay, rather, blessed are they who die, and depart from this scene of evil and of woe !"

"But, my father, hear me ! Hear the voice of thy servant—thy child !" and the young Ionian ventured to take his hand.

"Off, slave of sin !" he cried, starting back. "Wouldst thou pollute the sacred vessel of truth ?"

The girl burst into tears. "I meant thee nor harm nor injury," she said, humbly ; "I would but call thee to the salvation of one of the noblest sons of Zeus. He is beautiful, and brave, and true ; and he lies bound and captive in the hands of his foe. None can save him—none but thou, servant of the Unknown God, to whom thy deity has granted such magic powers."

"And is it to aid one of the people of the idolaters—one kneeling at the shrine of a fiend, that thou wouldst summon me?" asked the saint, sternly. "Hast thou not read me better, Myrrha? When thou first camest unto me, and first sought my help to set thee free, didst thou not depart, weeping, from before me, because thou wouldst not buy thy earthly freedom with thy heavenly—because thou wouldst not abjure thy idolatry, and learn of truth from the Cross ? I am sent to save the souls of men ; with their bodies—with their lives—I have nought to do !"

"I thought that thou didst then tell me that thy religion was one of love and mercy," said the slave, looking up into his face half-searchingly, half-innocently.

"Of love to the believers ; of mercy to the weak in the true faith," replied the Christian, severely.

"Alas !" sighed Myrrha, "and thus do all the teachers say. Even in Hellas the foreign faith is not held equal with the native. I would that I found this wide truth," and she sighed again.

"Thou hast it here," returned the saint, suddenly taking her hand ; "kneel on this sand, which, though so barren and dry, shall become, by the blessing of the God I serve—by the sanctity of the baptism where-with I shall baptise thee—a river of life, ever welling out peace and happiness for thee in those eternal mansions which pass not away. Here, on this desert sand—here, beneath this bleeding cross, thou shalt find truth and life."

"And for me, thou wilt save my brother? Thou wilt save the priest of Isis, for the sake of thy Grecian convert?" said the girl, flinging herself before him, and speaking rapidly ; while a deep flush covered her brow and bosom.

"For the salvation of one guilty soul I will do all," replied the priest. "And through thee I may even save twain—thyself and thy erring brother !"

"Save him, and I am thy disciple !" cried Myrrha ; and then she bent her fair young head to the dust, and trembled as though her life would part.

The hermit, far too deeply penetrated with the saintly joy of rescuing

one soul from inevitable perdition, little heeded those passionate sobs, that eloquent dread ; little heeded that burning desire for the first salvation of another. He never thought that, for love, the young girl had forsworn herself ; that, for love, she had lied unto him, her own soul, and their God ; and committed the grievous sin which might never be forgiven. All the human feelings were deadened,—all the human wisdom mute. The servant of the Most High, His business, alone, was to be done ; and Saint Anthony, taking the sand in his parched and trembling hand, scattered it upon the head of the slave, uttering his benediction, and his reception of her into the Holy Church. And all unfit as she was, Myrrha was consecrated unto Christ.

Silently the girl knelt, and suffered the ceremony to be performed ; silently, she allowed the sands, which seemed to scorch her as they fell, to rest upon her sleek tresses, at once emblems and marks of her perjury ; silently she heard herself vowed to a faith which she neither understood, nor believed ; and silently she muttered, when the cross was hung round her bending neck, “ Oh, great Zeus,—father of all,—oh, ye dread Errinnyes,—Nemesis, thou fearful avenger,—judge me not too harshly ! Eros, brightest and best of the friends of man, plead for me to the offended, and, by thy power, gain me pardon for this sin ! ”

And thus, the religious zeal which would not acknowledge the claims of humanity, when following an accursed way, led to the most fearful crime of the human heart, the source of its worst evils—deceit before Heaven.

“ And now, come ! come, quickly ! ” cried the young girl, seizing the saint’s hand ; while her eyes, wild and haggard with fatigue, burnt with a fierce excitement, more painful than the dullest gaze. “ I will lead thee to him ; thou wilt save him,—save him from his enemy,—for the sake of thy newly-born child ? ” And then she kissed the hand she held feverishly ; and her hot tears came upon it.

“ Thou art weary, my poor child,” returned the saint, kindly ; “ thou hast travelled far and long. I did not mark thy stained robe, thy bleeding feet, nor pallid cheek ; thou shalt not return until thou art refreshed ; for thou art now my daughter in the church.”

“ Refreshment for me ? Delay ? Oh, no ! My father, thou wouldst slay me ! My sole refreshment is onward !—onward !—through danger and through toil :—on, on, to the prison cell of distress ! Come !—we are but one day’s journey from the island. See ! I have crossed the Nile,—I have tracked thee through the wild desert, alone,—I have braved the noonday sun,—I have looked on death, to save him. Thou wilt not let thy manhood blush before thy frail child’s strength ? On, on ! Let us away, like the lightnings which speed from the starry throne !—away, away, to the island of Philœ ! ”

“ And lead gently the young lambs,” said the saint, under his breath.

But it was in vain that she thus pleaded for an instant return. With all, and more than all, a father’s kindness, he forced her into the cave which formed his dwelling ; and would not suffer her to move, until she had rested, and been refreshed with such simple, anchorite’s fare, as he had to offer. And, in a few moments, worn out with all that she had suffered and felt, the young Greek lay buried in a deep sleep.

When she awoke, the sun was high in the mid-heavens ; and thus, the saint again forbade her to leave the cave until the cool evening had settled on the burning sky, and the moon had come forth, to light them on their

way. Three days must, therefore, elapse before the young girl could redeem the promise of Oëri, and of herself,—before she could stand beside the hapless pair, and restore them to freedom, to love, and to life. And during this time what butcheries might not have been done! Oh! nor rare, nor condemned, are these religious sins against humanity. Seldom does the man, who is deeply imbued with one particular creed, receive that wider, grander, nobler creed, of the Universality of Truth—the supremacy of love, which is Mercy!

It was strange to see the Christian father's care for the despised Greek slave, now that she had been received into the adoption of his faith. Had she been the dearest offspring of his love, he had not been more tenderly mindful of her. But before those words of baptism had been repeated, was she not a thing vile in his sight,—an outcast,—detested,—revolting,—for whom there was no mercy in heaven, no place on earth? But it was his faith; and it must be true and good to think that a word can change the nature, or that difference of creeds annuls the law of charity.

On the way, the saint endeavoured to teach the young girl some of the sublime truths of his religion. But she, though she meekly heard, and dutifully repeated, words which he taught her, neither received into her heart, nor even into her memory, any thing of that which ought to have been so precious. Her thoughts were in the dungeon-cell of Zinnis;—her greatest effort of virtue, the struggling with her own love,—the resolving to set him free, and to bind him, then, to Oëri. For though she would have shrunk from such profanity had the love been of a virgin sworn to the pure Hestia of her own fane, yet of what worth were the vows of a false creed? They might be broken; and Zeus would never heed the perjury; the Erinyes would never pursue the offender!

And thus the very child in wisdom bounds the all of truth to *his* faith!

WHY IS THY PILLOW WET WITH TEARS?

(Translated from the German of *Ficiligrath*.)

BY CAROLINE DE CRESPIGNY.

WHY is thy pillow wet with tear on tear?
Why do thy lips an ominous sadness wear?
Why do those eyes in gloomy sadness roll?
Fear not thou all on earth that makes me blest,
That others shall estrange thee from my breast,
Thou, whom I love with my soul's inmost love.
Angel of life! my dove—ah! woe is me,
Thy drooping head should I o'erlive to see,
By death o'ershadow'd in the arms of sleep;
I would not the vain world should hear my moan,
I would not charm it with one minstrel tone,
But on thy grave would lay me down and weep.
There to the stars uplift my tearful eyes,
I would awake thee with my bitterest sighs,
And deem that in the willows' quivering air
I heard thy winged spirit whispering near,
To me a tribute worth all tributes here,
From the most loving, and beloved, and fair.

ASSAM AND THE HILL TRIBES.

THE valleys of the Burrampooter and its tributaries, with their framework of mountains, constituting, as they now do, a kind of detached and half-reduced province of the Anglo-Indian Empire, are replete with interest and novelty. The great river itself presents very marked peculiarities. In the rainy season it resembles a sea, and extends for miles over the country : in the dry season it still, even in Upper Assam, averages a mile in width, possesses a current much more rapid than the Ganges, and is divided into numberless channels by an infinitude of islands and sand-banks, which, as well as the bed of the river, are strewed with immense trees. The territory watered by this great river consists of jungle, woods, and hills, which are tenanted by few human beings, but instead of such, are overrun by elephants, buffaloes, rhinoceroses, tigers, wild boars, and deer, or infested with crocodiles and boa-constrictors, and other colossal denizens—quadruped and reptilian—of an intertropical luxuriance of marsh and forest, which is scarcely inhabitable even by the aboriginal race of men, and is almost certainly fatal to the civilised intruder.

The mountainous regions are composed, on the one hand, of the lofty snow-clad ranges which are the easterly continuation of the great Himmaleh, stretching onwards to the "flowery land;" on the other, of forest-clad hills and rocks, which separate Assam from Birmah, or the valley of the Burrampooter, from that of the Irawaddi. These various mountain regions, equally difficult of access, are, like the plains, but thinly peopled, and that with hardy, wild, and fierce tribes, among whom are to be found—as for example, among the hideous Nagas, who go naked, tatoo their skins, expose their dead, and eat reptiles and vermin—some probably of the most savage human beings to be found on the whole face of the earth.

Such is the field for inquiry and discovery, and for improvement and amelioration, which is presented to us by this remarkable and little known country, and which is evidently as yet only in a state preparatory for human occupation. The account given to us in the "Sketch Assam,"* if not satisfactory in every point of view, is still more perfect than any that has preceded it. It is exceedingly brief in all that relates to personal experience, and scanty in scientific information, but it contains carefully compiled and detailed accounts of the various tribes, of their history and origin, and of their manners and habits, and which, being illustrated by coloured drawings, carry the reader at once to the scene of description, and convert the author's pen and pencil sketches into real contributions to ethnological knowledge.

The town of Goalparah, situated at the entrance of Assam, is built wholly of mats, grass, bamboos, and reeds. It is placed on the left bank of the river, and is subject to annual inundations. The population is estimated at seven thousand, and an extensive and lucrative trade is carried on in cloths of English and Indian manufacture ; rice, mustard-seed,

* A Sketch of Assam: with some Account of the Hill Tribes. By an Officer in the Hon. East India Company's Bengal Native Infantry, in Civil Employ. Smith, Elder, and Co.

cotton, &c. The three bungalows or ground-floor cottages which compose the military station, are placed on the summit of an adjacent hill, 300 feet high, but notwithstanding this precaution, "unless endowed with great stamina," says our author, "life is here frequently extinguished by jungle fever in the course of a few days."

It is six days' journey by water from Goalparah to Gowhalty, which is the metropolis of Assam. Here, as elsewhere, on the Burrampooter, the native town is built entirely of bamboos, reeds, and grass. To the south an extensive marsh almost surrounds the whole station, and the contiguity of many old tanks, choked with jungle, coupled with the vicinity of the hills, renders this town one of the most insalubrious in Assam. Many improvements have, however, been already effected. Much has been accomplished towards rendering the station more salubrious by the removal of jungle and the construction of roads, many buildings of brick have been erected, and the foundation of a church has been laid, while numerous native shops evince an increase of prosperity. "The view of the river," the author says, "the islands, temples, and verdant foliage of the trees, forms, perhaps, one of the most picturesque scenes to be met with in India." It is a pity, if so, that the depressing effects of the climate should be so irresistible for any length of time, and that the noxious exhalations from the marshes are of so deadly a character.

Beyond Gowhalty the river is navigated in canoes, formed of single trees hollowed out, covered in with a small mat roof. Eighteen merry paddlers, like the Canadian *voyageurs*, enlivening their toil with song, got over forty or fifty miles a day; but the scenery, if not positively devoid of picturesque beauty, wearied the eye by its monotonous character. Sand-banks, woods, and hills, unvaried by the residence of man, or the slightest token of civilisation, constitute the leading features. Occasionally a boat may be encountered, but, excepting from the rude salutation of the wild crew, the screaming of wild fowl, and the loud crash of falling banks, prostrating lofty trees in the bosom of the river, not a sound is heard to relieve the prevailing solitude.

The stations of Fezpore and Bishnath are described as at once pretty and healthy—we suppose comparatively healthy is meant. Arrived at the junction of the Dikhoo, the author mounted an elephant and rode through a dense tree and grass jungle to Seesaugur, a station in a low, flat country, subject to inundations, and twelve miles distant from the Burrampooter. This station has risen upon the ruins of Rungpore, whose ruinous fort still exists upon the opposite side of the Dikhoo river. There are several large artificial tanks, and one or two fine old Hindu temples in and about the station.

Resuming the ascent of the Burrampooter, the next station was that of Dibroo Ghur, the residence of the political agent of Upper Assam, and a seat of cultivation of the Assam tea; and beyond this, and seven days' journey from Seesaugur, the author arrived at his destination, the station of Saikwah, which is the north-eastern frontier military post in Assam.

This station was selected as a military post in 1839, immediately after the station of Suddeah, to the north, had been surprised and burnt by the neighbouring tribes. It is situated on the south bank of the Burrampooter, on low ground, intersected by numerous streams, having the Bisanacorie and the Saikwah streams on the west and east, and surrounded with dense

high tree-jungle. A space of about one thousand square yards has been cleared for the comfort of the troops, but still it is by no means so desirable a station for health as Sodeah, which is in an open plain of six miles in extent. Add to these trifling inconveniences that this desolate spot is surrounded by fierce and treacherous tribes, who occupy a most impenetrable tree and grass-jungle, and whose endeavours are perpetually directed to the annihilation of the troops.

"At first," says the gallant author, "the hourly patrol's grand rounds and alarms allowed me little rest or ease, but the alertness of the troops in getting under arms at night to repel any meditated attack soon obliterated from my mind all apprehension of surprise. The Assam light infantry wish for nothing better than an opportunity of contending with the Singpoohs, or indeed with any of their treacherous neighbours (whom they hold in the utmost contempt), in a fair battle in the open country; but in the jungles they find it almost impossible to come in contact with their foes."

No sooner had the author plastered a mat and grass cottage with mud, than he was obliged to abandon it to an enormous boa, which took possession of the interior, and was only destroyed by blows inflicted with long poles. Snakes, insects, and vermin innumerable also descended from the roof into the rooms. But the author was of that happy temperament and contented disposition which secured him from all feelings of discomfort, and probably also from the same reason from sickness and ill-health.

"The reader," he says, "will suppose an Assam mat-hut to be a dreary kind of residence; but I can assure him the log-wood fire on a hearth one foot high in the centre of the room, with a small window cut high in the wall for the escape of the smoke, is by no means devoid of cheerfulness."

The general characteristic of the climate of Upper Assam is excessive moisture. Rains fall heavily and frequently during eight months of the year, and during the dry season, that is from October to February, the atmosphere is cool and pleasant. The various tribes living in the jungle and plains grow a scanty supply of rice, Indian corn, and vetches, but they live during greater part of the year on the leaves of a kind of arrow root, and on wild yams. Burpetah, whither the author proceeded on duty for eight months, is described as consisting of huts erected on high artificial mounds of earth, in the centre of gardens of betel nut and plantain trees, clumps of bamboos, cane and grass jungle, mango and other large trees, under the shade of which, impervious to the sun, roads and water channels intersect the town in every direction. The notion of a positive focus of disease is presented to the mind by such a description.

The country, as previously remarked, is infested with wild animals, and the foot paths are dangerous at all times. Some slight idea may be formed of the danger to human life from the denizens of the jungle, when it is stated that in the western quarter of the Kamrup district alone, in the short period of six months, the police reports included twenty men killed by wild elephants and buffaloes. Government bestows in consequence a reward of five shillings for every buffalo destroyed, and ten for every tiger. In spring the natives fire the jungle, and the awful roar and rapidity with which the flames spread, and the destruction of animal life, is inconceivable. But so rapid is vegetation in this hot and moist valley, that a few days suffice to bring about the usual aspect of things.

In Assam the land is never manured nor suffered to lie fallow. Rice is

cut upon the same soil from generation to generation, abundant rain being all that is requisite to ensure plentiful crops. The tribe called Cacharris, who reside at the foot of the hills, are the most useful and industrious, as well as the most athletic men in Assam, and are allowed to be the best cultivators.

Like most other half savage races, the Assamese possess a secret unknown to scientific toxicologists of a poison, the slightest scratch or puncture of an arrow smeared with which proves fatal, even to an elephant. The root from whence it is derived is called Mishmee Bih, from the district whence it is obtained. Elephants are destroyed by this poison for the sake of their tusks, and buffaloes and deer for their flesh, which is said not to be injurious when the poisoned part is cut out. In addition to what are thus killed, not less than five hundred elephants are yearly caught with the noose, and sent to Western India for sale.

Among the more remarkable tribes inhabiting Assam are the Khamtis, originally from the sources of Irawaddi, and of warlike habits. It was this tribe that surprised the station of Sudeah, in the night of the 28th of January, 1839, and, although defeated, they killed and wounded eighty persons, including the political agent, Lieutenant-Colonel White, who fell pierced with nine spear wounds. The Khamtis resemble the Chinese in aspect, are addicted to opium and habitual indolence, are intelligent, vindictive, and cruel, averse to regular labour, but said to possess considerable mechanical ingenuity. Little can be expected from the allegiance of so discontented, restless, warlike, and intriguing tribes under the British government.

The Singphoos, about 6000 in number, derive an unsatisfactory interest from their long-continued resistance to the Anglo-Indian troops, and their actual want of allegiance. This tribe, although inhabiting the most fertile districts of Assam, are indolent and improvident, leaving the work to be done by slaves. The Muttucks, a rude, fanatical, stiff-necked people, but who submit to the heavier rate of taxation imposed upon them by the British government, than what was levied by their own chieftains, dwell in that part of Assam where the tea-plant is indigenous, and where the Assam Tea Company have many plantations.

Little has been heard of late in this country as to the progress of Assam tea cultivation. It appears from our author's statements that the company placed itself in great jeopardy by the number of managers and assistants who were employed on large salaries to superintend the tea-gardens, where one or two experienced persons would have sufficed. A huge steamer was also uselessly employed on the Burrampooter river, and such bad rice was supplied to the labourers that many died. This state of things has, however, now been ameliorated; greater economy and vigilance are exercised, many labourers resort to the gardens for employment, and the chief difficulties having been surmounted, Assam tea, equal to Chinese, can now be furnished in any quantities at one shilling and sixpence a pound.

The Boos, Abors, and Meroes are of Tatar descent, and inhabit the mountains and hills to the north of Upper Assam. They are described as large, uncouth, athletic, fierce-looking, dirty people, but to warlike habits they are said, like other highlanders, to unite open, manly, and pleasing manners. They are not in allegiance to the British government, nor has their territory been as yet at all explored. Lieutenant Wilcox

endeavoured to penetrate the country by the valley of the Dehong, but the Abors prohibited his progress. Dr. Griffiths failed also in 1837. These mountaineers are very skilful in the construction of cane rope bridges, which they throw over ravines of eighty yards breadth. The Mihmees, who trade in poison, are few in number and little known. They are a wild, roaming tribe, constantly engaged in petty wars.

There are also the Dooaneahs, descendants of Burmese and Singhpoo fathers; the aboriginal Assamese, who are the chief gold-washers; the terrible Nagas, who dwell in the hills to the south-east, and among whom American missionaries have endeavoured to locate themselves, with no more success than they met with among the Assamese and Singhpoo. The Garrows, a small tribe who commemorate the death of their relatives by massacring whomsoever they can with impunity, grow considerable quantities of cotton on their native hills. The Cosseahs are hunters and fishermen, and untrustworthy, as all savages are more or less. A large quantity of potatoes are, however, now raised on the Cosseah hills. The Booteahs are estimated at 145,200 souls, and are said to possess good dispositions, though they are indolent, illiterate, immoral, and superstitious.

It remains for us to remark that the annual sum expended for the support of civil and military establishments in Assam is estimated by the author at 700,000 rupees, while the net-revenue is only estimated at 611,268 rupees, showing that the disbursements exceed the receipts. This is truly to be regretted, for it is impossible, from the account above given of the various produce and fertility of the country, but that it ought, under good management, to be a source of profit, instead of expense, to the government; while every endeavour to promote the advancement and civilisation of the people, cannot but be hailed as a most happy omen by all true philanthropists. The British government has already relieved Assam from the barbarous mutilations, cruel impalements, and other outrages against humanity, which its inhabitants were subject to under their ancient rulers: slavery has, to a certain degree, been abolished; and distress, anarchy, or discontent, are unknown among our own subjects; and Assam cannot, our author says, be regarded otherwise than as a rising country; the price of all commodities, as well as the wages of labour, having been greatly enhanced under British rule.

The British government have hitherto, from prudential motives, abstained from giving offence to, or exciting the jealousy of, the Chinese, by permitting any of our officers to enter Thibet from the accessible points in the north-eastern quarter of the Valley of Assam. It is to be hoped, however, that some day or other, as was observed in regard to the Chinese consular ports, that this most absurd Anglo-Indian prejudice will be superseded by a more frank and enlightened spirit of intercourse, and that the extension of geographical knowledge will not be for ever sacrificed to a truly Oriental and narrow-minded policy. There can be no question but that the occupation of Assam furnishes extraordinary opportunities of obtaining an acquaintance with many totally unknown countries, and that it is calculated some day to bring us acquainted with many races of men at present unknown to the civilised world.

LIFE AND REMINISCENCES OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

CHAP. XIII.

Campbell's Conduct respecting Byron's Biography—Suggestions regarding a University in London—Campbell's Letter to Mr. Brougham—Meeting at the London Tavern—The Poet sets out for Berlin.

It was during the year 1824, that Byron died in Greece. It was naturally supposed that some article of interest would appear about so distinguished a character, in a work edited by a brother poet. But Campbell's timidity and indecision were never more conspicuous than upon this occasion. He feared, in the first place, to give his opinions or let others give theirs, for whatever appeared about the deceased poet would be supposed his own, and then how could he do justice any way without offending many of his own friends, who had been Byron's, or offending Lady Byron and her friends. He had always professed himself Lady Byron's advocate through the various differences that had taken place between the noble poet and his wife. As was his custom, Campbell preferred saying nothing. The character of Byron personally, as well as his works, was passed over. He feared to touch upon the subject, too, lest any critical observations, however fairly made, might subject him to the censures of the world, the avoidance of which was a part of his character, if for no other reason than his reluctance to the task of refuting them. If I urged the expectation of the public from him in a particular manner, or gave him some hint that it would be highly advantageous, he would reply, "I would rather give up the work than commit myself on such a subject, for though I may not do it, what appears will have my sanction with the 'world.'" I have already alluded to his conduct about a review of Medwin's book, which came out the same year. Thus Byron was only spoken of in the Obituary. He, however, expressed himself in terms of great indignation at the refusal of the Dean of Westminster to allow Byron a resting-place in the Abbey. Not that he thought it a thing of the slightest moment to the poet or to his memory, to have his bust exhibited to fatten deans and chapters at sixpence a-head. The works of the great poet would live and be read when the site of the Abbey might be a doubt. English literature would survive England's decay in new-born nations, but he declared that it was political hatred to the noble poet that excluded him from the Abbey—a kind of hatred Campbell never felt towards any man, however much he might disapprove of his political principles. There were numbers more heterodox in their religious sentiments buried there than Byron was. Public property ought not to be subjected to the caprices of political high church spleen. These opinions were undeniably just; and on such questions the poet never disguised his sentiments to his friends.

Besides suggestions, in 1825, respecting a London university, after his published letter, to which allusion will presently be made more particu-

larly, Campbell wrote a review of "Milton's Treatise on Christian Doctrine," recently discovered in the State Paper Office, by Mr. Lemon, deputy-keeper of the state papers. It was seldom that the poet took it into his head to write a review in the large print of the work, not half a dozen times, most assuredly, in ten years. But the name of Milton attracted his attention, a name he held in great veneration, by the publication of the tract "De doctrina Christiana." There had not been wanting those in the church, who, fearful of losing the assumed partisanship of Milton to orthodox points of doctrine, contended that the manuscript discovered could not be his, as he was an avowed trinitarian, and this just before the newly-discovered work had been published. Campbell, in running through the book, had no doubt of its authenticity, and also that Milton was an anti-trinitarian, and that the latitude of his departure from the popular belief far exceeded what was displayed in any of his published writings. Milton coincided with Paley, recently, and with Calvin, Bucer, Peter Martyr, Musculus, and the early fathers in the church, that the Sunday was a voluntary ordinance of the church only, and not commanded under the Christian dispensation, Milton's opinion on divorce, too, he considered equally clear. At length he proceeded to so disproportionate a length with the commencement of the article, that he impatiently cut it down and then re-wrote it, having got tired of the subject. This was another picture of his vigorous starting off with an undertaking, and relaxing in energy as he proceeded, until he dropped it altogether.

About the same time, in 1825, a remarkable MS. was received from Sweden, through the Foreign Office, and immediately published. It filled Campbell suddenly with historical recollections about Mary Queen of Scots. It was written by Earl Bothwell during his captivity in Denmark, and is a valuable addition to Scottish history. The original is in the Royal Library at Drottningholm. Campbell was not of those who viewed Mary with the indulgence of many Scotch historians; with him it merely revived an old reading subject, and the comparison of Earl Bothwell's with Hume's account furnished him a short amusement. At this time, too, a new topic engaged the poet's attention. His own contributions or labours through 1824 had been spare, consisting in poetry of his poem "Reullura," in which he rode his hobby in verse, about the early inhabitants of these isles, and portions of his remarks on Greek poetry, in truth little enough. He began, however, some observations on the scheme, afterwards carried out, for a London University. As early as 1821, among his more intimate friends, he had much discussed the subject. He had spoken of it repeatedly, and with zeal, in a small club of literary men, about a dozen in number, who met weekly at Mr. Colburn's house in Conduit-street. He had remarked on the great utility of such establishments on the continent and in his own country. Delayed from time to time, but never laid aside, the project had been revived by him during the latter half of the year 1824, when he began to think seriously about the possibility of carrying such an institution into effect. He thought, and very justly thought, that there was no reason why the offspring of the larger part of the community, the very pith and marrow of the nation, should be excluded from the advantages to be derived from such a seminary, because they were unable to meet the heavy expenses of the Universities of Cambridge and Oxford. From thirteen to eighteen years of age,

Campbell thought might be well spent in acquiring that superior knowledge which the school pupil had no mode of acquiring by any other means. His idea was not to sequester the youth from the paternal dwelling, except during the hours required for attendance on the different professors.

At the end of 1824 Campbell embodied his ideas upon this interesting subject in a letter to Mr. Brougham, M.P., who at that period, still grasped at popular support to attain the ends of his ambition, flattering the Dissenters, and warily taking his ground upon those abstract principles which reason justifies, but which the ruling powers ever avoid to substitute hollow expedients in their place, till longer resistance to them becomes vain. Mr. Brougham too was at the moment, on the score of policy, one of the best men in the nation to address for such a purpose. By strengthening himself yet further, through giving powerful aid to the Dissenters, favourable as they must be to such an institution, he on his side would aid his own objects, and with them he had then great influence. The Dissenters were excluded from the two existing universities, this might be an argument for use. Campbell had no idea of this kind, he looked at Churchmen and Dissenters as on the same level. It was the convenience of a university in a great capital for those who could not otherwise attain its advantages that he regarded; he had no distaste towards Oxford or Cambridge. He had no idea but that Churchmen and Dissenters would equally support such an institution, on the basis of its advantages for instruction at their own doors. The schemes carried out by the subsequent ex-chancellor were rarely or never his own. He adopted the hints and plans of others. Just as in his speeches and writings he started no original idea amid all his wonderful involution of language, his praise of new friends, or asperity of invective in dispraise of old, so it was with his schemes. But it must be admitted that his unscrupulous boldness in the execution corresponded with the intensity of his ambition, and that he thus played upon the public feeling with a tact worthy of a better motive. Even where the originality had not been disguised, and he admitted fractional participation, he ever contrived to grasp the largest share of the praise.

That Campbell had neither Churchmen nor Dissenters exclusively in view, but the general accommodation, was evident. He was not an individual of craft sufficient to oil over the Dissenters, or to turn their favour, had he possessed it, to his own advantage. He had no object of ambition to gratify, in administering exclusively either to the just desires or narrow prejudices of party. He had, in short, no end but public good; no aim to construct a ladder to clamber over the heads of Churchman and Dissenter alike, to be kicked down when the last stave was overpast. The poet's words should be recorded:—

“To build and endow a London University would cost, I imagine, 100,000*l*. It might contain thirty professors, or more; the most of whom would maintain themselves by small fees from the students, though a few professorships would require salaries. Two thousand families subscribing 50*l*. a-piece would raise that sum. A youth could surely travel daily two miles to his studies. Place the University centrically, and you would thus give it a surrounding circle of London population four miles in breadth, and twelve in circumference. How many families in that

space would patronise the scheme, remains to be tried ; but largely for houses who have no sons for Universities, and a number would be found willing to postpone sending their boys to business or professions for the sake of some years of good education.

"In the mass of families whose incomes vary from some hundreds to two or three thousand a-year, what a serious cost is education. Cambridge and Oxford are, of course, out of the question with one half of them. But say a man has 1000*l.* a-year, he can hardly send one son to an English University. To send three sons would cost him, at least, 750*l.* If there were a London University, the board of each son in his own house might be 45*l.*, his clothing and pocket-money 25*l.* ; and his education at a London University, on a plan perfectly practicable, would not need to exceed, by any computation, 25*l.* or 30*l.* In all, 100*l.* An Oxford University education, given to three sons, would thus leave a man of 1000*l.* a-year, 250*l.* for himself and his wife and daughters to subsist upon. The London scheme would leave him 700*l.*

"Instead, therefore, of discussing what Oxford and Cambridge are, or ought to be, the people of London should settle what sort of University they wish for, and it will be their own fault alone if it does not exist. It may be said that 50*l.* is a serious sum for a middling circumstanced family to give away as the price of a mere privilege. It is for men of influence to inspire the people with different sentiments."

The matter was duly discussed in the more influential quarters of the town, and some leading members in Parliament, among whom were Lord John Russell, Sir James Mackintosh, and other distinguished personages, declared themselves friendly to the new Institution, and determined to give it all the support in their power. They would not have done this, had it been really injurious to the Universities of Oxford or Cambridge. The conduct of Lord John Russell upon this occasion was itself a reply to the accusation made against him of insincerity, popularity wanting, and the like. His lordship had nothing to gain by the support of that measure. His support was in accordance with his well-known sentiments for a long time before, as it has been since, down to the present hour, while there is not one individual who will dare to say that his feelings are not with the truest interests of the church. It is no slight meed of praise to statesmen in these times to be so consistent, and to have the satisfaction of finding time rally around them those to whom, for want of formerly foresight upon any point, the lapse of years yields at once both revelation and fulfilment.

In the meanwhile, the poet was full of the London University, and exceedingly active in the preliminary measures ; for no one could have it more at heart. That which he had talked of, and had been considering for four years, was about to be realised. He rejoiced at being the instrument of a great public benefit. His eager, earnest temper overleaped the present. He saw the new institution in his imagination working wonders. He forgot how the means of carrying out the undertaking were to be raised. He meditated alone upon the internal regulations of the institution, before he knew whether there was a way of procuring the large sum of money upon which the measure depended for execution.

At length the day for a meeting was fixed. Campbell called upon me, and asked me to go with him to the London Tavern. We had scarcely

entered the room, which was crowded with Dissenters, also with men of wealth, acquirement, and respectability, when we saw Sir James Mackintosh, who said he should give the undertaking the utmost aid he could; the idea was a happy one; he should strongly urge the merits of the project, which he did in a very eloquent address. Lord John Russell and a number of public men of note were present, several of whom spoke. Campbell followed; commencing deliberately, but soon, from an overflow of ideas pressing too much upon him for utterance, he became excited and almost unintelligible. This arose much from want of habit, but more from an impetuosity that carried him out of self-government. He was rarely capable of addressing the public for more than a very few minutes without losing himself in this manner. When he had any literary subject upon which to speak, he wrote out his speech and got it by heart. It was painful to hear one whose mind was so well stored with information upon the topic in hand, manage so ill. Yet though aware of his defective power in public speaking, he did not refrain from attempting its exhibition extempore on too many occasions. He had no nervous fear before those whom he addressed, no confusion arising out of want of self-reliance, but it seemed as if the multiplicity of his thoughts, or matter, overlaid and stifled his powers of delivery. After all, the most effective public speakers, perhaps, are men of few ideas and many common places.

Mr. Brougham was expected as usual, a lion then at such meetings, but he did not make his appearance until all present had spoken. There is a policy in this sort of conduct, it raises and fixes expectation. He began by an allusion, often had recourse to in his own case, of having been detained in another place by important business.

He commenced, all was stillness; he proceeded, all was satisfaction; he concluded, and all was applause. He had entered upon the merits of the question with his usual adroitness and skill in oratory, and also with much deliberation, and had not proceeded far before he spoke of the "singularity," of his friend Campbell and himself having about the same time hit upon a similar idea. But it appeared he had been the keeper of his own council. He had never before unfolded the secret. Campbell's letter had been then some time before the public, after three or four years of consideration of the project, and conversation about it with his friends.

Upon returning I recalled to Campbell Mr. Brougham's singular remark that he had hit upon the same idea, "Did he never before tell you of it?" I asked.

"Never," said Campbell.

"Then depend upon it he will make himself the leader in it, and take the praise. He will be more than the organ-blower."

"No, no," replied the poet.

But so it turned out in the end. The London University became a stepping-stone in Mr. Brougham's march to popularity.

Campbell, whose ideas were, in fact, all directed to the machinery of the proposed institution rather than to fighting its cause through at public meetings, was, it must be admitted, a useless personal advocate with the multitude compared to Mr. Brougham, whose incessant practice in the art of persuasion and forensic self-possession, stimulated by his latent ambition to adopt every available means towards his own ends, were both useful to himself and to the furtherance of the scheme. This must in candour be

admitted, though he would not make himself the second man in Rome upon the occasion.

There were some suggestions respecting a plan for the University published by the poet subsequently to his letters to Mr. Brougham. These suggestions principally related to the propriety of the measure. In them he enumerated and combatted with singular felicity every objection that could be urged against it. He showed them to me in manuscript, and going out of town before he could see a proof, begged me to correct the press for him, (see page 74). No article written by Campbell do I ever remember so well drawn up. It was an unanswerable and masterly reply to every objection that could be urged against a favourite measure by prejudiced, interested, or ignorant persons. It was remarkably successful as a piece of pleading in behalf of a cause which attracted unmerited vituperation from a vast number of persons, and was looked upon with a jaundiced eye by those high-flyers of the church party more particularly, who, hating free principles in Church or State, have since showed every disposition to introduce the faith of the Church of Rome into that of England, divested of its better points. The costly education at one at least of our old universities has been no safeguard within its precincts from the influence of doctrines subversive of the Church of England. The London University, that the bigots so much abused, has no perversions of this kind for which to answer. If there be idleness among sleek professors or teachers within its walls, that idleness has been devoted neither to the restoration of childish superstitions nor to the study of how modern civilisation is to be restored with the greatest facility to the stupifying ignorance of England in its dark and barbarous juvenescence. It has been raising a barrier since its establishment to that favoured doctrine of hypocrisy under all disguises, that men are born only for others to think for them. "I have spoken with men," the poet observed, "themselves well educated, who have told me that 'a little learning is a dangerous thing,' and have objected to the scheme, because half educated men are more apt to have crude notions than men not educated at all. Before I admit the bad effects of a little learning and of half education, I must know what is meant by those terms. If you mean by 'half education' a man having been well taught only half the things that can be learnt, I should be glad to be entitled to-morrow to the denomination. But if you mean a smattering in many branches of knowledge, without a tolerable knowledge of any one branch, I grant that crude ideas will be the probable result of such learning. Recollect, however, that this is not to be half educated; it is to be miseducated, and we are proposing no place of miseducation. On the contrary, we propose a place where a man may be thoroughly and cheaply grounded in any single branch of learning or science, or in as many branches as he may choose. A great many prejudices on the subject of education arise from confounding two things essentially opposite, namely, a scattered and confused acquisition of knowledge, and a small degree of knowledge properly acquired."

Again he remarked with great justice, "It is a vestige of barbarism in our language that learning only means, in its common acceptation, a knowledge of the dead languages and the mathematics."

Of the merits of his old friend Dugald Stewart he spoke highly, and in touching upon the qualifications of teachers, he alluded to his own

teacher, Professor Jardine of Glasgow, as such an one whom he wished to see in the new university, and he sketched his character.

He came up to the idea of a teacher who does not depend upon the capacity of a student, but who brings him on by the strength of his own ; and teachers are then, and then alone, intellectual masters in the proper sense. Let no place of public education be founded without a recollection of this truth, that the progress of the scholar ought not to be dependent on his own efforts, in any degree, so much as on the humblest capacity being turned to the best account. "Jardine was doomed for a long while to teach the Aristotelian logic. I was one of the last to whom he taught it. But his strong plain sense saw that teaching the Baconian philosophy, the general laws of taste, and the practice of English composition, were more important than the old logic ; and he divided his course between these different kinds of study. At last he became, though I believe not without opposition from the admirers of the wisdom of our ancestors, the reformer of his own professorship ; he dismissed the old logic altogether, and taught only the rules of analytical reasoning, the principles of taste, and the practice of English composition. He taught, generally, three hours a day, till he was near the age of ninety. Not a moment of any hour was lost in digression or bad humour. We wrote and criticised each other's theses, he read our criticisms, and reasoned them down if they were uncandid. If you ask me what great minds his class produced, I will answer that the object of his class was to make useful men. He was not responsible for the production of greatness. But if one were to remind hundreds of the clergy of Scotland and the north of Ireland of the name of Jardine, I know they would say that he practically taught them to compose their sermons. I cannot compute the amount of his influence on the increase of the taste and rationality of Scotch preaching, for that sort of influence has no terms of measurement ; but that he has influenced the moral improvement of his country I have not a doubt."

Such were the kind of men Campbell stated he should recommend as teachers in the new university. In pursuance of the object he sought to attain he had laboured with great earnestness. The London University was a measure near and dear to his heart. The real credit of having been the suggester of so desirable a foundation, remains to him and him alone : it must so remain, as long as the language of his immortal odes shall endure. That he had little or no concern in the subsequent arrangements of the University, in fact that he was little consulted, or not at all, about the matter, is only to be regretted, inasmuch as it affords another example how ill those who undertake any thing in behalf of the public are certain to be repaid for their zeal. If Campbell looked for no more than his due in an expression of the admitted credit for the design, even that he can hardly be said to have obtained. The arrangement of the details must necessarily have been undertaken by a committee. Campbell was no working man, nor at all adapted for securing the *matériel* of the measure, but there was no man in the empire more capable than he was of advising in the organisation of the plan of education, because he had long studied it. No one understood the subject better. For some time after starting, too, there was considerable room for improvement discovered, and a good deal of feverishness pervaded the establishment. Mr. Brougham took the lead in every thing. Campbell soon withdrew him-

self from all connexion with the working out of his scheme. I heard that twelve years afterwards, Lord Brougham, then at the apex of his ambition, when nothing was to be gained or lost by such an avowal, when the desire of popularity had cooled upon its necessity, that twelve years afterwards his lordship avowed that to Campbell belonged the credit of the scheme. It is easy justice when there is no cost.

Campbell was so zealous upon this occasion, that though no one was better acquainted with the universities of Germany, not having seen that of Berlin, which was in a good degree analogous to the foundation he had framed in his mind as best adapted for the contemplated establishment in London, he determined to visit Prussia. "I am going off to Germany," he observed; "I have some verses for you, and they are all I possess. I shall proceed directly to Berlin. I want to make some observations on the university there."

The next morning a servant came to me with the following portion of his lines, called "Hallowed Ground," to which he had tacked a request that I would tell him whether he had used the "shall" and "will" with perfect propriety, as he could not overcome his doubts upon the point! I thought at first he was in jest. The lines, in his own hand-writing, I still preserve, as a memento of that wavering and doubting which at times were apt to come over him in relation to other affairs as well as those of composition. I made a memorandum at the time on the paper, and under the lines, to the following effect.

"The above was written by Thomas Campbell just before his departure for Berlin, in 1825, to put the question whether he had used "shall" and "will" correctly, of which, though he always used those words right, he was never clear of the proper introduction."

——— And welcome war, to brace
Her drums! and rend Heaven's recking space!
The colours planted face to face,
The charging cheer,
Though Death's pale horse lead on the chase,
Shall still be dear.

What's hallow'd ground?—'tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!—
Peace! independence! truth! go forth
Earth's compass round,
And your high-priesthood *shall* make earth
All hallow'd ground.

The eighth and last stanzas were the cause of doubt, where it might be well supposed there was no real foundation for it, as it is probable the poet never improperly applied the word, in the way many of his countrymen are prone to do, in the whole course of his literary existence. I went over to him and told him all was right. "To be sure," he replied, laughing, "I thought as much; but I have been for this hour past bothering my head upon the point." The verses he then copied out, in a fair hand, and started on his journey.

ADRIEN ROUX;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A COURIER.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO, ESQ.

CHAP. XVII.

THE FAIR STRANGER—PAGANINI—ROUGE ET NOIR.

THERE is, I think, no place in the world, Paris itself not excepted, where the apprenticeship to a knowledge of life is so brief as at Baden-Baden. The moment you set your foot within its charmed circle you come in contact with every motive that can influence, every passion that can agitate, mankind. In a capital city it is long, very long, before you discover what is going on around you, you are in the midst of the great world of strife, where men fight in disguise, striking in the dark with concealed weapons, and the sphere of action is too vast to admit of your comprehending it except by slow degrees. But at Baden-Baden all difficulties are removed at once; not that men's motives are more transparent there than at Paris or Vienna, but they are more rapidly developed. The passions, always of quick growth, are here *forced*, and attain their maturity with marvellous rapidity; a result attributable no less to the shortness of the season than to the natural tendency to evil which lies in the human heart. A few weeks, often a few days, transform the artless girl into an accomplished flirt; the staid moralist into a hot libertine; the sober anchorite into a hard liver; the warm friend into a bitter foe; they witness the destruction of modesty, prudence, abstemiousness, honour, candour, integrity; and behold the substitution of effrontery, recklessness, dissipation, treachery, falsehood, dishonesty. The chief agent in this sudden transformation is the gaming-table, whose attractions are heightened by every lure that pleasure can lend. All that can charm the senses is devised at Baden-Baden to bring her votaries within the influence of play, and that accomplished, no other magic is necessary; once within the vortex and the work of vice is done.

These head-quarters of luxury have been too generally visited and too frequently described, to render any very minute details necessary on my part. Though greatly embellished since my first visit to them in the suite of the Marquis de Courtine, there still existed, in 1830, the nucleus of that which under the administrative genius of Monsieur Benazet has since assumed such beautiful proportions. The *Ursprung* then performed the functions of the modern *Trinkhalle*, and summoned old and young at early morn to the boiling spring; the promenades in the park, the excursions to the old castle, to Lichtenthal, and to the skirts of the Black Forest, filled up the time till the hour of "restauration" arrived, honoured then as sedulously though perhaps less magnificently than now; and at every moment throughout the day, but in increasing numbers towards its close, the idle, the gay, and the dissipated, thronged to the ever open portals of the *Conversations Haus*, to read the news and talk

of it, to flirt, to dance, and to play at *rouge et noir*. The only difference between the two periods is, that now there are greater splendour and display, and a greater concourse of visitors: all the essential features remain the same.

The lives led by Monsieur de Courtine and his friend Mr. St. John were no exception to the general rule at Baden-Baden. They drank the waters, as much for fashion's sake as health, they visited the promenades and made excursions far and near, they dined at the latest *tables d'hôtes*, and the evening was of course passed within the walls of the *Conversations Haus*.

The duties of their *suite* were light—it is one of the great charms of Baden-Baden that servants can enjoy themselves as much as their masters—and consequently I was left almost entirely in the hands of Bobèche, who had taken a great fancy to me, and lost no opportunity of indoctrinating me with the mysteries of his calling. He enjoyed vast popularity with our own class, and created no slight sensation amongst the Parisian *femmes de chambres* whom we found here in abundance,—and, thanks to his tuition, I also began to make my way in this new world. I had never been remarkable for bashfulness, and the kind of education which I had received was not such as to favour its existence, if even Bobèche had not appeared to instruct me by his example. I was at an age, moreover, when, in France, one begins to think one's-self somebody; the frail infant of the “turning-box” had thriven in all its vicissitudes, and, at seventeen, I was tall, active, and well-made, with the bright hue of health mantling on my cheeks and sparkling in my eyes, for which reason, possibly, the glances of more than one sentimental *soubrette* became more tender and expressive whenever I made my appearance in society. I soon formed a tolerably large number of acquaintance, both male and female, a matter easily accomplished where one belongs to a master possessed of rank and wealth, for I need scarcely observe that the lustre of a high position reaches to the circumference of the circle of which it is the centre, and that we who are on the outside have the benefit of this reflected splendour.

We had been at Baden about a week when, one morning, the marquis and his friend having gone unaccompanied on a pedestrian excursion to the ruins of the old castle which crown the heights above the town, as Bobèche and I were standing in a group in one of the avenues leading up to the *Trinkhalle*, which was thronged like a fair with Tyrolese, Swiss, and Bohemian merchants vending their various wares, we saw a lady pass by whose extraordinary beauty rivetted our attention. She was very fashionably dressed, and in the best possible taste, every colour being blended as if nature, not art, had presided at her toilette, and that a lovely flower rather than a pretty woman had been the object of her care. Thus much we men could observe, though, by the way, a Frenchman understands a lady's dress as well almost as she does herself—but certain demoiselles to whom we had been saying many polite things which were not unappreciated, were rapturous in their exclamations of admiration at the lady's costume. “*Mon Dieu! quel joli chapeau! Mais que ces rubans sont beaux! A-t-on jamais vu une telle cachemire!*” and sundry commendations of the same nature. We, on the other hand, though the dress was not thrown away upon us, paid a no less enthusiastic tribute to her beauty. She was rather above the middle height, and slightly but

roundly formed, with the smallest hands and feet it is possible to imagine. Owing to the heat of the weather, her veil was thrown on one side, and this enabled us to see her features, which were moulded in the most regular proportions, and wore an expression of calm—almost of severe dignity. Her eyes were large and *bien fendus*, but their colour was hidden beneath the long silken lashes which veiled them as the lids were cast towards the ground; her coral lips, just parted, revealed two rows of teeth like pearls, and across a brow of snow swept her lustrous dark hair in the fashion which then was rare but is now familiar; her complexion was of the hue which resembles marble, but it is the marble of the antique sculpture infused with the breath of life.

She was not unattended, for a few paces behind her followed a tall chasseur in a dark livery, who seemed an Italian, as we judged his mistress also to be. He carried a portable chair, folded like a large cane, and walked with silent gravity, looking neither to the right nor left as he paced along the avenue.

The fair stranger was evidently a new comer, for her person as well as that of her attendant was unknown to the *habitués* of the baths.

This bright apparition furnished us with a subject for frequent conversation throughout the day.

"Here is something," said Bobèche, "that ought to afford the marquis some interest and rouse him out of his melancholy reveries, if any thing can. I must try and discover who she is, and then formally report the result. I know that Mr. St. John, at all events, will be curious about her, for his curiosity is equal to a woman's."

An incognito can never be long preserved at Baden Baden; the punctual gazette, the *Badeblatt*, publishes a daily list of the latest visitors, from which there are no omissions, and it was not difficult to discover that the last arrival at the Hotel de Russie, which appeared under the name of "Lady Malpas," was the beautiful stranger whom we had seen in the gardens. Our conjectures as to her being an Italian were at once at an end, for the shibboleth of "lady" plainly declared her country. How different she is, thought I, from any of the party of Stubbs! And, in thinking so, I was guilty of no injustice towards Miss Caroline, who, though the best of her family, could not possibly enter into competition with this lovely and distinguished creature.

Who Lady Malpas was, neither Bobèche nor I had any immediate opportunity of ascertaining. All we could learn was that she had arrived at the baths in her own carriage only the night before, accompanied merely by a femme-de-chambre and chasseur, and that she had previously been staying at Wiesbaden. She had given very particular directions respecting some expected letters of importance, and this was all that could be ascertained.

As in duty bound to supply his master with all the information he could pick up wherever he went, Bobèche fully described to the marquis and Mr. St. John, when they returned to dress for the table d'hôte, the personal attractions of Lady Malpas, together with the little we had learnt about her. But it was enough to excite their desire to see her, for, although beauty was by no means rare at Baden Baden, a fresh face has always charms, and, stoic as he was, even Monsieur de Courtine expressed some interest on the subject.

It was destined that their curiosity should not long remain ungratified.

Neither the marquis nor his friend were gamblers—that is to say, they had never yet experienced the passion for play—but they were in the habit of frequenting the saloon nightly, a *passe-temps* which is one of the necessities of life at this luxurious watering-place. On the evening of the day on which Lady Malpas made her first appearance at the baths, they attended as usual, and what befel in consequence I shall describe as I learnt it, partly from what I was told, and partly from what I myself witnessed.

A very singular man, whose name at that period was very much bruited on account of his extraordinary talents, was then staying at Baden Baden ;—this man was Paganini. He had not yet acquired throughout Europe the reputation which he shortly afterwards enjoyed, of being the finest violin-player in existence, but he was still sufficiently well-known to make him a personage of the greatest note whenever he appeared in Italy or in the south of Germany. The peculiarity of his appearance no less than the wondrous magic of his solitary string, made him an object of great attraction, and people used to flock to gaze at his wild, unearthly features and long, streaming black hair, as they would gather round some strange sight at a fair. Though his movements were uncertain in the daytime, there was one place, in the evening, where he was invariably to be met with—at the *rouge et noir* table in the *Conversations Haus*. To judge by the intensity with which he used to watch the game, the trembling eagerness with which he clutched the gold, and the varying emotions which chased each other across his pale and haggard countenance, one would have thought that this man had no soul for any thing beyond the frantic passion for gaming. Perhaps it was one of the necessities of his nature, that he felt himself compelled to seek, in this strong excitement, a relief from the thoughts which were conjured up when he grasped his marvellous instrument. Some there were who said that he took refuge in these violent emotions to prevent the recurrence of the terrible vision which was otherwise constantly present to his sight, of a murdered wife whom his own hands had strangled. Others ventured further into the regions of fiction, and whispered of a compact with the evil one. Both, however, must have been out in their conjectures, for he neither gained tranquillity nor money by the indulgence of his desires. Those who saw him under the influence of music, beheld an enthusiast whose pleasure seemed only one intense agony, and those who witnessed his transports at the gaming-table, unless bitten themselves by the mania for play, felt no inclination to put themselves in his position.

So absorbing is the frenzy which takes possession of the gambler, that many, doubtless, who were seated nightly beside the wonderful musician, took no more notice of him than they would of the most ordinary looking person—the colour of the card being of greater interest in their eyes than the features of a seraph or a demon. But all who thronged to the saloon of the *Conversations Haus* were not gamblers, though many of them were, perhaps, in a fair way of becoming so, and such could afford to speculate on the strange scenes which were constantly being enacted there. Amongst them were Monsieur de Courtine and Mr. St. John, who were in the habit of making a regular study of Paganini, the vicissitudes of whose game they used to watch with almost as much interest as the player himself.

On this evening while the marquis was intently gazing on the Italian

maestro, he was gently touched on the shoulder from behind, and a voice, whose tones were of indescribable sweetness, requested permission to occupy the vacant seat beside which he idly stood.

He turned with some surprise at the silvery sounds which framed themselves in the purest Parisian accent, and his surprise was increased when he saw the fair face of the speaker.

Not to repeat a description already given, I may as well say at once that it was that of Lady Malpas. The marquis bowed, and with that certain degree of *empressement* which a man of the world always displays when a very beautiful woman claims his attention, assisted her to take the seat she asked for at the gaming-table.

It was a singular request for a person of the stranger's apparent condition, and M. de Courtine could not bring himself to account for it, even on the principle of English eccentricity, respecting which we have so decided an opinion in France. But what followed astonished him still more.

The lady having seated herself, took a quiet view of the table and the players round it, and then drew from a reticule, which hung to her wrist, a glittering purse filled with Napoleons, and a small Russia-leather case, marked with an interlaced cypher in steel, which appeared to be well stocked with *billets de banque*; she also produced some cards for noting the fluctuations of the game, and taking out a long gold pin, directed her attention to the deal, carefully pricking down the results as they declared themselves either for *rouge* or *noir*. As soon as she seemed to have satisfied herself which way the current ran, she drew the slides of her purse, and staked twenty Napoleons.

This cool, unembarrassed, methodical way of proceeding, clearly indicated that the lady was no novice in the dangerous trade which she had adopted, but there was nothing either in her look or manner that denoted her as belonging to that class of women with whom gambling is only too frequently an adjunctive vice. On the contrary, the serene expression of her large violet eyes, and the tranquil self-possession which characterised her general bearing, were so different from the meretricious air of ordinary adventurers, that no one could for a moment confound her with them. And yet what but an adventurer could she possibly be? Alone and unprotected in a large society like that of Baden Baden—unknown apparently to every body there—and intently engaged in a pursuit which included her with the most dissipated, what other conclusion could be arrived at than that, in spite of her distinguished appearance, she had no claim to exemption from the law which ostracises a certain portion of her sex.

These were the thoughts that rapidly coursed through M. de Courtine's mind as he gazed on the fair enigma, and contrasted the calm beauty of her features with the wild and preternatural expression which gleamed in the dark eyes, and hovered over the worn lineaments of the eager Italian, whose place at the table was directly opposite. But that their purposes appeared the same, he might have speculated on the antagonism of light and darkness—the contest between the powers of good and evil—so completely did they differ in aspect; but not being imbued with that yearning after transcendentalism which belongs so inherently to the Germans, and looking upon the world rather with the eye of a Parisian, the contrast struck him in a more practical point of view, and

he resolved to watch the fortunes of the lady in the hope that they might eventually afford him the means of learning the secret of her history. He turned to Mr. St. John, who at this moment entered from another room, and pointing out the object of his attention, inquired if he had ever seen her before, adding, that she was, he believed, the Lady Malpas, of whose arrival they had both already heard.

Mr. St. John, who was equally struck with himself by her extraordinary beauty, and by the strange position which she occupied, could in no way enlighten him. It was some years since he had been in England, and from her age, which did not seem more than four or five-and-twenty, she could not have appeared in the world when he lived in it. That there was a Lord Malpas he was aware, and there was a baronet who bore the name, but he was not personally acquainted with either, nor did he know any thing about their history. I have said that she spoke French with a perfect Parisian accent, but this might have been acquired as a girl, and afforded no proof of her having been recently in Paris; at all events, he had never seen her there or heard her spoken of amongst his countrymen. He was, in short, completely at fault, and his temperament being more mercurial than that of his friend, his eagerness to learn more about her was even greater than his.

Meantime, the lady tranquilly continued her game. She had apparently chosen the wrong moment for beginning, for the run upon the colour which she had decided on backing changed with her first *coup*, and the twenty Napoleons which she had put down were swept into the bank. Though unsuccessful in her maiden venture, she did not abandon her original intention, and again placed her money on *red*, though she varied the amount of the stake. But "the colour," as *black* is technically called, was in the ascendant for the time, and not only had all the gold in her full purse vanished before the tide turned, but several notes for five hundred francs were transferred from the Russia-leather case to the wire-woven cage in the centre of the table, which was so well lined with that attractive kind of paper.

But, notwithstanding her successive losses, not the slightest trace of anxiety was visible on her countenance, a sweet smile still played around her mouth, her glance was firm but not hard, and her delicate hand betrayed not the slightest tremor. It was very different with Paganini, who, in a certain sense—as he staked constantly in opposition to Lady Malpas—might be considered her opponent. The chance which was against her was favourable to him, and their fortunes were not more dissimilar than their aspects.

As the pile of wealth before him grew in bulk, his eagerness increased; he risked greater stakes, and so anxious was he to swell the heap, that his long bony fingers, like the talons of a bird of prey, were outstretched and quivering to clutch the gold all the time the cards were being dealt. The rapture of the strife brought a momentary glow to his pale cheeks, and his thin lips curled in triumph.

But this agony of joy was not destined to last. The run upon "the colour" ceased, and "*red*" had its turn. Nor was it a momentary change, for, although an occasional adverse deal checked its progress to victory, like the rallying efforts of a beaten foe in the desperate effort to win a day irretrievably gone, the full tide swept over these obstacles, and gain succeeded gain, till the bank declared that play for that night was

at an end. Two persons rose from the table whose fortunes were influenced in an equal, though adverse degree, by the result. Lady Malpas had won thirty thousand francs; Paganini had lost as many. The Italian rushed from the saloon like Orestes pursued by the Furies, and fled in the darkness no one knew whither: Lady Malpas rose, radiant as the morning-star, and, without looking either to the right or the left, glided silently from the apartment, undisturbed by the thousand eyes that gazed after her. At the garden entrance her *chasseur* was ready with her carriage; she stepped gracefully into it, and was whirled off to the *Hotel de Russie*, before the spectators had well recovered from the sensation which her passage through them had excited. When she was gone, a buzz of inquiry arose. "Who is she?" was on every tongue, but no one could answer the question.

"I will find out to-morrow," said Mr. St. John.

"She is exquisitely lovely!" exclaimed the marquis; and then he added, in a lower tone, overheard, however, by me, "I wish I had never seen her!"

And, in truth, it might have been better for others besides himself, if her dangerous charms had not been displayed.

CHAP. XVIII.

HERR BRIEF'S DIRECTOR DUMMKOPF—A SECRET—THE HAHN'S TANZ.

ON the following day the *affiches* in various parts of the town announced that the great Paganini would give a concert that same evening.

He had frequently been requested to do so before, but with the waywardness which marked his character, he had constantly refused to gratify public expectation. His genius was too great to allow him to make an exhibition of his art solely for money, though money seemed at least one of the gods whom he worshipped. But either the *estro* was now upon him, or his repugnance to exhibit had been overcome by his losses at the gaming-table; the last seemed not unlikely, as the prices of admission were fixed at a rate unusually high for a place where amusements are generally so cheap. But Paganini knew his own value and the public desire, and rightly calculated that he should not play before empty benches; indeed, it would almost seem as if the expense enhanced the pleasure, the demand for tickets being greater than the supply.

"Shall we go to the wizard's concert this evening, Astolphe?" asked St. John of my master.

"If you like, Edward," replied the marquis. "You remember where we last heard him?"

"Oh yes, at Milan, now three or four years since, when the advertisement, as if it spoke of an animated being, said in such pompous phrase, '*Paganini farà sentire il suo violino.*'"

"He keeps his promise as regards his instrument, no less than he makes his audience feel. One is tempted to think that he holds an imprisoned spirit within it; sometimes it is the voice of an angel winging its flight to Heaven; sometimes the wail of a demon in torture."

"There appears to be more of the devil than the angel in his own composition, if half the stories be true that are told about him."

"I would rest my opinion on what we have ourselves witnessed."

"Yes, his character seems to come out as strongly under the influence of gaming as of music."

"Every one is not so impressionable : witness the behaviour last night of your beautiful countrywoman."

"That was the most singular thing I ever saw. To act so boldly and preserve the appearance of so much modesty ! To play with such daring, and yet be so little moved by the consequences ! She is altogether a mystery."

"Which you promised to find out."

"And I hope I shall."

"Adrien," resumed Mr. St. John, addressing me, as the marquis rose, and left the breakfast-table, where I had been in waiting ; "Adrien, be at the post-office this morning as soon as the letter-box is opened, and wait there till all the letters are distributed. Observe if there are any for Lady Malpas, and, if you can, notice the post-marks. If you *should* have the opportunity," he added, with a significant smile, "of including them by mistake with those you find for us, there would be no harm done. I should return them, of course. You know, Adrien, that German post-masters are very stupid about foreign letters."

I understood this as it was meant, and as I did not see any harm in merely looking at the cover of a letter, I promised to be very observant, and set out on my errand.

The *Bureau de Poste* is always an interesting spot even in the humble village. It is the silent repository of every man's secret, and concentrates within its narrow limits every emotion that stirs the human heart. The importance which it confers on those who superintend its agency is immense, and of all proud officials, there is none so arrogant as the post-master. This is particularly the case in France, where the *bureaucratie* never wears the most attractive colours, for I will say this for my countrymen, their insolence in office is as universal a badge as the emperor's red ribband has latterly become ; its absence only confers distinction or marks the difference.

Now, in Germany, the superciliousness of the post-office official is changed, by the force of the national character, into a pompous stolidity, which, though it irritates less, is still extremely annoying. The natural slowness of comprehension is aggravated by the force of circumstances, and becomes a place of refuge for the official to entrench himself within, as a barrier against the interminable queries,—many of them ridiculous enough,—which assail him. The German postmaster, for the most part, speaks the truth in the answer which he returns to almost every question of opinion.

"How long will it be before my letter reaches Brussels ?" inquires one.

"Ich weiss nicht," is the oracular response.

"When shall I get an answer to this ?" demands another agitated querist, shaking a letter before his eyes previous to dropping it in the box.

"Ich weiss nicht," replies the accelerator of correspondence ; and he would be a clever fellow who could answer the question with certainty,

though a Frenchman, if he deigned to be communicative at all, would say at once : " Dans dix jours, monsieur, sans faute, vous aurez votre reponse."

But the German never commits himself to the doubtful stream of conjecture where a plain matter-of-fact is in hand ; he reserves his speculations for the dream-land into which his thoughts slowly mount with the curling clouds from his pipe. Moreover, it abstracts him less from his self-indulgence to utter a regular formula which requires no exercise of the imagination, and he finds "Ich weiss nicht" the most convenient negative he can employ, as, if a man knows absolutely nothing, nothing can possibly be elicited from him.

The Herr Briefs Post-Director of Baden Baden, Friedrich Dummkopf, by name, was as good a specimen of his class as may be met with between the Elbe and the Rhine. He was a large, solid man, as thick as he was broad, with a wide face, hot complexion, round blue eyes, and very little hair on his head, on which he wore a black cloth cap that seemed to be as firm a fixture as the short sturdy brown meerschaum whose pale amber mouth-piece never quitted his lips. Nature had not framed him in this substantial fashion without bestowing on him a mind in keeping with his physical appearance ; his perceptions were to the full as obtuse as the most ardent lover of "the existing order of things" could desire, when the constituted authorities of the Grand Duchy established him for life in the situation which he so worthily filled, he received no instructions from them to become a progressist or an innovator, and, therefore, to the best of his ability and the perfect satisfaction of his conscience he never varied in his habits of thought or modes of action. At the precise hours indicated in the Bezeichnungs-Karte, which hung over the letter-box, he took his daily stand at his office-desk, and whoever knocked at the little wooden-door of the window to obtain information, was invariably greeted—though not too hastily—by the impassive features and the dull, unmeaning stare of the spectacles of Herr Briefs-Post-Director Friedrich Dummkopf, whose natural gift was not profuseness of speech, nor his province that of asking questions.

Amongst other peculiarities of Herr Dummkopf, so thoroughly German was he, that, in the exercise of his duties, he always gave his first and closest attention to those letters which bore the delightful hieroglyphic with which the natives of Fatherland set the decyphers of the rest of Europe at defiance,—I mean all such as were superscribed in the German character. The amount of the postage which, in most cases, gives importance to a letter—in the estimation of a post-master—was a consideration of much less value in his eyes than the nature of the writing ; and the most legible Italian hand that was ever penned was thrown aside with the supremest indifference, until all the crooked, perverse, unintelligible, interchangeable letters of the German alphabet had been scrutinised, and the missives which they addressed delivered to their owners.

In consequence of this arrangement, German visitors, or such as had German correspondents, were always served first, and the *Fremde-Leute*, who were kept waiting, had ample time to exercise their patience or their ingenuity. I did not possess much of the former, but the frequent occasion I had had for cultivating the art since I began to travel in Germany, had impressed me with the fact that the best course to adopt

was to make a virtue of necessity. I had also the resource which Mr. St. John had recommended me not to lose sight of, and which Bobèche included amongst the cardinal qualifications of a courier. I possessed a tolerable share of acuteness, and endowment improvable with occasion.

On the morning when I was thus specially enjoined to be on the *qui vive*, there were a great number of applicants for letters, and if the equanimity of Postmaster Dummkopf could have been disturbed, the confusion of tongues and the clamour consequent upon it might fairly have roused his irritability without impeaching the ordinary firmness of his nerves. A Frenchman would have banged the little wicket to, and have opened it again fifty times in his passion, would have clenched his fists—though I admit it is a waste of time and energy in a Frenchman to do so—and have called down upon himself and those around him, a million of maledictions, having more or less reference to the nature of his occupation ; in short, he would have conducted himself as frantically as Frenchmen mostly do on any emergency. But Herr Dummkopf was at the antipodes of all such excitement. Not a single whiff did he hurry, not a single cloud of vapour did he suffer to escape from his mouth with a more urgent propulsion than ordinary ; he did not even raise his eyebrows—by the way, he had not got any, but what comes to the same thing, he didn't wrinkle his forehead or allow the slightest external sign to manifest itself, that the objurgations moved him which met his ear. Calmly and stoically did he peruse the addresses of the letters, and with a calmness and a stoicism that did him honour, deaf did he remain to the claims for priority of attention which assailed him.

Amongst the expectants, but on the outside of the crowd gathered round the window, I observed the tall figure of the chasseur whom we had seen the day before following Lady Malpas. I had stationed myself close to the wicket in a position that enabled me to see all the letters that were put aside as those with German superscriptions were given out, and it was not long before her eye rested on her name. There was a letter also for Monsieur de Courtine, and another for Mr. St. John ; but the difficulty was how to appropriate all three, with the chasseur at hand to claim the one he was sent to seek. I took advantage of his position, being at a distance, and as the hubbub gradually subsided, and people could make themselves heard without any extraordinary exercise of lungs being necessary, I raised my cap and politely asked, if, profiting by my situation, I could be so happy as to render him any service. He returned my salutation very graciously, and said that he would so far trespass on my kindness as to request me to inquire if there were any letters to the address of Miladi Malpas. Seizing a moment, therefore, when a gleam of intelligence really shone on the countenance of Herr Dummkopf, I said, I was in no hurry like the rest, and should be sorry to give him trouble, and that those who did so deserved not to be attended to at all, a declaration which actually made him stare without the assistance of his spectacles. It touched him, and I saw that the game henceforward was my own. Turning towards the chasseur, I said—

“ Monsieur, je suis fâché de dire qu'il n'y a rien pour vous.”

“ Je vous remercie infiniment, monsieur,” returned the tall gentleman with the plume, “ au plaisir, monsieur,” and with these words he moved off, having taken me at my word.

As soon as he was out of sight, I again turned my head towards the postmaster.

"Not to give you trouble," said I, once more, a figure of speech which fell like soft music on his ear; "those letters are for me—the three lying together."

"What names?" he asked.

I answered boldly, including that of Lady Malpas, and at the same time ringing a florin on the board to attract his attention.

"Acht-und-vierzig Kreutz," said he, slowly computing the difference; "Es kommt Zwölf aus."

"Ja wohl," I replied, for so much German I had picked up with my knowledge of the coinage; he handed me the change, and I bore off the letters in safety.

Mr. St. John was anxiously expecting me, and when he found that my mission had not been fruitless he was overjoyed, and gave me a Napoleon for my pains, at the same time putting his finger on his lips to enjoin secrecy. He then dismissed me for a quarter of an hour, and when I returned he gave me back Lady Malpas's letter desiring me either to return it to the postmaster as a mistake, or drop it quietly into the box. I decided upon the latter plan, as I foresaw that the explanation with Herr Dummkopf would be rather an arduous undertaking, and I preferred that he should have the pleasure of convicting *himself only* of the error that had been committed.

I was no witness to Mr. St. John's act, but it was quite evident that he had read the letter, and, as it was merely secured by a gum wafer, there was no difficulty in doing so, provided he entertained no moral scruple.

In the course of the morning, the marquis and Mr. St. John having decided on an excursion to the waterfall of Geroldsau, on the skirts of the Black Forest, I was ordered to accompany them, and took my seat on the box of the carriage. The friends had not met since their short conversation before I was sent to the post-office, and Mr. St. John was full of the subject which then occupied him, that he began upon it at once. I had not communicated to Bobèche, and no one of course knew my proficiency in English, and as it was in that language Mr. St. John always spoke when alone with the marquis—for the latter was almost a universal linguist—it cost me little trouble to catch all he said. What favoured me especially in this particular was the sandy nature of the road over which the carriage passed quite noiselessly.

"What will you give me for my secret, Astolphe?" were the first words uttered by Mr. St. John.

"What secret?" said the marquis, listlessly; "I know of none that can give me any interest."

"You forget, or think it convenient to play the indifferent. What do you say to Lady Malpas?"

"Have you learnt any thing about her?" asked the marquis, in a tone of animation which completely belied his first assertion; "but no, you have not had time or opportunity to do so."

"I thought that name would rouse you," returned St. John, laughing; time and opportunity always serve those who are on the look out, to take advantage of them."

"And what have you heard?"

"In the first place, Lady Malpas is not a widow."

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"I did not suppose so; she looks too young to have passed through that ordeal of mourning."

"Oh, age is no criterion in that respect; look at the still beautiful duchess of C——d——(he named a royal personage now no more)—she was a widow at eighteen!"

"Well, then, her air does not proclaim it. Where is her husband?"

"That is more than I can tell you; but he is not at Baden Baden. I suspect he is in England."

"And she *here*—alone!"

"Yes; but I fancy she will not be solitary long. She is expecting some one to join her."

"And how do you know it is not her husband?"

"Oh! I am sure of that. Husbands are generally expected in a very different fashion."

"Who is she? What is her history?"

"The story of her life does not lie in a nutshell, though one word will tell you a good deal about it. She is a *divorcée*."

"What that beautiful, serene, seraph-like creature? Impossible!"

"Yes, that beautiful, serene *gambler*! Do you think, from what we witnessed last night that it is an easy thing to read such a heart as hers?"

"Her temperament is too cold; she can have no heart."

"She has a lover though, and that 'denotes a foregone conclusion.'"

"And this lover—since he must needs be one—when is he to arrive?"

"To-morrow, I think."

"Well, you have certainly gathered some information. Now tell me, where did you hear all this?"

"Excuse me, I must keep that a secret. You may, however, rely upon its being a fact."

The conversation here ended, and the marquis fell into a reverie, which lasted until we got to the village of Geroldsau, from whence the remainder of the excursion was to be made on foot. The summer, as I have already intimated, had been unusually hot, and the harvest everywhere was very forward. I cannot tell how much of it had been got in, but from the lively aspect of this little village one might judge that the labours of the peasants had met with their reward. As we made our way along the only street of which Geroldsau consists, we heard the sound of music, and caught sight of a crowd of villagers assembled in front of the open doors of a large barn. They were all in holiday attire; the women in their mushroom-shaped straw-hats, short jackets, many-coloured bodices, short petticoats, and their hair braided in two long tails, and decorated with streamers of bright riband, which reached to the ground; the elderly men in high boots, long blue coats, buckskin breeches, short scarlet waistcoats, enormous cocked hats, whips under their arms, and pipes in their mouths; and the younger ones in full shirt-sleeves, with gaily-embroidered vests, broad braces of green or blue, attached to each other by a wide band across the breast, black breeches, white cotton-stockings, and shoes ornamented with large, square, silvered buckles. The amusement which they were all collected to witness, is one peculiar to the Black Forest, and called the "Hahn's Tanz," or "Dance of the Cock." From one of the rafters in

the middle of the barn, at a considerable height above the floor, was suspended a glass of water, round which the young couples were waltzing with all their might and main; suddenly the music ceased, and one of the girls—a rosy-cheeked, strong-limbed daughter of the forest—disengaging herself from her partner, darted into the circle, and threw herself on her knees immediately beneath the glass of water. She then crouched herself in the attitude of the *Venus accroupie*, though she was rather too robust to be a very classical type of Aphrodite, and raising the palms of her hands upwards, stretched them out on the floor of the barn. The young man with whom she had been dancing—lighter of limb it is to be hoped than his fair partner—then stepped forward, and taking off his shoes, set his feet on the maiden's palms. Slowly, and with no evident exertion on the part of the damsel, save that the colour in her cheeks was somewhat heightened, her muscular strength lifted the young man from the ground, and he gradually rose in the air, preserving his balance by extending his arms, advancing his chest, and throwing his head back till his forehead formed the apex of his body. This latter movement was resorted to for the more ready accomplishment of the object of the game, which was to strike the glass of water with his forehead, and scatter the contents on the ground without swerving from the position in which he was placed. It appeared that there had been several unsuccessful attempts already made, and the bird who gave his name to the dance, and was intended to be the victor's prize, sat fastened to a perch hard by, and every now and then clapped his wings, and gave a short crow, as if he was impatient to be released from his confinement. There seemed more likelihood of his being set free this time, for motionless and erect, the dancer rose above the sturdy pair of arms which began to tremble as the distance from the ground increased. At one moment there was a pause, which had nearly been fatal to the experiment, but collecting all her energies, the athletic maiden set her teeth hard, and bore her lover upwards till his forehead struck against the suspended glass; the water flew in a shower over the heads of the delighted spectators; and the young man leaping lightly to the ground, embraced his mistress, and claimed the prize, as the foundation of their future *ménage*.

CHAP. XIX.

THE ADVENTURE AT THE WATERFALL.

THE distance from the village of Geroldsau to the cascade is about three quarters of a league. The way to it lies across a wooded height, called the Brandhald, or Hill of Fire, a name derived from its former occupants the gnomes, who, in all probability, were charcoal burners. Enormous masses of gray rock, stained here and there with the ruddy lichen, were strewn on each side of the path which wound its way amongst the ponderous blocks, and overhead gigantic pines, mingled their dark branches, forming a gloomy vault which entirely excluded the rays of the mid-day sun. We passed a singular pile of rocks, called the *Kruckenfels*, or Crutches, whose fantastic shapes added greatly to the wildness of the scene, and after about an hour's walk, not too rugged to be toilsome, reached the romantic spot where the rushing waters of the torrent madly

strive in their triple fall into their foaming bed. The cascade, though not remarkable for height, is of full volume, and leaps abruptly over its rocky barriers, shivering itself into silver spray as it descends, and murmuring hoarsely at the impediments that check its eager course. Buried in this dark forest, it lends to the scenery an inexpressible charm, and those who love solitude may dream away uncounted hours to the sound of its chafed waters.

The marquis and Mr. St. John had imagined that they were the sole visitors to Geroldsau this morning, but on turning the sharp angle of a rock, beyond which the best view of the cascade is obtained, they were undeceived.* Looking upwards towards a light pavilion, perched on the summit of a crag, the ascent to which was by a narrow path through some thick underwood, the outline of a female form was visible ; her head was averted, but in the exquisite proportions of her figure it was impossible, having once seen it, not to recognise the lovely stranger whose appearance the day before had created so great a sensation.

"It is Lady Malpas," said Mr. St. John.

"I see no one with her," added the marquis. "How did she get here before us?"

I observed to him that while they were looking at the dance, I had noticed a small carriage standing in the court-yard of a little inn which I had no doubt was the one that brought her ; and a peasant boy who just at the moment came out of the bushes, and whom we questioned on the subject, acknowledged that he had served as the lady's guide.

Though we spoke in a low tone of voice, the sounds reached the quick ear of Lady Malpas, and turning her head she saw she was not unobserved. She rose from her seat and disappeared from the crag, as the boy said, no doubt to make the circuit of the narrow valley through which the torrent flows. It was not long before we saw her emerge from the wood, and approach the foot of a narrow bridge above the waterfall. This bridge had been constructed apparently more as a picturesque object than as a means of ordinary passage, for it consisted simply of the trunks of two pines, which were placed side by side, and stretched from rock to rock on either side of the cascade. The woodmen of the forest were in the habit of crossing it, narrow as the space was, which admitted only of room for one foot on each tree, but a casual traveller must have been possessed of no common nerve and steadiness of eye who could venture along the dangerous pass. It seemed, however, to be Lady Malpas's purpose to do so, though the boy shouted to her to refrain ; but she either heard him not, owing to the noise of the torrent, or thought his warning unworthy her attention.

With a light step she trod on the fragile-looking bridge, and had reached nearly two-thirds of the way across it, when, from some accidental displacement, one of the pines slipped and fell, but catching a projection of the rock from whence it had been detached, it still hung about three feet below its original position. The shock caused her to lose her balance ; she sunk with the falling tree, and would inevitably have been plunged into the foaming abyss, if she had not clung to the trunk which retained its level, and there she remained suspended betwixt air and water, not daring to make a move to recover her footing on the upper support ; lest, in the attempt, the lower one should disappear altogether. It was a moment of excessive peril, but there was no time left to think of

the probable consequences ; as quick as light we all dashed up the steep path that led to the pavilion, and rushing down the opposite side of the hill, were at the brink of the precipice in almost as brief a space as it has taken to describe the accident. Lady Malpas was still in the same position, her feet slightly resting on the fallen tree, but pressing it with scarcely more weight than that of a bird on a bough, while both her arms were wreathed round the rough bark of the one which remained steady. Mr. St. John was too heavy a man to attempt to cross the bridge to her rescue, and stood *planté* on the brink, giving a variety of unintelligible directions to those who did not listen to him, for the marquis had plunged into the stream to break the lady's fall, at the imminent risk of being carried over the steep by the force of the current, and I, younger, lighter, and more active than any of the party, threw myself at full length on the upper trunk, and scrambled along it until I was able to reach Lady Malpas's arm and hold it with a firm grasp. Meantime, the Marquis, with infinite difficulty, for he thought less of his own safety than of that of the adventurous Englishwoman, contrived to wade through the stream to the rock which still sustained the fallen pine, and availing himself of the inequalities of the surface on the side least exposed to the rapid action of the water, climbed up to the point where the tree still rested, and holding on with a gripe as steadfast as if he had grown to the rock, placed his shoulder beneath the treacherous pine, and called to the lady to assure her that she might now retrace her steps in safety. She had fully comprehended the danger she was in, and not less our endeavour to save her, and aided by my hand she turned round to reach the bank she had quitted ; but the movement she made in doing so brought upon the marquis the full weight of the tree, which rather adhered to than was supported by the rock. He bore the pressure like an Atlas, until her foot was on *terra firma*, and then releasing himself from the burden, the trunk fell with a heavy splash into the stream, snapping, but not quite asunder, as it fell, and dragging it wholly into the current, whose waters eddied around it, now dashing it forward and then whirling it away from the bank, till, like a huge snake with its vertebra broken, it was hurled over the fall, and rifted itself in one of the sunken rocks beneath the cascade, where a fragment projected which the descending torrent vainly strove to dislodge.

The courage of Lady Malpas had sustained her admirably throughout, the danger to which she had been exposed, and it was only by the death-cold hand which I pressed as I assisted her to the shore, that I could guess at the nature of her emotions, for her smile was as sweet, and her features as unruffled, as I had seen them the morning before in the sunny gardens of the park at Baden Baden.

Mr. St. John, who had manifested a good deal of excitement, though unfortunately he had been able to do nothing useful, welcomed Lady Malpas with outstretched hands and in her native tongue, at which she manifested no surprise, for she must have been lost to all sense of hearing if she had not already recognised him for a Briton while he stood shouting to the marquis and myself. She did not waste her thanks on him, though she bowed courteously, reserving them for Monsieur de Courtine, who, dripping like a river-god, had recrossed the stream, and presented himself before her, expressing an earnest hope that she had not suffered from the alarm which her too courageous adventure had occasioned.

"For myself," she said, "I had no fear after the first shock was over, but it would not be true if I said I had not been apprehensive on your account, who so gallantly exposed yourself to so much danger. I did not think," she continued, with a sweet but mournful smile, "that any one existed who would have taken so much trouble about me. But I owe you double thanks, first, for having saved my life, and in the next place for correcting a false impression—unless, indeed, which is more likely—your generous act were merely an effect of impulse."

"There is no doubt that the first movement at the sight of danger is a spontaneous effort, and few draw back from what they have once begun, but," said the marquis, "one's exertions, one's anxiety may be increased ten-fold by knowing who the person is one desires to save. I could not have seen you before without remembering you, and who that has once had the happiness of seeing you but would peril life and limb in your service?"

There was more than mere gallantry in this speech, for though the words were such as any well-bred Frenchman might utter in extricating a lady from a crowd on the Boulevard Italien, an expression in Monsieur de Courtine's eye, and an earnestness in the tone of voice, showed that his feelings had some share in the avowal. Lady Malpas appeared to think so too, for a slight colour rose to her cheek—the first I had yet seen there—but it speedily passed away, and she answered,

"Whatever the cause—and I will speculate no more about it—believe me I am deeply grateful," and she held out her hand, which the marquis raised respectfully to his lips. "But," she continued, turning towards me, "I am also indebted to the exertions of this young man, who exposed himself in nearly an equal degree, and rendered me the most valuable aid. I hope," she said, appealing to my master, "you will permit me to acknowledge his services."

As she spoke she drew out a small embroidered purse with some gold in it, and beckoned me to approach. I did so hesitatingly, for a feeling of shame kept me back. I did not like to receive money from one whom I felt I had wronged; I remembered that I had withheld her letter that morning, and that besides having given her cause for anxiety, I had placed her secret in the power of one who, I feared, would not be over-scrupulous in turning it to his own account. I had been paid for that act, however, and when she thanked me I seemed to feel the coin which Mr. St. John had given me scar my heart like a hot iron. It was something redeeming in my own opinion that I had helped to save her; to have accepted her gold would have cast me even lower than I was before. I therefore humbly but firmly declined to receive any recompence.

"It will be a far greater satisfaction to me, madam," I said, "to experience the same kind of pleasure, as those above me. It is not often that a poor boy like myself has such a luxury at his command." As I spoke I bowed and retreated.

I could perceive that Lady Malpas was not displeased at my words, neither was Monsieur de Courtine, but Mr. St. John shrugged his shoulders, and a malicious smile seemed to say that, after what had passed between us, I was unnecessarily sensitive. I had already begun to entertain a dislike to this gentleman, and the feeling rapidly increased.

"At any rate," I said to myself, "he shall see that I am not his slave," and watching my opportunity when his eye was turned towards me, and the marquis and Lady Malpas were looking in a different direction, I deliberately took the Napoleon from my pocket and spun it into the gulf.

The blood shot into his cheeks, and he compressed his lips, giving me a glance that said he would remember the act, but I did not provoke him by any further gesture.

"Since your servant, monsieur," said Lady Malpas, to the marquis, "refuses to accept this trifling recognition of his assistance, I must devote the money to another purpose. In this forest country neither labour nor materials are dear, and I dare say this sum will serve to build a more secure bridge than that which I foolishly attempted to cross. If not, it is but adding to it."

"If," observed the marquis, "madame would permit me to be associated in her project, my recollection of the waterfall of Geroldsau would be still dearer than it is."

"Willingly, monsieur," replied the lady; "you deserve to share in a memorial that will commemorate your own courage and kindness."

"And I too," said Mr. St. John, "would gladly contribute my mite."

"I think it is hardly fair," returned Lady Malpas, in a tone that scarcely veiled an expression of contempt, "that those should be laid under contribution who were only spectators of the scene. But, monsieur," she added, addressing the marquis, "we are keeping you standing here in your wet clothes, when we ought to be moving back as fast as we can to Geroldsau."

"Oh," replied Monsieur de Courtine, "whoever penetrates the Black Forest must make up his mind to accidents of this kind. But, in truth, I had forgotten that I was wet, and a sun like this is a powerful agent to dispel humidity."

The suggestion of Lady Malpas was, however, attended to, and we returned to the village the way we came. The tall chasseur was in waiting to receive his mistress, and Monsieur de Courtine had the happiness of conducting her to her carriage—a pretty phaeton drawn by two beautiful white ponies, which she drove herself. A few words passed between them, amongst which I heard some reference made to the approaching concert for that evening, and in a few moments the equipage of Lady Malpas was out of sight.

We followed more leisurely, and quite silently to Baden Baden, for something was passing in Mr. St. John's mind which rendered him as taciturn as he was ordinarily loquacious. On the other hand, the brow of the marquis was less sombre than I had yet seen it, and his thoughts seemed of a brighter hue than was their wont. This was no fancy of mine, for the consequences shortly declared themselves.

WHICH IS THE PRETTIEST?

A GLIMPSE AT THE PARISIAN COULISSSES.

BY AN OLD HABITUÉ.

WE think we are justified in saying that never was the English stage more deficient in female loveliness than it is at the present moment. Indeed, excepting Miss Fortescue, Miss Carson, and one or two others, we can hardly cite a single actress in any one of our theatres who has any *real* pretension to beauty. We have, it is true, a few celebrities of ten or twenty years' standing, who, though now but the shadows of their former selves, might possibly still pass muster, could people be prevailed upon to leave their *lorgnettes* at home, but as almost every one of these ladies might, without the slightest incongruity, represent *la Femme de Quarante Ans*, we cannot consider them as exceptions to the general rule.

In Paris the case is different; every year, on an average, fifty or sixty *débütantes*, fresh from the Conservatoire, the *banlieue*, or the provinces, appear at one or other of the twenty-two theatres of the capital; and though, perhaps, only one-third of the entire number may succeed in obtaining engagements, still, as it rarely happens that a pretty woman is rejected by a manager, the chances are, that out of the twenty or thirty who remain in Paris, one half, at least, have good looks, if they have nothing else, to depend upon.

After a diligent examination of the *personnel* of the different Parisian theatres, we find the names of no less than fifty-seven actresses, singers, or *danseuses*, who have a certain reputation for beauty. Whether that reputation be in all cases well-founded is a matter of opinion, and, as Arnal says, *les opinions sont libres*. We propose, though the task is both difficult and delicate, passing each of the candidates successively in review before our readers, and thus endeavouring to solve the problem contained in the title of our article—*which is the prettiest?*

N.B. We dreamt last night that we were writing on this very subject, and had our eyes scratched out by some of the charming creatures at the bottom of the list. They say "dhrames always go by contraries;" we hope they do.

The Académie Royale de Musique, without counting *rats* and *figurantes*, whose faces we know better than we do their names, contributes six candidates for the prize of beauty. These are Mesdemoiselles Carlotta Grisi, Nau, Adele Dumilâtre, Maria, Plunkett, and D'Halbert. The five first are well known in England; the sixth is a pupil of the Conservatoire, and has not been long on the stage.

Mademoiselle Carlotta Grisi is a most lovely and loveable blonde; her soft blue eyes are delightfully expressive, her figure is admirably proportioned, and there is a bewitching fascination in her manner, which is as exclusively her own as it is irresistible.

Mademoiselle Nau has a slight but graceful figure, and an intelligent

and agreeable countenance ; she is, however, interesting and elegant rather than pretty.

Mademoiselle Adele Dumilâtre is tall and thin, with good eyes, but a wide mouth : she would look better were she more sparing of paint.

Mademoiselle Maria has a piquant face, with small but brilliant eyes, which, however, are rather too close together, and a trim little figure.

Mademoiselle Plunkett is *petite*, but beautifully made : her feet are diminutive and well-formed, and her smile is extremely attractive. She has one of those bright, merry faces which it is always pleasant to contemplate, radiant with youth, archness, and good humour.

Mademoiselle D'Halbert's principal claims to beauty consist in a pair of soft blue eyes and a mass of blonde ringlets.

The Theatre Français is richer in talent than in good looks, most of its lady *sociétaires* and *pensionnaires* having seen too many summers to have retained much of their original bloom. Three only out of the entire number,* Mesdemoiselles Brohan, Judith, and Solié, fairly merit the appellation of *jolies femmes*. The first of these is *piquante* rather than pretty, with laughing eyes and a lively, open countenance, at which it does one's heart good to look. We remember the day when Mademoiselle Judith was the idol of the *habitués* of the Folies Dramatiques. She was then a budding beauty, with brilliant eyes and a most admirably proportioned figure ; she is now a beauty in full bloom, with an incipient tendency to *embonpoint*.

The last of the trio, Mademoiselle Solié, is a young and timid *ingénue*, endowed by nature with a pretty but rather inexpressive countenance, and a quiet, lady-like manner.

The Opera Comique is indifferently supplied with pretty faces, no one having yet been found worthy of replacing Madame Anna Thillon. Indeed, we do not think that the *habitués* of this theatre would have any reason to complain were the two or three lady singers who alternately play *Angèle* in *Le Domino Noir* to keep their masks on all night, or even remain invisible altogether ; which latter gratification Scribe and Auber have charitably afforded the public in the first act of *La Sirène*. We, nevertheless, add four names to our list, though not without misgiving.

Mademoiselle Berthe, though a new comer, is incomparably the pearl, as far as beauty goes, of the Salle Favart : there is a piquant *naïveté* in her youthful face, and a lively simplicity in her manner which contrast agreeably with the unprepossessing and unintellectual countenances of some of her *chefs d'emploi*.

Madame Henri Potier has a sufficiency of blonde ringlets and a pair of pretty eyes.

Madame Charlet Martin is a wretched singer, but with that we have nothing to do ; she has been called a *jolie femme* for the last five or six years, and it would be cruel to attempt to undeceive her at the eleventh hour.

* We do not include Mademoiselle Rachel in this catalogue: hers is the beauty of genius, which it would be sacrilege to confound with mere physical beauty.

Mademoiselle Delille has a round, chubby face, and two small twinkling eyes, almost hidden by her rosy cheeks.

The Odéon offers scanty temptation to induce the *amateur* to cross the water, Madame Delvil being the sole tolerably-looking female in the *troupe*. Her eyes are large and fine, but her figure and manner are terribly deficient in grace.

The manager of the recently-opened Théâtre Historique, M. Hostein, has already contrived to add three handsome women to his company, Mesdemoiselles Lucie, Atala Beauchêne, and Maillet. The first, a *transfuge* from the Ambigu, has beautiful eyes, and would be extremely pretty were it not for a most unseemly wide mouth, which completely neutralises the effect produced by her brilliant orbs.

Mademoiselle Atala Beauchêne, once the Josephine of the Cirque, is a majestic specimen of womankind ; her figure, though rather on a large scale, is well-proportioned, and she treads the stage with ease and dignity.

Mademoiselle Maillet is a pretty girl and a promising actress. *Attendons*.

It is a long way from the Boulevard du Temple to the Place de la Bourse, but with the Vaudeville and its seraglio in view, the distance seems a mere nothing. No less than seven of M. Lockroy's *pensionnaires* claim our attention, but six of them must wait their turn. *A tout Seigneur tout honneur*.

Madame Doche has the softest and most delicious blue eyes, the most silky hair, the most elegant figure, and the sweetest voice imaginable ; forming an *ensemble* of loveliness rarely met with on or off the stage. But it is the expression of her countenance that constitutes its greatest charm ; there is such bright intelligence in her eye, such archness and *naïveté* in her smile, such feminine gentleness and unspeakable grace in her manner that, far from wondering at the universal homage paid to *la Reine du Vaudeville*, we only regret the utter inadequacy of words to do justice to her beauty.

Mademoiselle Darcier has a lively and pleasing countenance, expressive eyes (which, however, are rather too inconveniently "convenient" to each other), and very engaging manners.

Mademoiselle Augustine Figeac is a gentle, timid-looking creature, with long-fringed gazelle eyes, a quiet lady-like *tenue*, and a soft, low voice, "a most excellent thing in woman."

Mademoiselle Nathalie has magnificent black eyes, and the most good-natured face possible. Had we not been already aware of her kind and amiable disposition, we should have guessed it from her countenance.

Mademoiselle Anna Grave has created too much sensation in London not to deserve an honourable mention ; we should indeed be discourteous were we to omit a passing tribute of admiration to her bright eyes and gentle smile.

Mademoiselle Caroline Bader is an importation from the Délassements Comiques, where she is said to have been much admired. We question whether she will be equally to the taste of the frequenters of the Vaudeville. She is short in stature, or in other words *une petite boulotte*, tolerably fresh-looking, but puppet-like and *maniérée*.

Mademoiselle Armande, when not acting, is generally to be seen in

an *avant-scène* of one or other of the theatres. She is neither pretty nor plain, but is said to be extremely *spirituelle* off the stage.

From the Vaudeville to the Variétés is but a step, and here also beauty is tolerably abundant.

Mademoiselle Delphine Marquet, *ex-danseuse de l'opéra*, is an elegant rather than a pretty woman, with a very sweet smile and a slight and extremely graceful figure.

Mademoiselle St. Marc was surely intended by nature to represent the *in,ennes*: it is impossible to imagine any thing more engaging than the *gentillesse* of this charming actress.

Mademoiselle Constance is better looking than her sister Mademoiselle Armand, but her countenance is utterly devoid of intelligence. *C'est une jolie poupée.*

Mademoiselle Lagier is a *very* young actress, being only in her fifteenth year. Her beauty and talent, though still in the bud, are fast opening into blossom.

Pursuing our way along the Boulevard, we come to the Gymnase Dramatique, the chief ornaments of which are Mlles. Rose and Anna Chéri, Désirée, Meley, Koehler, and Marthe.

Mademoiselle Rose Chéri is not, strictly speaking, pretty, but the expression of her countenance is most amiable and pleasing, and there is a modest reserve in her manner which, from its very rarity on the stage, is the more attractive. Her sister Anna has fine eyes, a joyous, open countenance, and a well-proportioned figure.

We could wish for no better definition of the very expressive adjective *piquant*, than Mademoiselle Désirée's arch and pretty face. Her sparkling, saucy eyes, always on the *qui vive*, her delicious little *nez retroussé*, and the charming mixture of simplicity and coquetry which characterises her acting, must be seen in order to be appreciated; no description can do them justice.

Mademoiselle Meley is a handsome *brunette*, with beautiful eyes and hair, a good figure, and a sweet but somewhat lachrymose voice.

Mademoiselle Koehler's chief attractions are her youth, and the child-like ingenuity of her manner.

As for Mademoiselle Marthe, she is a *vrai Bouton de Rose*, nor could any one have been found fitter to personate that character in *Clarisse Harlowe*. Besides being one of the prettiest, she is also one of the most elegant actresses on the French stage.

The Palais Royal, though a small theatre, nevertheless musters no less than eight *artistes* more or less worthy of figuring on our list. These are Mesdemoiselles Ozy, Lambert, Juliette 1st, Juliette 2nd, Scriwaneck, Freneix, Durand, and Maria Brassine.

Mademoiselle Alice Ozy was once the thinnest of Parisian actresses, but her constitution and figure have derived considerable benefit from her trip to England in the spring of 1845. She is a merry, lively creature, not positively pretty, but endowed with a pair of most mischievous eyes, and a saucy pertness of manner *à la Déjazet*, both admirably adapted to the rather *décolletées* allusions with which her parts are usually studded.

Mademoiselle Laure Lambert is one of the handsomest women in Paris; her dark eyes are magnificently lustrous, her complexion (for an actress) is remarkably fair, and her figure is unexceptionable.

Mademoiselle Juliette the First is a recent importation from the Vaudeville, and is a tall, dashing creature, the eloquence of whose beaming eyes is undeniable.

Mademoiselle Juliette the Second is short, slight, and *piquante*; her full face is far prettier than her profile. She plays and looks *grisettes* so naturally that one would almost imagine she had been one herself.

Mademoiselle Scriwaneck has nothing ugly about her but her name—ah, yes, I forgot, and her voice, which has a Déjazetian sharpness. In other respects she is *gentille* and agreeable.

The soft blue eyes and blonde ringlets of Mademoiselle Frençix have much tended to swell the lists of her adorers; were her mouth a little smaller, and her teeth a little whiter, we should be inclined to share their enthusiasm.

Mademoiselle Durand is quiet and ladylike, and in every respect so unlike her *camarades*, that one is tempted to exclaim, “*Que diable va-t-elle faire dans cette galère?*”

Mademoiselle Maria Brassine enjoys the reputation of being a thorough *gourmande*, and certainly her plump cheeks and healthy air speak volumes in favour of what the doctors call “generous diet.”

After a most diligent research, we can only find three actresses at the Porte St. Martin (without counting the *dunseuses*, who flit in and out with such rapidity that it is morally impossible to distinguish one from another) who have any pretension to beauty, and that pretension, in two instances, at least, is by no means incontestable.

Mademoiselle Andréa, the *belle* of the theatre, is an agreeable *brunette*, with very fine and expressive eyes, and a symmetrical figure.

Mademoiselle Grave is short, plump, and not bad-looking on the stage, but her complexion will not stand the test of daylight.

Mademoiselle d'Harville's eyes are remarkably brilliant, and could she be painted with a cloud before her mouth, she would make a very pretty picture.

Proceeding onwards to the Ambigu and the Gaité, we find at each of these theatres four candidates entered for the beauty sweepstakes; the pets of the Ambigu being Mesdames Guyon, Naptal, Rival, and Emma; and those of the Gaité, Mesdames Charles Potier, Darmont, Courtois, and Sen.

Madame Guyon slightly resembles Giulia Grisi, and is decidedly a fine, showy woman.

Madame Naptal Arnault is tall, slim, and graceful, and her eyes have a peculiarly soft and fascinating expression.

Mademoiselle Rival is a promising *ingenue*, and a dangerous *rival* to the fairest of her comrades.

Mademoiselle Emma is a plump little *blonde*, something (a long way) after the pocket Venus.

If Madame Charles Potier's countenance were a little more expressive, and her manner a little less lackadaisical, she would be one of the most pleasing actresses in any of the *boulevard* theatres; her face, figure, and voice being each highly agreeable in its way.

Mademoiselle Darmont is not only a pretty girl, but is thoroughly aware of the fact, and more's the pity.

Mlles. Courtois and Sen are neither first-rate actresses nor first-rate

beauties, but each of them can boast as enticing a *minois chiffonné* as one would wish to see.

We have never had the good fortune to see Mademoiselle Camille Leroux, except in the arena of the *Cirque*. We can therefore only say that she is an angel on horseback, whatever she may be on foot.

Before we quit the Boulevard du Temple, we must give a passing word in favour of little Fanny Kleine, of the Folies Dramatiques, who would be very pretty would she only pay a visit to M. Désirabode, or Mr. Rogers, of Osanore notoriety, and also of three minor stars of the *Délassements Comiques*, Mlles. Céleste, Estelle and Bachelet.

The first of these, the far-famed Mogador, the *polkeuse* of the Jardin Mabille, the dashing rider of the Hippodrome, and now the introducer of the *cancan* to the *habitués* of the *Délassements*, is a rather handsome *brunette*, with very wicked eyes, and marvellous agility of limb.

Luckily for Mlles. Estelle and Bachelet, it is not our province to judge them in their dramatic capacity; we can, however, conscientiously add their names to the long list of candidates for the prize of beauty.

The foregoing summary only includes those actresses who are at present actually engaged at one or other of the Parisian theatres; but as we find in our note-book the names of a dozen pretty women, most of whom have either left the stage altogether, or have accepted engagements out of France, we cannot do less than introduce them in alphabetical order to our readers, and allow them an *entrée de faveur*.

They are Mlles. Beaussire; * Doze (now Madame Roger de Beauvoir); Fanny Durand; Duverger; Esther (in Russia); Fargueil; Liévenne; Page (on the point of leaving Russia); Pitron; Plessy (in Russia); Valence; Maria Volet.

Our list is complete, but the most difficult part of our task is yet to come. It is not enough to have named the candidates, we must now decide as to their respective merits; and this decision, being naturally of a peaceful disposition, we would fain render as palatable to the fair ladies concerned as circumstances will allow. We will, therefore, select not *one* only, but *six*, from the entire number, giving each of our readers full permission to present the golden apple to *la dame de ses pensées*. *Les voici*:

Madame Doche; Mademoiselle Lambert; Mademoiselle Marthe; Mademoiselle Duverger; Mademoiselle Désirée; Mademoiselle —.

On second thoughts we will stop at No. 5, leaving No. 6 an open question, as the best means of conciliating the *amour propre* of *ces dames*, none of whom need now complain that they are omitted.

* Mlle. Beaussire has lately re-appeared at the Académie Royale, under the name of Madame Betti.

MEMOIRS OF M. TOURGUENEFF.

AN EPISODE IN RUSSIAN HISTORY.

I.—M. TOURGUENEFF ASSOCIATED WITH M. DE STEIN.

WHEN the Russian army crossed the frontier of Germany, its numbers were so reduced that at the first review made by the emperor, in presence of the King of Prussia at Kalish, not much more than 15,000 men were present.

But affairs had then taken a new aspect. So long as the Russians had remained on their own territory, they had to fight the enemy alone. But now powerful allies were about to unite their eagles with the Russian.

Prussia presented itself in the van of these nations. Forced into an alliance with Napoleon, that country witnessed the triumphs of the Russians with undissembled joy. This sympathy had already manifested itself in that division of the Russian army which had entered into campaign with the French under the command of General York. It is well known that King Frederick William had nothing to do with the arrangements which this general entered into with Diebitch, and the first appeal made to the Prussians was equally made without the sanction of their monarch.

It was the Baron de Stein who took the initiative on this occasion. Originally from the duchy of Nassau, M. de Stein belonged to one of the most ancient families of Germany. The admiration which he entertained for the great Frederick induced him to enter into the service of Prussia, and shortly after the peace of Tilsit, he became prime minister of that country. A correspondence intercepted between the minister and another person by the French agents, drew down upon him, however, all the vindictiveness of Napoleon. Stein was outlawed, and his property was confiscated: the family withdrew to Hanover, he himself took refuge at Prague, where he became intimate with the old Elector of Hesse Cassel, an exile like himself.

At the epoch of the war of 1812, M. de Stein was obliged to quit the Austrian states which had then formed a close alliance with Napoleon, and upon the invitation of the Emperor Alexander, he repaired to St. Petersburg. Here he became acquainted with the celebrated Professor Arndt, who contributed so much by his writings to awaken German nationality. M. de Stein participated in the views entertained by his co-exile Arndt, and by the Professor Jahn, who expatiated by a long captivity in a fortress, the expressions of his wide-embracing patriotism. Opinions were to a certain extent divided as to how the independence of Germany was to be brought about, whether by constituting one great monarchy, or separating it into two sovereignties, Prussia and Austria, to the exclusion of all smaller principalities and kingdoms; but there was only one opinion as to the necessity of a greater unity to oppose with success the ambitious and all-powerful emperor of the French.

When the Baron de Stein re-entered the land of his adoption with a victorious army, his well-known voice found an echo in the bosom of every German. It was in vain that the king opposed the popular movement.

The Prussians began to prepare for the coming struggle, and the popular will became irresistible: all rose up at once, people and kings; the feelings of patriotism and vengeance animated all alike, and Germany was once more evacuated by the French.

It was then, that in furtherance of the great policy which had ever actuated the fallen minister, that it was resolved to establish a regular administration in all the countries occupied by the armies of the three great powers, Russia, Prussia, and Austria. In order to effect this Utopian scheme, a central department was created, and Baron de Stein was appointed as its head. There were associated with him in this great undertaking, in which kings and princes were to be represented by Russian, Prussian, and Austrian governors, a Russian, a Prussian, and an Austrian commissary. M. Tourgueneff, a Russian by birth, but educated at Goettingen, was the commissary for Russia.

M. Tourgueneff, by his German education and his personal acquaintance with France, made at a time when the emperor of that country was at the apogee of his glory, had become deeply imbued with a sense of the prostrate condition of his own country, and the inferiority of divided Germany to united France. He further conceived his country to be humiliated in the person of Alexander. Nor was it necessary, to use the words of the then young diplomatist, to be intimate with the secrets of cabinets to perceive which of the two sovereigns was the master at the ostentatious conferences of Erfurt.

As M. de Stein's views in regard to the confederation of the German states, with a liberal and constitutional representation of the provincial states, have been recently published,* so the part taken by the Russian statesman, M. Tourgueneff, in the transactions of those momentous times, and which from a subsequent too anxious propagandism of liberal ideas, and a too zealous abhorrence of serfdom, led to final exile and disgrace; have also still more recently made their appearance in the shape of what cannot but be considered as a narrative alike characterised by most statesman-like scope of ideas, and a noble and magnanimous spirit of resignation.† We have been induced to give a brief but comprehensive sketch of this curious little episode in Russian history.

II.—THE CAMPAIGN OF RUSSIA.

"Numerous works," says M. Tourgueneff, "have been written upon the campaign of 1812. Official narratives and despatches have been published, but nowhere do we find any intimation of the probable plan adopted by the Russian government at the beginning of the war. The most logical conclusion to be deduced from this is, that no such plan ever existed. A general instinct made it felt, that Russia could only fight the enemy with chances of success, by letting it penetrate into the heart of the country, but nothing attests that these tactics formed the basis of a pre-arranged system.

"Neither the choice of fortified points, nor the establishment of magazines indispensable to the subsistence of the army, announced the intention of operating at the commencement of the campaign a retrograde movement. These magazines, as well as the camp of Drissa, were all established upon the frontier."

* V. Lebensbilder aus dem Befreiungskriege, 1841.

† La Russie et les Russes, par N. Tourgueneff. 3 vols. Paris, 1847.

Yet the campaign of 1812 commenced, as is well known, by the retreat of the Russian army towards the interior. Other nations admired this retreat; in Russia, on the contrary, the opinion of the country, as well as that of the army, was opposed to that of the commander-in-chief, Barclay de Tolly; and at length, after the occupation of Smolensk by the enemy, the emperor was obliged to give way to the force of public opinion, and his former minister-of-war was replaced by Koutousoff. So far the correctness of M. Tourgueneff's views are corroborated by the manner in which this first step in the campaign was looked upon in Russia itself.

Much has been said in respect to the burning of Moscow. By whom was the conflagration lit? The French pretend, which was true, that upon their entrance into Moscow, the flames showed themselves in many spots; the French authorities even caused some unfortunates to be hung, asserting that they had detected them in the act. This proof we know quite well would not be conclusive, for nowhere do the authorities entertain scruples in employing all kinds of arguments, even the scaffold, when its use will give strength to their assertions. But common sense tells us that it is not the French who can be reasonably accused of this event, which was so opposed to their real interests. On the other hand, it is certain that this conflagration most materially served the interests of the Russian empire, by exciting the passions of the people against the enemy, and by depriving the latter of immense means of subsistence.

Many facts, besides, appear to indicate that the city was fired by the Russians themselves. The authorities of Moscow, when evacuating the town, had taken with them the fire-engines. It is notorious, also, that the prison-doors were opened. It was even said that torches, made on purpose, were distributed by police agents. These torches, it was added, had been fabricated by a scientific foreigner, who was also charged to construct an immense balloon, by means of which he was to throw from a great height in the air all sorts of inflammable matter into the enemy's camp. However it may be, no definite light has ever been thrown upon the question. The only thing certain is, that government, that is to say, the emperor, was a perfect stranger to all that concerns the conflagration; that he never gave any order or authorisation in the matter. It is probable that the impulse having been given by the local authorities, the rest was done by imitation. Russian soldiers, when leaving the town, and isolated inhabitants, may perhaps have fired the town at various spots, and its progress may have been so much the more rapid as all means of extinguishing it had been taken away. What is also certain is, that long before the capture of Moscow, many persons spoke of the conflagration of the city as a matter of necessity in case of its occupation by the enemy. Conversations to this effect took place in the presence of Rostopchine, and at his own residence. One senator, among others, whose entire fortune consisted of houses situated in the most populous and mercantile quarter, said that he should not hesitate to set fire to them if the French entered Moscow. Rostopchine manifested openly the same disposition.

If Rostopchine considered it necessary, for motives which it is now difficult to appreciate, to publish a pamphlet a long time after the above events, in which he denied all participation in the conflagration, the well-known fact of his having also, previous to that event, fired his own country-mansion on the approach of the French, and left there an inscription, announcing to the invaders that a similar reception awaited them at every step of their progress, speaks, in combination with other circumstances, volumes in opposition to one little pamphlet, the necessity for which, under an absolute government like that of Russia, it is as difficult to divine as the feelings that gave it birth. Rostopchine himself

received for a long time the enthusiastic demonstrations of the people as the saviour of his country, and as a thing due to him. The subsequent denial of his claim to these manifestations can therefore only have had its origin in political motives.

III.—THE RESTORATION OF THE BOURBONS.

When the passage of the Beresina had finished the campaign, and the emperor himself had joined the victorious army, M. de Stein, as chief of the central department, urged the energetic prosecution of the war. He was cordially seconded in this by Blucher and Gneisenau. On the other hand, the Austrians did not wish to advance too far, and spoke of fortified camps upon the Rhine. Gneisenau, head of the staff of the Prussian army, who had passed that river with his troops, complained in a letter addressed to M. de Stein of the dilatoriness of the allied armies, and enumerated the advantages that would flow from pushing on with vigour and celerity. The general begged the minister to submit these considerations to the Emperor Alexander, and to induce him to march on-wards as he had already done on the Vistula. "If we do not enter Paris," said M. Gneisenau, in this remarkable letter, "our revenge and our triumph will be incomplete."

Alexander was not in reality the official chief of the allied armies: the Austrian Field-marshal Prince Schwartzberg bore that title; and it required all the art of a skilful and astute diplomatist to make the Austrian general advance according to his wishes. Blucher, however, notwithstanding a few checks, kept moving forwards, and thus Schwartzberg was obliged to follow. Sometimes, M. Tourgueneff relates, the emperor used to rise in the night, and, accompanied by an aide-de-camp, who carried a lantern, he would go and converse with Schwartzberg as he lay in his bed. It was in one of these nocturnal conferences that the emperor announced to the commander-in-chief the resolution which he had taken to move upon Paris. The Austrian general, surprised at this intimation, opposed it with all possible arguments. But the emperor insisted upon the immediate execution of his project; and declared that if the marshal would not accompany him, he, Alexander, would go alone to Paris at the head of his army. The Emperor Alexander was indeed the only one of the three powers who had, at an early period, contemplated and worked seriously and energetically at the overthrow of Napoleon. M. Tourgueneff includes England among the powers that were desirous of peace at the time of the Conferences of Châtillon, and says that the Emperor Alexander was only upheld in his projects by M. de Stein and M. Pozzo di Borgo. But Blucher and Gneisenau ought also to have been included in the category of the emperor's supporters, as, in seconding the views of the autocrat, they went so far as to risk incurring the displeasure of their king and master.

As it was with regard to the overthrow of Napoleon, so also our Russian diplomatist argues that the Emperor Alexander had entertained the project of the restoration of the Bourbons long previous to the occupation of Paris by the allies. Hence he treats the celebrated saying of Louis XVIII. on his return to France, that after God it was to the Prince Regent that he was most indebted for his restoration to the throne of his ancestors, and the claims of Talleyrand, Pradt, and Dalberg to having successfully urged the suit of the exiled dynasty with equal in-

difference, and asserts that it was solely after God, to the Emperor Alexander and to MM. de Stein and Pozzo di Borgo that Louis was indebted for his restoration. This is evidently a very one-sided view of the case. Alexander, at the head of an advancing and victorious army, may have first conceived an idea, an opportunity for the accomplishment of which had been long anxiously sought for by this country in particular, and to which favourite object many were working at the same time, nor can the intimacy of Lord Castlereagh and Prince Metternich be considered for a moment as a valid objection to the existence of a line of policy which had been prominent throughout.

M. Tourgueneff, it must be remarked, considers the policy of Austria to be opposed to the nationality of Germany as imbued solely with the interests of a reigning dynasty.

"The German states," says our author, "have their nationality to establish, Austria has permission to destroy these nationalities or to prevent their establishing themselves. When we consider the struggle that began at this time, and which has never ceased to exist between these two political systems, it may be said that the genius of good and the genius of evil found themselves personified for Germany, the first in the Baron de Stein and the second in Prince de Metternich."

Carried away by this love of a visionary and impracticable system, M. Tourgueneff asserts that it was from a feeling of pride that Louis XVIII. did not recognise Alexander as his real benefactor; the same pride which he relates caused him to pass before Alexander when dining at his own table, and to seat himself in an arm-chair while he only offered a common chair to the emperor. General La Harpe, who at that period was intimate with the emperor, expressed how much he felt there was disrespectful in such a proceeding.

"I had forewarned you," he said, "that these Bourbons were always the same."

"That does not surprise me in the least," answered the emperor, with a smile, "but I am much above noticing such pettinesses."

On the other hand, Alexander is declared to have been the idol of the fickle Parisians. The other sovereigns passed by almost without being noticed. When they were seen together, still the only cry was, "Long live the emperor!" One day that this shout was raised in the saloon of the opera, Alexander induced Francis to advance in front of the box to bow their acknowledgments; but the public, so that there might be no mistake in the matter, began to shout out, "Long live the Emperor Alexander!"

When the Emperor Alexander quitted Paris in 1814, he wished to visit England. It was his wish at the same time that he should be accompanied by his guard, as he was anxious that their splendid appearance should be admired by the English, never imagining that something else is requisite to excite the admiration of a free people than well-disciplined soldiers. His councillors did not know, or did not care to explain to him the extravagance of this fancy, in his wishing to give the spectacle of a military review to the English people. Steps were accordingly taken with the English ministry preparatory to the emperor's departure. Lord Castlereagh, however, intimated with every possible politeness, that it was impossible that a military force could be allowed to disembark in England without the sanction of Parliament having been obtained to

that effect. This answer might have been easily foreseen, and the emperor's councillors might, by a little more candour, have spared their sovereign the ridicule attendant upon so preposterous a request.

"Soldatomania," says M. Tourgueneff, "is of old standing in the Russian Imperial family. Peter III., when still only grand duke, had fortresses manufactured of earthenware, and fitted up with soldiers of sugar. One day his young wife entering into his room, could not help laughing at perceiving a poor mouse hanging from a scaffold erected upon the glacis of a fortress. The grand duke was extremely indignant at this hilarity, and said that there was nothing laughable in the matter, as the criminal who had been executed had been tried by a council of war and condemned to death for having eaten a sentinel."

IV.—THE CONGRESS OF VIENNA.

The congress of Vienna, instead of occupying itself with serious matters, opened with parades and feasts of all kinds. "The congress dances but makes no progress," became an observation in every person's mouth, and the Prince de Ligne said on his death-bed, "There was only wanting to the congress the ceremonies of a marshal's funeral, and I shall furnish them with this new entertainment."

The chief questions agitated by the congress were the fusion of Saxony into Prussia, and the indemnification of King Frederick Augustus by the Rhenish provinces. This arrangement was opposed by Austria and England. The former naturally deemed that a Prusso-Saxon monarchy would be too compact and formidable a power in its own immediate neighbourhood; and as to Great Britain, the favourite notion of the ministry had for some time been to surround France with as formidable powers as possible. It was in execution of this project that Belgium was united to Holland, and Genoa was given up to Sardinia. Thiers asserts, in his *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*, tom. v., that this notion had its origin at St. Petersburg in 1804, and this view of the matter is partially embraced by M. Tourgueneff, but it involves a striking inconsistency with the admitted facts, that Russia and M. de Stein as the head of the central department, were opposed to the policy of Austria and England, which was again strangely enough seconded by the French plenipotentiaries.

It was in the midst of negotiations, cavils, and intrigues of all kinds, ceremonies of every description, festivals, and balls, that the news of Napoleon's disembarkment in France fell like a shell in the bosom of the congress. Without this event, it cannot be conceived how the assembly in question would ever have concluded its labours. The only act accomplished was effected by Lord Castlereagh's persistence, the fusion of the little but ancient republic of Genoa into the territory of Piedmont.

The return of Napoleon did not take all parties by surprise. Many political prophets, and among them more especially, the famous Kotzebue, had never ceased to point out the dangers to the dynasty of the Bourbons and to the peace of Europe, that arose from the proximity of the Isle of Elba to France. It is remarkable that M. Tourgueneff says upon the subject, that during the sitting of congress at Vienna, he heard the Island of St. Helena mentioned before Napoleon had escaped from Elba. The English can well afford to allow the blame of this remote banishment to be participated in by the allied powers. Nor was it without foundation

that the emperor himself, in excuse for his evasion, reproached the allies with the intention of sending him away from Europe to some distant island in the torrid zone.

Alexander is said to have been most active in his preparations to renew the war. The Prussians also to have manifested the same ardour as in 1813. The Duke of Wellington started for Brussels. As the allies had little confidence in the energy of the Bourbons, it was expected that Pozzo di Borgo would repair to Paris, but the general preferred joining the English at Brussels. This zeal and determination on the part of Alexander, differs from all generally received accounts.

It was arranged by the three great powers, that in their operations against Napoleon, Governors-General should be appointed over the territories occupied by their troops, who should be independent of the commander-in-chief. The army of Alexander being directed upon Lorraine, M. d'Alopeus, as Governor-general, took up his residence at Nancy, whither he was accompanied by M. Tourgueneff. This appointment became naturally a cause of unpleasantness and ill-feeling between the civil governor and Field-Marshal Barclay de Tolly.

During his residence at Nancy, M. Tourgueneff says he was overburdened with business. The contracts for the different objects of commissariat, necessary for the army, and the correspondence with the military authorities were especially burdensome.

M. Tourgueneff asserts that the Russians conducted themselves towards the French in a manner that was infinitely more respectful than that of the Germans. The French royalists also gave a deal of trouble. They were always busy with the political opinions of the population, a thing concerning which the Russians gave themselves no concern whatsoever. The French commandant of Nancy made himself especially ridiculous by his excitement in regard to the feelings of the inhabitants of that city. Others used to seize the persons of pretended Bonapartists, and were exceedingly annoyed at finding them liberated when taken to headquarters. General Langeron used to send from Metz, where he commanded, waggon loads of pretended conspirators, who were set at liberty the moment they reached Nancy. The Russians ridiculed with reason this love of persecution, which was so magnanimously displayed by the French against their own countrymen.

V.—THE HOLY ALLIANCE.

The aspect presented by Paris in 1815, differed very much from what it was in 1814. Every thing wore a silent and mournful appearance. The epithet of *Louis le desiré* was supplanted by that of *Louis l'inévitable*. The presence of the English in the capital of the kingdom, says M. de Tourgueneff, heightened the despair of the patriots. The red uniforms were those to the sight of which they could least of all accustom themselves. The war had this time been terminated without the concurrence of the Russians. When the Emperor arrived at Paris Blücher and Wellington were already in that city.

The condemnation of Marshal Ney gives occasion to a most inexcusable paragraph on the part of M. Tourgueneff.

"The Duke of Wellington had the misfortune on this occasion to sully his glory, as another celebrity of England, Nelson, had sullied his under nearly similar circumstances. The English admiral has at least found a skilful pen to disculpate his memory; Sir James Mackintosh, after having depicted the cha-

acter of Nelson, and the circumstances in which he found himself placed, declares that he is the only man whom he can continue to love and admire after an action like that of the assassination of Admiral Carraciolo. The Duke of Wellington still awaits an apologist; and it will be difficult for him to find one. Probably, however, he cares little or nothing whether he finds one or not?"

If M. Tourgueneff had perused the "Nelson Despatches" he would have found a more plain spoken and unanswerable explanation of the conduct of the British sailor, then acting for the king of Naples, than in any thing Sir James Mackintosh could say or opine upon the subject. It is, to say the least, an insolent calumny to designate a judicial execution as a personal assassination. With regard to the much to be regretted execution of Ney, Wellington had less to do with it than Alexander and the other allied chieftains. The Duke of Wellington had entered into an especial convention with Marshal Davoust which protected the person of the Duke of Elchingen. The very allies themselves and his colleagues and companions in arms, declared themselves incompetent to form a court-martial whereby to judge him, and the affair was left in the hands of his exasperated enemies, the Chamber of Peers, who condemned him, at a time when the Duke of Wellington never ceased to declare that such a proceeding was in defiance of the true construction of the article of amnesty made at the capitulation of Paris.

General opinion only saw in the so-called Holy Alliance, a collision of kings against people. The idea of this solemn and religious pact is said to have originated with the emperor's favourite, Madame de Krudener. Yet this great politico-religious act in the life of a woman, so celebrated for her beauty and mental endowments, her exalted sentiments and religious fervour, and the influence which she exerted for many years over the enthusiastic temperament of the emperor, did not save her from terminating her life in an exile, which she suffered in company with two other celebrated women, the Princess Gallitzin, and the Countess de la Mothe. The latter, after having been branded in the Place de Grève, as an accomplice in the scandalous affair of the diamond necklace, had taken refuge first in England, and then under the assumed name of the Countess Guacher, had been received in the first society at St. Petersburg, where she had also become intimate with the emperor. Alexander, Madame de Hell tells us, in her lately published travels in Southern Russia, stimulated, no doubt, by the mystery she observed respecting her past history, and struck by her high-bred demeanour, kept up an intercourse with her, to which he seemed to attach much value. There was nothing of ordinary gallantry in this, at least there never was any thing (we are quoting from Madame de Hell) to indicate that their intimacy had led to so common place a result.

Now that conversation is quite dethroned, and exists only in a few *salons* of Europe, it is difficult to understand or appreciate the influence formerly exercised by women of talent.* Unfortunately, the three ladies in question, not content with the favours of the emperor, actually formed, or are supposed to have formed, the basis of a holy alliance of a higher degree, and which, excluding temporal monarchies, was to bring all nations under the sole subjection of the law of Christ. Madame de Hell asserts that it was an article in an English newspaper, in which the female trio and his imperial majesty were made the subject of the most biting sarcasm, which induced Alexander to banish them from his court, and confine them for the rest of their days in the territory of the Crimea. ●

VI.—FORMATION OF SECRET SOCIETIES IN RUSSIA.

The final overthrow of Napoleon having brought a term to the diplomatic labours of M. Tourgueneff on the continent, he repaired from Paris, in the first place, to Franckfort, on matters of private business. Thence he resolved to proceed to Russia, although with an extraordinary presentiment of certain unpleasantnesses, difficulties, and even injustices that awaited him there. The impulse given by the events that had just taken place, was of a nature not to be misinterpreted.

The introduction of a certain liberality of ideas necessarily accompanied the return of the Russian armies into their own country. The events themselves even spoke more eloquently than the human voices that related them, each by their own fire-sides. The question of the dismemberment of Poland was the first that occupied all minds in eastern Europe. The kingdom of Poland once established, it was necessary to appoint a viceroy. The claims of Prince Adam Czartorisky were passed over, and a Polish general was nominated to the vice-royalty. But by his side were also appointed an imperial commissioner (Mr. Novassiltzoff), and then a commander-in-chief of the Polish army, and of the Russian troops stationed in Poland. This commandant was no other than the Grand Duke Constantine, brother to the emperor himself, and to whom a brief time afterwards the general business of administration, and even the supervision of all legislative and judicial functions were confided.

Unfortunately for many individuals of rank and birth, among other liberal ideas which obtruded themselves at this eventful epoch was the formation of secret societies, upon the plan of reunions of a similar character, which were then very common throughout Germany, and by which it was proposed to give a steady impulse to liberalism, and at the same time impart to it a practical character.

M. Tourgueneff had, soon after his return to Russia, published a work upon the "Theory of Taxation." In this work he indicated the moral effects produced by the study of the political sciences, and he attempted to prove that in what concerned both economical and financial, as well as administrative theories, there was only one path to arrive at the truth, and that was by basing those theories upon liberty.

He availed himself on all occasions of adverting to the power and riches of Great Britain, and of attributing those successes and advantages to institutions which exceeded in liberality any thing that was to be met with in any other European state. The discussion of the capitation-tax enabled him to enter at length upon his favourite theme, his abhorrence of serfdom. This great point assumed with him far more importance than the principal subject of his treatise. Never before had any thing appeared in the Russian language that attacked in so uncompromising and so positive a manner the odious system of slavery which is still prevalent in that country.

This publication made the author better known in a country where, from his long residence abroad, he had preserved few relations, and obtained for him the good feelings of all those who were inclined to adopt liberal ideas, and they were then a very numerous body. But at the same time, it very naturally begat to the author a multitude of enemies.

If in parts of a country of professedly liberal ideas and institutions, like the United States, it is impossible to discuss a thing so grossly irrelevant with those ideas and institutions, as a state of slavery tolerated and enforced by pretended republicanism, how much less can we expect such a discussion to be looked upon favourably under a professedly autocratic government? All persons, according to M. Tourgueneff's own acknowledgments, who were of any importance whatsoever, whether by their position or their duties, witnessed the appearance of such a work with extreme displeasure. The observations upon slavery appeared to them to be more especially of a most rash and audacious character. The imperial power did not, however, strike down the bold revolutionist with his thunder. The most powerful man in the empire after the emperor, Count Araktcheef, to whose character and principles nothing could be more opposed than this work, contented himself with expressing his wonder at the possibility of such things being written and published.

M. Tourgueneff enjoyed, at this time, the honourable position of a secretary of state; and it appears that in the section of the council of state to which he was attached, that there was not wanting some men of liberal and enlightened ideas, and more particularly Admiral Mordvinoff and Count Potocky, who so far participated with the author in his ideas, as to have established, in consequence, a much greater degree of intimacy with him, and ultimately to have reposed complete political confidence in their rather dangerous associate and contemporary.

One step taken in a particular direction soon leads to another.

"Towards the end of the year 1819," M. Tourgueneff relates, "I one day saw Prince Troubezkoy come to my house. I scarcely knew him by name. Without entering into many preliminary explanations, he told me that from what he could gather concerning me and my opinions, he thought he could propose to me to enter into an association, a copy of the laws of which he, at the same time, presented to me. They were those of '*The Union for the Public Good.*' * * * I read over the statutes. The associates were divided into classes or sections, one of which busied itself with matters that concerned public instruction, another with such as concerned the administration of justice, a third with political economy, finances, &c. But in all this, both in the association taken generally or in any of its different sections, it was only a question of theory, the intention of acting or of operating any change in the state nowhere revealed itself."

M. Tourgueneff admits that he was thoroughly convinced of the incapability of such associations to attain their proposed ends; he also avows his dislike to secret societies generally, but in Russia, he also says, the formation of such is inevitable from the impossibility there is for any one expressing his ideas openly upon political matters. He excuses himself from having joined that of the union for the public welfare, from the fact of his having perceived that, among the subjects for consideration, that which, in his eyes, exceeded all others in importance, had been omitted; that was, the abolition of serfdom. He conceived at once the idea of calling the attention of the society to this question, and a faint hope presented itself to his mind of his being thus instrumental in bringing about some amelioration in the condition of the poor Russian serfs.

To us, accustomed as we are to liberal institutions and the constitutional agitation of opinions, it would have appeared that M. Tourgueneff, as a counsellor of state, enjoyed extraordinary opportunities of openly

defending the cause of the serfs; at least, far greater opportunities than could be presented by a secret society, and that if he considered it to be his duty to put aside all considerations of forms, to brave personal inconveniences, and even dangers, for the purpose of co-operating in a great and humane work, that the same sacrifices could have been made openly, as well as secretly, and might also have availed more.

From the time that M. Tourgueneff joined the secret association, he never ceased to exert himself in obtaining from each member the promise of doing at once all that was in his power to bring the institution of serfdom into disgrace, and to contribute towards its abolition.

"Each of you," I said to them, "possesses, or will possess, slaves, give their liberty at once to those who are attached to your personal service, and take measures to emancipate the peasants, by addressing government upon the subject since the law permits it. By such means not only will there be a few slaves the less, but government and the public will see, at the same time, that many honourable proprietors wish that their serfs should become freemen. Thus the idea of emancipation will gain strength, and the public mind will begin to accustom itself to it."

In order that he should not only preach, but also set the example, M. Tourgueneff gave, at the same time, letters of emancipation to his servants. But he, at the same time, acknowledges, that the result of his exertions was very far from answering his hopes.

VII.—DISSOLUTION OF "THE UNION FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD."

"It would be a great mistake," says M. Tourgueneff, "to suppose that conspiracies were carried on in secret societies; there was no conspiring at all. If any of the associates had entertained such intentions, they would soon have found out that there all conspiracy was impossible. Proceedings were usually begun by deploring the impotence of the society to undertake any thing serious. Conversation then turned towards general politics, to the circumstances in which the country found itself placed, to the evils that overwhelmed it, and to the abuses that devoured it, as also to its future, for far off as that may be, still there must be a future even for Russia. The events of Europe were passed in review, and the progress that was made by civilised countries in the path of liberty were hailed with gladness. If I have lived of that life of beings who have the sentiment of their destiny, and who desire to accomplish it, it has more especially been in those rare moments of reunion with men whom I saw animated with a serious and disinterested enthusiasm in the cause of the welfare of their fellow-creatures."

After the lapse of a short time, all matters going on in the association as before, that is to say, making no progress whatsoever, M. Tourgueneff began to think of publishing a monthly review. There were among the associates several persons possessed of sufficient talent and instruction to co-operate in such an undertaking. It was the editor's intention to introduce to the Russians, by means of such a periodical, those views of legislative administration which he had obtained from attending the lectures of Goettingen, and from divers English and French works. One object more especial than all others was, the introduction of juries into the criminal jurisdiction of the country. This project, however, like many other good intentions, never came to any thing. The association gradually fell off in the number of its members and the number of its meetings, and sunk into a state of almost fatal torpor.

It was at such a moment, and when the society in fact no longer existed, that a member of the Moscow branch of the association arrived in St. Petersburg to arouse the members from this state of inactivity, and to propose to re-constitute the society upon a new basis, to effect which a convocation was called at Moscow.

After a discussion which lasted about three weeks, however, the impossibility of effecting any real good by secret societies was admitted, and the dissolution of the *Union for the Public Good* was pronounced, notwithstanding the protestations of some of the members.

To the sentiment of the inefficacy of the society, which appears to have actuated the members in thus dissolving the association, must also be superadded the apprehensions derived from the fact, that not only was the imperial government aware of the existence of this secret association, but that it actually had the convocation at Moscow most strictly watched. General —, who happened to be passing through Moscow on his way from St. Petersburg to the Caucasus, said to one of the associates, "The emperor is not ignorant of what you came to do in the city, but he thinks that you are very numerous; if he knew that there were so few of you, I assure you he would make up his mind to play you an ugly trick." M. Tourgueneff also states that he knew personally that the emperor believed in the existence of conspiracies, and that he more especially attributed to him (M. Tourgueneff) extreme opinions. General Michael Orloff also stated that he had received from his brother, who was aide-de-camp to the emperor, an intimation of the feelings that were entertained in the highest quarter in regard to the association, and that it was his intention to at once withdraw from it. It was time, therefore, to vote a dissolution of the society, notwithstanding that M. Tourgueneff persists in asserting that the knowledge of these facts had little or no influence in the resolution, and that the *surveillance* of which they knew themselves to be the objects did not contribute to that resolve.

M. Tourgueneff was empowered to draw up a notice for the satisfaction of absent members of the cause of the dissolution of the society. In this note, after stating that secrecy was neither necessary, nor useful, nor possible in undertakings of the kind, he argued that in the existing state of things in Russia good results could only be obtained by individual efforts; that nothing prevented a few *well-intentioned* friends meeting together to concert measures for the public weal, and that it was in the power of every individual to act openly to obtain such an end, by working upon the minds of those persons with whom each was thrown in contact. In pursuance of this argument, M. Tourgueneff more especially insisted upon the effects that partial emancipations of serfs effected by individual proprietors would produce. As might naturally be expected, this note, of which only four copies were made, became subsequently a prominent feature in the charges brought against this persevering labourer in the cause of the welfare of the greater number.

VIII.—LIBERALISM IN A COUNCIL OF STATE.

No longer associated with a secret society, M. Tourgueneff confined his labours to an individual propagandism of those ideas which he conceived not only to be just, but also best adapted for the welfare of his countrymen. His position in the service of the state gave him frequent

opportunities of effecting the emancipation of isolated individuals, and even sometimes of whole bodies of individuals, and he never permitted such opportunities to escape him. He also at the same time wrote memoirs in favour of emancipation to be laid before the emperor and the council of state.

So persevering, indeed, did his efforts become in the council in which he was seated as a state secretary, that he says that its meetings soon reminded him of those of the lately defunct "*Union for the Public Good.*" It was, he says, more especially with the venerable Admiral Mordvinoff, president of the council, and with Count Potocky, who was one of the members, that his conversations were most frequent and most enthusiastic. The worthy admiral did not, however, agree with M. Tourgueneff in his views as to the immediate emancipation of the serfs, and he appears to have had decidedly the best of the argument. He railed at the immensity and absolutism of the imperial power, and he was desirous of greater political liberty. But he thought this ought to be obtained in the first place by an organised aristocracy and a chamber of peers.

"No," said the frank old admiral, "it is by the throne that you must begin, and not by the serfs. The proverb says that it is from the top that the staircase is swept."

"Well, sweep away," M. Tourgueneff would answer, "if you can. But you cannot, therefore work at the emancipation of the serfs, which is in your power."

Now as the constitutional mode of proceeding was to obtain that emancipation by means of a higher or a lower chamber of representatives, so any anticipation of such united and representative wisdom was revolutionary in its character, and scarcely defensible even for the merits of the cause. Hence it is also that the recent creation of a high chamber in one of the great German monarchies contains greater promises of political liberty to the future than any rash radical innovation, which would have met with universal opposition from all primary and even secondary powers in the same portion of the European continent.

Foreign literature was also made the frequent subject of conversation in the council. Count Potocky was especially a most enlightened man. He read every thing and in all languages. One day, among other novelties, he brought with him Lord Byron's "*Age of Bronze.*" It was read during the sitting of the council, which then met in the imperial palace, only two steps from the emperor's cabinet. "What," exclaimed M. Tourgueneff, "would his majesty have said, had he known that he was only separated by the thickness of a wall from his counsellors, who were amusing themselves with reading a satire in which his person is so little respected? So much for the efficacy of censorial prohibitions!"

The council of state became engaged in a struggle with the minister of finances, whose proposals for additional taxations were constantly negatived by the council. The consequence was that the minister, seconded by the emperor, got the head of the council, Admiral Mordvinoff, supplanted by Count Golovine, who was far from possessing the qualities of his predecessor. On the occasion of the first difficult business question that was submitted to the council for consideration, he frankly avowed to M. Tourgueneff that he did not understand the question, but that he would do as he was told to do.

"God will punish you," he said to him, "if you lead me into error. May the responsibility of my opinion and my vote rest upon you."

"I accept it," answered the secretary; "continue to place confidence in me, you shall never repent it, and every thing will go on the better."

Count Golovine was a true Russian noble: he always kept an open table. Twelve covers were laid every day for as many guests. The repast, served by a French artist, was exquisite; the wines were of the first quality; every thing was in abundance, and first-rate.

IX.—PIT-FALLS IN THE PATHWAY OF A LIBERALIST.

While thus employed in the council of state, the minister of finances proposed to M. Tourgueneff, through the medium of his son-in-law, the Count de Nesselrode, that he should enter into his ministry. Political economy and finances having been an especial object of study with the secretary, the offer was accepted. Upon his introduction to the minister, he found him engaged in reading the *Minerva* newspaper, which at that time contained the essays of Benjamin Constant.

"I thought this," says the secretary, "at the time, to be a thing quite natural even for a Russian minister. But now that I remember the different episodes of the period, I cannot help believing that the minister wished me to see him reading the *Minerva*, and to believe that he did read it.

"How often have I not heard," continues the state-secretary, "persons placed in high situations, in contact with whom chance has thrown me, hold a language that could not do otherwise than please me. One would begin by crying up and extolling the constitutions of free countries; and another, and such persons never failed to gain me over by that, would speak in terms of indignation of slavery. Once, a person of this description, a great lord, with whom I was not personally acquainted, having learned the blame that I attached to his having made a public sale of his serfs with his land, deemed it necessary to write to me an explanatory note of four pages in length; and he afterwards called upon me personally, to show me that it was impossible that he could have acted otherwise.

"Here is another episode of the same kind. A distinguished person, loyal, and of an elevated character, a man who, in a very difficult situation, that of ambassador to Napoleon after the peace of Tilsit, knew how to preserve all the dignity of his character, the Count T * *, being at Nancy, in 1815, and conversing with me about the 'Charter,' which had just then received a new and useful development by the unity of the ministry, began to praise representative governments, and expressed his hopes of seeing one day the benefits of a constitutional administration console his country for the absolutism to which it had been so long subjected. I have not forgotten his words, which appeared to me to be sincere, nor his person, for which I had a great esteem and a real affection. Yet, since this, his name has been sullied as one of the judges of the proceedings in 1826! What must we think of a state of things, by which honourable men make themselves, without knowing it, the accomplices of such enormities?

"Even the Grand Duke Constantine surprised me agreeably by his conversations in regard to the manner in which soldiers should be treated. He happened by chance to be at Carlsbad at the same time that I was there. I went with all the other Russians to wait upon him on his arrival. It was the first time that I saw him closely, and certainly the reputation that he enjoyed rendered the visit very painful to me. Having no soldiers to exercise, he must have found Carlsbad, where he had come to fetch his wife, very dull. In the evening, seeing me seated on a bench at the door of my house, he would some-

times approach me and enter into conversation. I finished by speaking to him as frankly as it was possible to do with such a person, and I was truly surprised at finding him so temperate in his ideas, and so moderate and sensible in his opinions generally. He had certainly no want of common sense. But the surprise appears to have been reciprocal, for he also, I have been told, was pleased at having made my acquaintance, and at not having found the uncompromising revolutionist which he had been led to expect. It is true, however, that he subsequently retracted, and that in 1826 he experienced, or showed great annoyance that I had not been hanged!

"What did these politenesses, this wish to please mean? I believe that they were simply a result of habit and of a courtier's life. Those who have long resided in that atmosphere are naturally induced to please, when that act does not in any way compromise them. It is possible, also, that there may have been some of that homage that the evil passions render to the opposite state of mind by hypocrisy, and which egoism pays to disinterestedness. Impelled by the voice of their consciences to acknowledge to themselves that liberty, dignity, and honour are great and noble things, courtiers recognise them and even manifest them when they are speaking to a man who is supposed to love them and to place them above all the dignities of this world."

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X.—POLITICAL LADIES.

M. Tourgueneff had about forty employés in his office. Their duties were divided into what concerned credit given to foreign countries and loans made at home. Among the latter, the state secretary, singularly enough, notices a loan of four or five millions of roubles made to the peasants by Alexander, to purchase their freedom. It would appear from this, that the emperor was as practically interested in emancipation as others who have spent their lives in talking or writing upon the subject. The secretary did not remain long in the financial department. Having had a project of registration to redact, he could not accommodate his conscience with the usual Russian practice of valuing landed property by the number of serfs which are attached to it. He accordingly, instead of a simple report, drew up a long memorial, in which it was proposed that the revenue, instead of being measured by the number of souls, should be deduced from a valuation of the revenue produced by the property itself. The minister gave this memorial to be examined by other employés, instead of perusing it himself. M. Tourgueneff felt himself slighted, and resigned; and his resignation was accepted.

The minister of finances was as all financial ministers are with autocrats, all powerful with the emperor, and he also occupied a high position in that portion of society which is called the great world. His house was nearly the first in St. Petersburg. Courtiers, diplomatists, the high public functionaries, met there almost every day. His wife versed in the art of supporting her husband's credit, was a kind of authority that could not be passed over without exposing oneself to dangerous resentments. Her daughter, married to Count Nesselrode, was known also by the influence which she exercised elsewhere than in society.

"In Russia," says M. Tourgueneff, "where every thing is accomplished by intrigue and with mystery, where the sun of publicity only shines upon results, without ever throwing any light upon the causes which have led to them, a man's reputation depends less upon himself than upon those who take upon themselves the trouble of assigning one to him. My public conduct, no doubt, gave pretexts that were sufficiently special, to persons who wished to represent me as a liberal and a servophile, but certainly not to those who wished to pass

me off as a virulent Jacobin. Yet they had succeeded by dint of exaggerations, to paint me as such, and it is particularly to the activity of the feminine portion of the two ministries that I am indebted for this service."

The new project of registration was afterwards brought before the council of state without the amendments proposed by the ex-secretary of finance, who still held his place in the council, and where, mainly through the influence of his old friend, Admiral Mordvinoff, the project was rejected. The consequence was, that the minister who attributed the event to M. Tourgueneff got the emperor to reprimand the council, and to constitute from out of it a committee, from which the more unruly members should be excluded; while at the same time an intimation was conveyed to the secretary from the emperor himself, "that he (the emperor) was very much displeased with him, that he had much patience, but that he might at last be driven to extremities." M. Tourgueneff was at the same time removed to the council of civil and criminal matters.

In this new situation he re-commenced with assiduity his labours for the emancipation of the serfs. He was often in a minority in the council on questions of this nature, but when the votes were submitted to the emperor, the secretary tells us, he never failed to decide in favour of the serfs, even against the opinion of the majority, thus placing the sincerity of his wish to see slavery abolished in the empire beyond a doubt.

At length the successive labours of these various councils, finished by undermining the secretary's health. Anxious at the same time to carry out his long-projected reforms of trial by jury, he asked for the situation of consul-general in England, where he could best pursue his studies, but this was refused as beneath his dignity, and he was allowed to proceed to Carlsbad, with a considerable pecuniary contribution, to which was added a few words of advice by the minister.

"The emperor," said the latter, "has made me promise that I should engage you to take the advice which he gives you, not as sovereign, but as a Christian. It is, that you should be cautious while you are abroad. You will not fail to be surrounded by men, who breathe nothing but revolutions, and they will endeavour to lead you astray. Distrust all such persons, and be circumspect."

It was at the moment of M. Tourgueneff's departure that the insurrection broke out in a regiment of the guards, which was, the secretary assures us, without any foundation whatsoever, attributed to the influence of secret societies, and that still more absurd demonstration of excessive apprehension was manifested, in the arrest of Mr. Hoiman, the blind traveller, *as a spy*, and his being reconducted to the frontier.

XI.—M. TOURGUENEFF CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

M. Tourgueneff left St. Petersburg on the 24th of April, 1824. After passing some time in Carlsbad, he went to winter in Italy and Sicily. Thence he returned, in 1825, to Germany. At Dresden, he found a letter from the new minister of finance, General Kankrine, which expressed a wish that he should return to that department, without giving up his functions as counsellor of state. The ex-secretary, however, sent in his refusal; as he says, because he could not agree with the minister upon the subject of supporting national manufactures at the expense of international commerce; but he adds, what had also, probably, some

weight with him. "Fortune had predestined me to pass my old days elsewhere than in Siberia. It was at the end of this very year (December, 1825), that the bold but ill-conceived insurrection broke out at St. Petersburg, and I do not know how far I might have been involved by it."

The insurrection alluded to, took place upon the death of Alexander, at Taganrog, while it was still a question as to which of his brothers would succeed him; and an attempt was made at St. Petersburg to establish a representative government. Another insurrection occurred at the same time in the army of the south, originating in the arrest of several superior officers, who had been denounced to the emperor, but the two insurrections appear to have had no connexion one with the other.

M. Tourgueneff was at Paris when he learnt the death of Alexander, and the insurrection that ensued upon the emperor's decease. In January, 1826, he started for London, but it was in Edinburgh that he first learnt that he was compromised in the prosecution entered upon in consequence of this insurrectionary movement. Soon afterwards he received, from the secretary of the Russian embassy in London, a summons to appear before the supreme court, as accused of participating in this insurrection. The ex-secretary very naturally preferred answering such a summons by an explanatory note, rather than by personal appearance. The consequence was, that Mr. Canning was applied to (so at least says M. Tourgueneff), to give up the person of the ex-councillor of state. It is needless to say, that such an application, if ever made, met with no attention. M. Tourgueneff believes that secret agents were sent from St. Petersburg to England on purpose to arrest him. This must evidently have been suggested by those fears, naturally excited in a very high degree, by the untoward course which events had taken in respect to himself.

On his return to London, he found by the papers that the trials had been brought to a conclusion, and that twenty-nine persons had been condemned to death. His own name terminated the list. And thus, his property confiscated, himself expatriated, and his person virtually struck with legal death, terminated the public career of a liberal Russian councillor of state! The reader will find in the voluminous work which M. Tourgueneff has just devoted to the record of his life, and to his justification, much that by his own admission involves the author in a line of conduct, that was most imprudent, to say the least of it. But a careful study and perusal of the remainder of the work, which is devoted to the consideration of the actual condition of Russia and the Russians, and to the futurity that is in store for that country, and for its prostrate inhabitants, also communicates a cheerful and confident impression, that the day must soon come when the legal condemnation to death of twenty-nine individuals, and the exile and expatriation which followed in so sad and melancholy a manner, upon this immature attempt at establishing a representative government, will be looked upon in its true light of a martyrdom suffered in the cause of human progress and universal freedom.

SANTA ANNA AT VERA CRUZ.

You have urged me in every letter I have received from you since my arrival in this country to give you some description of what I see every day—in fact, some idea of the “domestic manners” and conduct of the Mexicans. My not having complied hitherto with your natural request, is not the result of idleness or want of observation on my part, but of my wish to give you a more correct account of this country and its inhabitants than we have found in many *even printed* descriptions of this and other countries.

Remember how we have laughed in former years at the absurd *bavardage* we read concerning those countries with which we were acquainted—“General Pillet’s description of England and the English,” *par exemple*, or “Ninety Days in the North of Germany”—and do not wonder that I am somewhat chary of exposing my opinions of Mexico and its inhabitants even to your eyes.

I have now, however, been years here, and may, without presumption, tell you the result of my observations. I speak the language, *tant soit peu*, intelligibly, and also understand perfectly all that is said in my presence, whether to me or to others, and that is one point gained. I doubt much, however, whether our accomplished friend and teacher, Señor A. de Villabos, would find my Mexican accent that pure Castilian which he was so anxious his pupils should acquire.

A history of my short residence in this country, were I able to write it, must of necessity be interesting, for it might contain an account, by an eye witness, of most of the great natural or political afflictions which can befall a nation or individuals. I have seen several revolutions, I know not how many different administrations, earthquakes, hail-storms, and murders, with death and sickness in the family of which I form a part; and now a war is going on—in a remote portion of the republic, it is true—which, however, threatens to approach nearer and nearer, and which, as many well-informed persons believe, will end in the utter extinction of Mexican nationality.

I believe that the English newspapers keep you tolerably *au courant du jour* concerning political events, which, besides, lie beyond the sphere of my observation, and I will content myself with giving you an account of what I myself have seen and observed. My first impression of the people here was most unfavourable. The dread of personal violence during our transit from the coast to the capital, with which we were inspired at Vera Cruz, was, it is true, sufficient to make me look with unfavourable eyes upon all that came before me. On meeting our friends this dread of course ceased, but not the unfavourable first impression. I was struck, and almost annihilated, by the excessive violence with which the different members of our family testified their pleasure at meeting me; and this violence, this noise (as offensive to me now as then), is the most striking peculiarity in the women of Mexico. All they feel, be it joy or sorrow, fear or hope, is expressed with such loud voices, such positive screaming, such gesticulation, that poor I, timid even at home, have not yet learnt to bear the infliction without annoyance, and a kind of

indefinite apprehension. I ought not, perhaps, to have attributed this violent manner to the "ladies" only, for I am told that the gentlemen are quite as violent and unreasonable when in any way roused. To bear out this assertion I will give you an anecdote, for the perfect truth of which I can vouch, having heard it from one of the parties concerned.

A general in the army, a man of education and of considerable rank under the old *régime*, on entering the family room in the morning to breakfast, found his daughter scolding (not very vehemently) his only son. He inquired the reason, and was told by the young lady that her brother had broken a china plate. "Has he?" said the father, and, without another word, he seized, one after another, the different pieces of china on the breakfast-table, smashed them against the ground, and when none were left to destroy, he proceeded to the kitchen, and there resumed the work of destruction, until not one piece of china or earthenware was left whole in the house. Near the end of this operation the lady of the house returned from mass, and, on inquiring the reason of what she saw, was told by her husband to go and replace the broken things by new ones, he giving her ample means to do so. "Now, Juan," he said, turning to his son, "if you again break a plate you will not be scolded."

If you do not believe this story I shall not wonder, because to us Europeans who consider that to regulate the expression of our feelings is a duty indispensable to decency, such exhibitions are incredible. I repeat, however, that I have told the story in all its simplicity, without adding one particle, and upon the best authority, one of the principal actors in the scene being my informant. Indeed, no Europeans can have an idea of the violence or the ill-temper which is shown by the members of families to each other, and I now almost doubt whether we know what ill-temper is in Europe.

The ladies of Mexico are handsome, at least they are considered so by most of the gentlemen here. They have beautiful dark hair and eyes, small and well-shaped feet, and a somewhat graceful *tournure*; but the greater number of those I have met with are unintellectual, and have an uncultivated mind. Their capriciousness is beyond description. Query? Is it this caprice which attracts the men? A second reason for my dislike of the Mexican ladies generally is, that in their attire elegance and splendour go hand in hand with untidiness and even dirt; a necklace of pearls or diamonds is seen together with ragged collars, satin dresses with dirty gloves, or hands without any, &c. Indeed, I have never yet seen a Mexican lady perfectly well dressed, either at home or *en grande tenue*.

You will say that my description, however true, is not very amusing; and to meet this censure in the best way I can, I will postpone further accounts of character, and give you an account of General Santa Anna's triumphal entry into the capital. He caused us to wait his arrival many days, to give time, it is said, for the re-erection of his statue, which during his disgrace had been treated with every indignity, and for the re-interring his leg which had been cast forth from its place of rest in the fury of the people against him. The same enthusiasm which had caused them to do this, now made them erect triumphal arches, make fountains play, and adorn their houses with wreaths of flowers, &c., to greet the arrival of the object of their former detestation. At length the glorious day came. We had ringing of bells innumerable, firing of

cannon, and crowds of people in the streets, but no cheering, no *viras*, the crowd was solemn and silent. Three triumphal cars (or shall I say *carts*?) opened the procession. The first looked like one of Punch's show-boxes on an enlarged scale, and in it on the seat, probably intended for the hero of the day, sat a lad. The second was made to look as if it were borne by clouds (they were exquisite, such as you see at the minor theatres), and contained a fat lady fantastically attired, elegantly reclining after the fashion of *Les poses plastiques*, intended as a personification of Mexico. The third car, in the shape of an omnibus, was likewise borne by clouds made of calico, and was occupied by three-and-twenty boys, dressed in scarlet jackets and white trousers, emblematic, I presume, of the provinces of the republic. (By-the-by, how many of these have been subtracted by those greedy Yankees, who swallow half-a-dozen provinces at a mouthful, and are ready for more immediately afterwards?) In the background stood a man with a barrel-organ, and two boys dressed like soldiers, firing their guns at intervals over the heads of the people. Is it likely, think you, that these last-named three personages were to represent the warlike and the musical spirit of the Mexicans? I can give you no other interpretation.

Now followed General Santa Anna himself, in a really handsome open carriage, in a travelling-dress, looking around him with a sneering smile. His features are intellectual and rather interesting, but by no means expressive of good nature. Indeed, I am told he is, like Natas in "Hauff's Memoirs of Satan," *amiable*, but *malicious*.—the German terms, as you know, are much more pointed than the English.

In this description I have "naught extenuated, nor set down aught in malice;" but if you do not believe this, it will not offend me, as I am sure that none but an eye-witness can have an idea of the strange inconsistencies, the mixture of the sublime and ridiculous, which meet one here at every turn, and which prevail in great things as in small. Since this memorable day we have seen nothing more of our hero, and to-day he has left the capital at the head of an army to meet and conquer the enemies of the republic. Whether he will fulfil the splendid promises he has made, remains to be seen.

In my next I will give you, as a companion to this entry of Santa Anna, the account of a procession headed by the late President Herrera, on the festival of the Independence, at which I was present. Until then, adieu.

LORD CASTLEREAGH'S TRAVELS IN THE EAST.*

VISCOUNT CASTLEREAGH's notes of his travels in the East have been published in the hope of contributing to the aid of the sister island. They needed not so charitable a purpose to obtain a kindly reception. Their own merits would have insured it. For they are replete with new impressions, and are especially characterised by an honest, straightforward manner, and great power of lively, graphic description.

Arrived at Alexandria, the inevitable first impressions were narrow streets and dirty crowds—camels and donkeys—and every one pushing his neighbour. "The stranger," his lordship justly enough remarks,

* A Journey to Damascus through Egypt, Nubia, Arabia Petrea, Palestine, and Syria. By Viscount Castlereagh, M.P.; with Illustrations from Original Drawings. 2 vols. Henry Colburn.

"should beware of stopping to look at some lazy old Turk smoking his pipe or saying his prayers in the middle of his shop. He will be hustled or run over by animals of every variety of colour, dress, and form." Lord Castlereagh's first visit appears to have been to Boghos Bey. "We found," he says, "a wooden staircase, white-washed walls, without any appearance of state or comfort, a low, small door, and close to it a plainly dressed old man, whom I nearly fell over. This was Boghos Bey."

After animadverting upon the foolish isolation of Alexandria and Beyrout, by quarantine regulations, Lord Castlereagh started up the Atfah canal, was introduced at the station of the same name, to the remnants of the plagues of Egypt, and upon the Nile to a plague not mentioned in olden times, an imperturbable Rais and a rascally crew. Arrived at Boulak the scene was of a more mixed character.

Imagine a small court containing a half-starved ostrich, looking like a spectre, a monkey, a lynx, donkeys innumerable, camels, dromedaries, Arabs, couriers, dragoons, waiting to be hired; and in the midst of all, various specimens of the John Bull tribe, starting for India, by way of Suez, in Mackintoshes, straw hats, pea-jackets, and every variety of costume. I must not forget a bevy of ladies in green veils and poke bonnets, waiting to be shut into boxes like diminutive sedans, to be jolted across the Suez desert, or looking in utter despair at the broken-down donkeys on which they were to trust themselves, if they preferred a quadruped to a packing-case. In spite of all the noise, crowds, and scramble, we found capital rooms, and good accommodation for this country, where, in general, you have four walls, a stone floor, and a divan, as your stock of furniture.

Lord Castlereagh's first remark on arriving at Cairo is, upon that oft-reiterated subject, the worse than improper manner in which our country is there represented. In one capacity representing the interests of their country, in another that of the overland transit company, and in another that of cashiers for Messrs. Briggs & Co., consuls, with so many objects in view must occasionally find duty and interest at stake, nor have they the means or station necessary to make themselves respected by the authorities.

"Their information," says Lord Castlereagh, "is rarely as good as that which the French obtain, and France is infinitely more alive to all that concerns this country—has ten-fold the influence that we possess, and endeavours in every way to injure our interests. If she could prevent our communications with India, she would desire nothing better." There can be no doubt about this, and the day is not far distant, unless this false system of economy at home is altered, that the Anglo-Indians will be driven for communication to the line of the Euphrates.

We differ with our fastidious traveller as to the total absence of female forms among the Nubian slaves, but not so as to Cairo by night being a more lovely sight than the same city by daylight.

Our evenings are long and tedious. The city seems asleep at nine o'clock, and, but for the barking of the dogs, there is complete silence. The deep shadows are so well-defined, and the buildings so picturesque, by moonlight, that I advise any one who wishes for a pleasing delusion to stroll out after sunset in this climate. In the day, all the dirt and misery are too readily distinguished; at night, things are blended together in fantastic and pleasing shapes, and minaret and mosque, gable and porch, harem and cottage, harmonise together in the yellow refulgence which is cast over all.

Lord Castlereagh travelled *en grand seigneur*. Six or seven camels were necessary to carry the stores, chairs, beds, tables, trunks, crockery wine, beer, prepared viands, pots and pans, to the boat. The third day upon

the river, they gave chase to a large boat, which had run into Captain Lyon's craft, and carried away her mizen. The culprits were caught, and very properly made to pay the damages. Such resolute conduct does much to uphold the English character in the East. By the fifth day, the never-failing and characteristic sulkiness and obstinacy of all Raïses, had attained such a climax in the person of Raï Ali, that they took him before a bey, whom they accidentally met with at Colosaueh, but, as might be expected, to no purpose.

Lord Castlereagh makes the usual mistake, in supposing that it is the Christian monks of the "Mountain of Birds" who swim across the river for alms. They are poor Christians who dwell under the protection of the convent. Near Ombos the boat was upset, and every thing on board, although afterwards recovered, was wetted and soiled. The party themselves were only accidentally extricated by a boat belonging to Mr. Lyall, an English traveller. At the cataracts our travellers also experienced the usual annoyances of bribery and knavery.

On their return, many of those wondrous monuments of antiquity which adorn the banks of the Great River, were visited more in detail. It is not our purpose here to criticise notes originally written for private circulation, but it is impossible to accompany our travellers to temples like that of Abou-Simbal, and not feel how much would have been added to their enjoyment if they had been aware of the many curious historical questions contained in the numerous designs and figures painted more especially in the great hall of that ruin. A good detailed *vade mecum*, for the traveller on the Nile appears to be much wanted, and might be added to Mr. Murray's guide books.

At the tombs of the queens, behind the palace of Medineh Habu, an Englishman had amused himself by collecting a heap of mummies and setting fire to the awful pile. This disgraceful achievement had blackened and partly destroyed one of the most curious of these abodes. It was the one supposed to have contained Taia, the black queen of Amunoph III., and her image was the principal object upon the walls.

Sunrise was, as usual, witnessed from the base of Memnon's statue. The destruction carried on by antiquaries in the valley of the kings, was properly commented upon, and Captain Basil Hall was met near Siyut. The pasha of this latter city insisted upon presenting Lord Castlereagh with a giraffe. In spite of the trouble, expense, and inconvenience, he could not well refuse the present, from which he was, however, soon relieved by word being brought to him, after departure, that the animal had made its escape. The object of the present was accomplished, the civility was shown, the servants received presents, and Lord Castlereagh was too wise to investigate the transaction any further.

At length, bidding a long adieu to the glorious old river, so full of beauties, but so disagreeable to navigate, the party again threaded their way amid the narrow, but swarming streets of Cairo. Mr. Burford's admirable panorama now exhibiting in Leicester Square (to which, if they have not already seen it, we recommend our readers to pay a speedy visit,) supersedes all descriptions of this wonderful city, of which Lord Castlereagh justly remarks, the more it is examined, the more it is to be appreciated and admired.

At every step some picturesque object strikes the eye. The long, narrow streets which the sun is scarcely allowed to penetrate, with lattice rising upon lattice, old-fashioned and picturesque gables and rafters, decked with fantastic

ornaments, and scattered in lavish profusion, delight the eye, and entice the wanderer to proceed further. He might indeed remain here for years, and yet every day find some new object for his mind or pencil. Still nothing is new or smart; the colours are faded and mellowed down; the wooden lattices are covered with dust and cobwebs, and where the painted glass is visible, it is darkened by dirt. But these details only heighten the general effect of the scenery.

Our travellers were happy in seeing the return of the pilgrimage to Mecca, the departure of which is so graphically portrayed in Mr. Burford's panorama, including the Mahmil, or sacred canopy, and the fanatic saint who follows immediately in the rear. A visit to the young Scheriff of Mecca is full of character and interest. We regret, also, that we cannot give some account of Lord Castlereagh's interview with Muhammad—commonly, or rather vulgarly, called Mehemet—Ali. The interview was highly characteristic of the man—characteristic at once of his strength and of his weakness.

Passing No. 1 station, an arrangement which it is justly remarked has taken off a great deal of the poetry and illusion of the Suez desert, and accompanied by a party of sixty Arabs, and as many camels, the party soon reached Suez itself, but not without some general remarks upon the passage of the Red Sea, which, as usual, omit all notice of the former undoubted extension of the Sinus Heroopolis to the northward. Proceeding onwards in safety to Mount Sinai, our travellers, on their further journey from thence by the Wadi Shaikh to Akabah, experienced a false alarm of an attack from the Mazainah tribe, who, in their feuds for the privilege of conveying passengers through their own territories, had just killed Shaikh Sulaiman, of the Alawins.

It is much to be regretted that some permanent arrangement is not made by the authorities for the passage of the Desert to Petra. The notorious Hussian, Shaikh of the Alawins, actually demanded of our travellers, when at Akabah, 32,000 piastres or 320*l.* for the journey. The consequence was that the party was obliged to proceed by the country of the Taiyah, or Taih Arabs to Hebron, instead of by Petra; but even on this road they were subjected to innumerable inconveniences from the shaikh not being willing to diminish his own profits by hiring the camels of the tribes, or making a present to them for passing through their country. As Lord Castlereagh subsequently visited Petra from Hebron, it is to be hoped this will be a lesson to the cupidity of the shaikhs at Akabah. Lord Castlereagh was not one of those travellers who entered the Holy Land to scoff and sneer at all they saw. "It is scarcely possible," he remarks, "to enter upon the precincts of the Holy Land without a deep feeling of veneration, and thoughts most probably of a very different nature from any to which the mind has been devoted."

And in such a frame of mind he enjoyed his trip to Jerusalem and Damascus, and by Lebanon to Beyrout. Nothing tends so much to destroy prejudice and correct false notions as journeys of this kind, and which are happily becoming daily more common. Lord Castlereagh has apparently satisfied himself that the Turkish rule is worse than that of Ibrahim Pasha was in Syria and Palestine; that the Turks are purposely returning to the system of exclusiveness, fanaticism, and rapacity that prevailed in former times; and that the greatest good that can for the present be done, is to protect the Christians, especially the Armenians, and we would add the Chaldeans, from the persecutions of their Muhammadan masters. There is at least something satisfactory, in thus finding all travellers arrive at the same conclusion.

THE OPERA.

JENNY LIND AS NORMA.—THE SWEDISH MELODIES.

A CRIMSON adornment placed before the royal box, two stalwart beef-eaters, with formidable halberds, on the stage, her majesty in brilliant attire, Prince Albert in full uniform, the national anthem echoing through the walls of the magnificent theatre, the huzzas that answer it from a crowded assembly—such is the combination which ushers in Jenny Lind's *Norma*.

Special "desires" are expressed so often that they almost cease to be special, but a special "command" is a thing not to be seen every day. And on this occasion her majesty not only commands the performance, but commands Jenny Lind to play *Norma* for the first time.

There has been much expectation about this same *Norma*. Large accounts have come from the North, but Londoners doubt, whether the oaken wreath and Druidical garb will sit as easily as the Swiss hat and smart little frock, on the delicately formed vocalist of Sweden. Will there be force enough in the nightingale to accomplish the eagle-flight of the wronged and avenging Celt? These are questions of great moment, and the solution of them is awaited with great anxiety.

They are solved thus: Jenny Lind takes the gentle side of "*Norma*," she dwells especially on the natural affection, and on the leave-taking from *Oroveso*, and she leaves the fury to her predecessor. Hence the second act is more according to her style than the first; *Norma* tottering from her eminence is more remarkable than *Norma* in her strength. Adding to the above statement, that the singing is exquisite, we believe we have exactly told the whole truth on the subject.

But if any one *will* press us into a corner, and ask us whether we like Jenny Lind's *Norma* just as well as that charmingly naïve Amina, or that piquante little Maria, we believe we must answer in the negative. That sweet picture of Swiss pastoral life in *La Sonnambula*, that prettiest form of military enthusiasm in *La Figlia del Reggimento*, are the sort of things that are stereotyped in the memory, if a living, moving, breathing object can be said to be stereotyped. These, we feel, will remain clear bright images when the figure of *Norma* is more dimmed by the lapse of time. But what of that, Mademoiselle Lind? No one suffers loss by a comparison with herself.

We should not forget those delicious little Swedish songs, wherewith Jenny Lind has delighted us. Small native off-shoots of melody are they, pathetically gay, and gaily pathetic—things which seem to grow out of a national heart, which scarcely knows whether it is gay or pensive. Just so is it with the effect of church bells on a summer's evening, when you listen to them as the daylight fades glimmering away, and scarcely know whether you are in a state of calm enjoyment or in a slight despondency. Of what those Swedish songs treated we know not, but we know that Jenny Lind led us through a sentimental labyrinth of sound, and then suddenly changed it into an arch mirth, as though she somewhat cruelly made sport of our sympathies. Imagine not that these melodies are easy, national though they be—the intervals are harsh and abrupt, and require the nicest precision to take them, and the florid jocosities require the most delicate execution. But Jenny Lind does it all with the truest manner of "nativeness." Pathos, gaiety, smile, style, all seem dictated at the moment, and the effect is certainly enchanting.

LITERATURE.

MEMOIRS OF VISCOUNTESS SUNDON.*

LADY SUNDON, long before her husband's elevation to the peerage, and whilst she retained the appellation by which she is mentioned in much of the correspondence of the day, and by which, indeed, she is best known to the reading world, that of Mrs. Clayton, became attached to the court as lady of the bedchamber, and eventually mistress of the robes, to Caroline, Princess of Wales, afterwards queen-consort of George II. In this situation, by great prudence, a remarkable aptitude for court manners, and many other necessary qualities for success in such a position, she acquired such a degree of influence over her royal mistress, as perhaps had hardly ever been enjoyed by any female favourite since the days of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough.

The correspondence of the favourite comprises, in consequence, letters from individuals of every rank and profession. She became the actual medium of communication between the queen and her subjects, and it would require a page to enumerate the memorabilities of the day, whose contributions help to swell out these most interesting volumes. And what a lesson of court and of worldly corruption do they afford? The worse that a literature from which few things escape, has ever opined, in drama, satire, novel, or in its sterner attitudes; of the selfishness of courtiers, receives here a positive illustration from the letters of individuals themselves. Church and state, art and literature and science, are here found rivalling each other in urging their selfish interests. Among the suitors we find Sir Richard Steele.

“ May, 1724.

“ Madam,—You will, I hope, forgive that I take the liberty, as I am bereft of both limbs and speech, to address the enclosed petition to your care. You have language in perfection, but I know, more for your friends than yourself. I beg the favour of you to obtain of her royal highness her pleasure herein, and you will infinitely oblige, madam, your most obedient and most humble servant,

“ RICHARD STEELE.”

It redounds to the credit of the person to whom the application was made, that it appears from a subsequent letter that it was not made in vain. At the head of the sycophantic and flattering applicants stands the Bishop of Killala, whose subserviency is as unblushing as it was disreputable to his cloth.

A goodly part of this correspondence bears reference, however, to more general matters; more particularly to the theological controversies of the day, in which the queen appears to have taken much interest. The letters of Bishop Hoadly, of Talbot, Bishop of Oxford, of Dr. S. Clarke, and others, possess great interest in this point of view. Many letters, more especially those of Lord Carteret, of Harley, Earl of Oxford, of Lady Widdrington, of Sir Robert Walpole, &c., &c., contain curious particulars in reference to the private life at court. A letter of Miss Dyves', maid

* Memoirs of Viscountess Sundon, Mistress of the Robes to Queen Caroline, consort of George II., including Letters from the most celebrated persons of her time. Now first published from the originals by Mrs. Thomson. 2 vols. Henry Colburn.

of honour to Princess Amelia, affords an example, among others; it is dated, Richmond, August 31st, 1725 :—

“The prince and every body but myself went last Friday to Bartholomew Fair; it was a fine day, so he went by water, and I being afraid did not go; after the fair they supped at the King’s Arms, and came home about five o’clock in the morning.”

Horace Walpole tells us that Sir Robert found out the secret of Lady Sundon’s ascendancy over the queen, and that it had its origin in the fact that to her alone was confided the knowledge that the queen laboured under an incurable disease. There is a moral contained even in this remarkable picture of court life. With the death of the queen Lady Sundon sank into total insignificance; there were no more favours to ask—no one knew her any longer. Her opinion upon a sermon was no longer courted, her friendship was no longer sought for. Actually no chronicle exists of her after-life; she virtually died with the queen. Mrs. Thomson has added great value to this correspondence by commentaries upon events and persons, and has considerably enhanced the interest of her already interesting materials by a variety of illustrative information.

NOVELS OF THE MONTH.

I. ZENON THE MARTYR.—II. FORTESCUE.—III. JEREMIAH PARKES.—
IV. THE PROTÉGÉ.

I.—ZENON THE MARTYR.*

THE conspicuousness of the piety, faith, and patience of the early Christians of Rome over the cruel persecutions of their masters, has been the theme of previous literary labours. But in none have certain descriptive portions of the subject been taken up with so much detail, or more eloquent interest than in the Rev. Mr. Cobbold’s pictures of the state of society at that period.

Towards the latter part of the reign of Domitian, the last of the Cæsars, when all Rome began to be alarmed at the tyrant’s bloody edicts and cruelties, that a young Christian was summoned to the Flavian amphitheatre. Averse to contemplate the unnecessary shedding of blood, Zenon refused to attend. The combats of the Retiarii against the Scutores, of the Myrmillones against the Thracians, and of others, went on without the presence of the Christians. And curious enough, to those not versed in classic lore, are the descriptions given of these extraordinary combats.

Zenon’s name was entered in the “Book of Death.” He had mortally offended the emperor. The senate was assembled in the royal palace, and harangued at length by the irate Cæsar. Flavius Clemens, who had married Domitian’s niece, Domitilla, was impeached with the son of Agricola. Zenon spoke his own defence, and Minerva raised her ægis at the Christian’s summons.

* Zenon, the Martyr; a Record of the Piety, Patience, and Persecution of the early Christian Nobles. By the Rev. Richard Cobbold, A.M., R.D., Rector of Wortham, &c. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

Domitia, the emperor's wife, had one night examined the book of the condemned while the tyrant lay asleep. In it she had found her own name coupled with those of Parthenius and Stephanus, the principal agents of the emperor's cruelties. From that moment the death of the tyrant was resolved upon. But the act itself was deferred until midnight of the fourth day, before the ides of September. The soothsayers had declared that to be the fatal hour.

The confronting of Apollonius of Tyana with Zenon should, in our opinion, have been differently portrayed. The main feature of the contrast lay in the fact of Apollonius being an impostor, who dared to tread in the footsteps of Jesus, not in the philosopher as opposed to the Christian. The philosophy of the time was better represented by Ælian.

Public hunts, combats of wild beasts, and of men and beasts, all most carefully and minutely described, opened the way to the Christian Zenon being led into the amphitheatre, a public spectacle of the emperor's vengeance. A fearful storm that arose at that moment so terrified the wild beasts, that they did not even notice their intended victim, and at length the central forest was in a blaze, and the fabric of Vespasian seemed split to its base. Emperor, senators, and populace fled in dismay in every direction, and Zenon was saved. Not so Domitian, after a night of horrors he fell beneath the daggers of his own living instruments of wickedness at the hour foretold by the astrologers.

Mixed up, and to a still further extent appended, to this history, are remarks upon the present state of the church of Christ, which the author appears to believe to be in a state of great danger, of so earnest a character as almost to prevent us from treating "Zenon the Martyr" as a mere novel. There was one remark of a practical character, which we wish we could have extracted at length. It refers to the proud bearing of some ladies (adorned lumps of clay, as the uncompromising pastor calls them) in the house of God, and the contempt with which they sometimes look upon the more poorly clad portion of the congregation. "But when," the reverend gentleman asks, "did a woman of this world know pity for a poor Christian sister! * * the grave may by this time hold the magnificent proud one and the being whom she scorned. Where now are their distinctions—where will be their future destinations? Reader, thou wilt re-echo the word, *where?*"

II.—FORTESCUE.*

SHERIDAN KNOWLES is ever earnest, vigorous, and truthful. And if his tales would not win him the high reputation he has gained by his sterling dramas, still he must take no mean rank as a writer of strong and healthy fiction.

Our introduction to Henry Fortescue is pathetic in the extreme. We approach the bed-side of the sickly, fragile child, brought by the misfortunes of the father from Ireland to the British metropolis, and are gradually initiated into the strange and painful secrets of poverty and want. So vividly painted, indeed, are all these early incidents of the story, that the impression is forced upon us, that we are reading

* Fortescue: a Novel. By James Sheridan Knowles. Author of "Virginus,"
 &c. &c. &c. Edward Moran

the first pages of an autobiography. An illusion to which a greater appearance of probability is given, from the circumstance of the cousin and protector of the elder Fortescue, being "a man whose extraordinary abilities had placed him in the first rank of our senatorial orators, a man of ardent temperament, stable in political principle, and devoted to the popular party,"—Richard Brinsley Sheridan—the statesman, dramatist, and wit, whose weaknesses are eloquently defended by the present inheritor of the name, and his very difficulties traced, as was undoubtedly the case, to his exceeding generosity.

The progress of the story dissipates this first impression. The sensitive young author is impelled by necessity to seek a situation as assistant in a school. The sudden affection entertained for him, by a little girl of eleven or twelve years of age—a coach companion—involuntarily reminds us of the first meeting of George Lovell and his heroine. The quick progress of affection is also peculiarly characteristic of Mr. Knowles. For the second time only that he has met her in his life, Henry Fortescue is thrown into contact with the little girl on a race-course. The maiden had by accident been for a few moments separated from her friends,—

"I hope Miss Nixon is safe," ventured the child, as soon as she had recovered from the fright and hurry of the moment. "You like her, don't you?"

"She is a very pleasing young lady," said Henry, with a smile, but rather gravely.

"But don't you love her?"

"I have seen too little of her, my dear!"

"But she loves you. I am sure she does, and so do I, and we have seen as little of you. But you will love her?"

"I cannot answer for that, neither," replied he, still more gravely.

"Can't you?" repeated the child; then suddenly added, "will you ever love me?"

"I love you already, sweet girl," said Henry, pressing her to him, as she sat within his bridle arm.

The child raised her lips to his.

When, by the progress of events, Henry Fortescue became instructor to the sweet and frank young maiden, the ripening of an affection so childishly entertained and so innocently expressed, becomes a fine theme for Mr. Knowles's descriptive powers, but that Henry should also become an object of affection to a staid aunt of Marian's, the person selected by a worthy citizen and tradesman, Mr. Barton, to be his future son-in-law—are incidents which could not have been so easily foreseen.

How the immaculate and much-loved Henry, in the face of his profound admiration, respect, and affection for his truly amiable and intellectual young pupil, allows himself to become entangled in an engagement with the handsome and showy, but coarsely educated and heartless citizen's daughter, is a sketch of London life well worthy of perusal. But deeply does the reader rejoice, when, as a climax to the often dwelt upon evils of a boarding-school education, Miss Letty relieves the weak young man from his unfortunate tie, by voluntarily taking herself off with her music master.

After such a trial and so narrow an escape it might have been also reasonably hoped that the course of true love would flow onwards in a less troubled stream. But it is not so. After the expiation of days and months and years of grief and anxious suffering, a tyrannical uncle arrives from the far east, and insists upon what he deems to be a more

fitting and appropriate match for the fair Marian with her cousin. The steps which the unscrupulous traveller takes to bring about this untoward union belong, however, more to the supposed province of romance, than to the truth-like air which pervades the greater portion of this story. At the same time, however, it brings forward a fine touch of life, which provokes a comparison with that noble creation of Mr. Knowles's—the inimitable Constance. Marian, it must be understood, has been forcibly carried off by her uncle and cousin.

The coach door was opened, and the party alighted in the front of a handsome rural lodge, two stories high. Marian, declining the assistance of her uncle or cousin, tripped up the steps of the open hall door with the lightness of pleasurable alacrity, and turning, paused a moment or more to survey a beautiful lawn, interspersed with tufts of trees, and bounded on each side by a rich and far-extending shrubbery.

“Beautiful!—very beautiful!” she exclaimed. “I know not how to thank you, sir, for so agreeable a surprise. Now for the house!” she added, stepping as she spoke.

Young Melton looked at his father, whose countenance indicated any thing but satisfaction at the acknowledgments of his niece.

“Dinner ready!” she exclaimed, upon being shown into a parlour, where the table was already laid. “Dinner and appetite make a pleasant party, even when one is by one’s self; and here are three of us! Shall I have time to bathe my face and hands, and adjust my hair? Gentlemen are beaux, you know, even though they consist of one’s uncles and cousins. Do we not sleep here, sir?”

“Yes.”

“Then pray direct some one to take me to my pretty chamber in this pretty house, and set me before my looking-glass, which you know is always pretty.”

Her wish was instantly complied with; and, with a curtsy down to the very ground, she vanished out of the room.

Was this very like the Marian of our acquaintance? Strange circumstances develop unexpected traits of character.

“I was not prepared for this,” observed Mr. Melton, as soon as she left the apartment.

“It is very pleasant!” remarked the son.

“More pleasant than promising!”

“What do you mean, sir?”

“I mean that brightness and elasticity are tests of a blade which I should not exactly like to see in the hand of an adversary. That girl will give us trouble,” he added. “I would give a thousand pounds to see her mope!”

“Why, sir, she seems to be in the very humour for our purpose?”

“I tell you, boy, that if her humour lasts, I would not give a fig for our purpose! Was she not alarmed and impatient, at first, when we continued to drive on, and I would not allow the blinds to be drawn up? Did she not all at once desist from her inquiries and expostulations, and preserve a resolute silence? Is she not as unconcerned and buoyant as if she were here of her own will, and is it so? She is aware of our purpose! It neither causes her thought nor alarm! Thought or alarm, do I say? She absolutely laughs at us!”

It is almost needless to say that the fair maiden is rescued from this dangerous dilemma by the legitimate interference of Henry Fortescue, aided by the talent and fidelity of a rough Irish girl, and by the gallant exertions of the joyous-hearted Armstrong, a charming character, as happily conceived as that of Mrs. Barton, the citizen’s wife, which is also a picture full of truth and nature. Happiness, for which the prominent impression is, that it was undeserved by Fortescue, remains in store for

all parties; and if the tale be somewhat more diluted than George Lovell, still we can safely affirm that few will read it without gratification and improvement.

III.—JEREMIAH PARKES.

MR. JEREMIAH PARKES' claims to have his name given to this history of social perplexities are very slender. To all intents and purposes Annie Dormer is the heroine of the story. It is on her proceedings that attention is fixed, and it is in her fate that all the real interest is concentrated. Again, it is not even made very clear when Mr. Jeremiah Parkes is introduced as the bearer of evil tidings to happy Fernbank, where Mr. and Mrs. Dormer and their two daughters, Caroline and Annie, reside;—it is not very clear, we say, whether the bachelor-solicitor of sixty-five can be the selfish, miserly, intriguing being that he turns out to be, or the eccentric old gentleman, who disguises under the garb of rude sincerity a feeling and well-meaning heart.

Mr. Dormer had, it must be understood, embarked, in a moment of desperation, the whole of his remaining property in what he was assured would prove a safe and profitable speculation, without, as was usually the case, consulting his solicitor, who has unexpectedly arrived at Mr. Dormer's pretty seat in Hampshire.

"Good evening, Mr. Parkes. This visit is quite unexpected. I am delighted to see you."

These were Mr. Dormer's first words as he advanced to meet his guest. The answer was—

"You look so. Ha, ha!" and then they both sat down.

"You received my letter?" continued the first speaker, without noticing his companion's sneer.

"I did," was the laconic reply; and here Mr. Parkes took out his snuff-box, and slowly opened the lid.

"And you do not think what I have done very imprudent?" This was said with some confusion, for Mr. Dormer knew perfectly well what his companion thought of it. "I assure you" (speaking very quickly), "it is a capital thing; numbers of the wealthiest men in the country have their names down; there has not been such a splendid chance of making a fortune known for many years. It is, in fact—"

"Beautiful! beautiful," interrupted the lawyer, taking a copious pinch of snuff, and staring at his companion. "I am come on purpose to congratulate you."

After a prolonged fencing, during which Mr. Dormer alternated between the extremes of anger and fear, and exhibited to his visitor what must have been a very entertaining series of changes from red to white, the cat-like solicitor pounced down upon his victim with the information that the said speculation was a bubble, and that every thing was lost. This was a death-blow to Mr. Dormer, and Fernbank being an entailed property, his widow and daughters took refuge with an uncle, a Mr. Fowler, who resided in a very retired part of Cumberland with three elderly unmarried daughters, and a beautiful grandchild, Bertha Maitland. The reception of the houseless family in Cumberland is well told.

The room in which the strangers now found themselves was a large and scantily furnished one, lofty and cold-looking in the extreme. It was evidently

* Jeremiah Parkes. A Novel, by Mrs. Mackenzie Daniel, Authoress of "The Poor Cousin." 3 vols. T. C. Newby.

the state-room of the family. On a sofa, placed between the windows, sat three middle-aged ladies, who all rose and made deep curtsies the moment the door was well opened.

"My three daughters, Cordelia, Rebecca, and Jemima,—my three nieces," said Mr. Fowler, looking triumphantly from one trio to the other, to see the effect of this introduction. The daughters curtsied again, rather deeper than before, the nieces bowed graciously, and then the whole party sat down.

"Come, Cordelia," continued the papa, with a knowing look towards the eldest spinster, "haven't you a welcome for your cousins?" All the three daughters had been busily engaged in worsted-work when the new comers entered; two of them took up their frames again, first giving an encouraging look to their sister Cordelia, who, having cleared her throat, and drawn on a pair of green silk mittens, thus began:—

"My very dear and respected relatives, we are all simple, unaffected people here; the customs of the great world are yet unknown amongst us. If, therefore, in any thing you find us lacking those ceremonious courtesies which your habits and tastes render congenial, not to say necessary to you, be good enough to attribute the omission or omissions to the above cause, and not to a wilful negligence of your happiness and comfort; for these, it will be our constant study to promote. My dear cousins, in the name of my sisters and myself, I bid you heartily welcome to Stormount and all it contains.

"Welcome to Stormount!" echoed the second Miss Fowler. "Welcome to Stormount!" re-echoed the third Miss Fowler; and then the ceremony was over.

Caroline and Annie Dormer are the antagonising principles. Annie was the perfection of amiability, goodness, affection, and domesticity. Caroline is a proud, ambitious, sarcastic, inconstant, and selfish beauty.

"No, Annie, I tell you frankly," said the worldly Caroline to her sister in propos of a cottage in which they had taken up their residence, "poverty, or what you perhaps call 'just enough to live upon,' has no charms for me. I hate cottages and small gardens, with rows of cabbages on one side and currant bushes on the other; I hate early hours, and have no taste for cheerful industry. I detest a quiet life, and could never yet discover any amusement or gratification in keeping one's own fireside."

The maid, with such untoward dispositions, did not, however, fail to find the beau ideal of her girlish dreams of a lover in Charles Pemberton, the only son of Sir George Pemberton, the owner of a castle of the same name; a handsome, elegant, but frivolous and heartless, young man; and, although for a long time Bertha Maitland almost successfully contested the prize, Carry's more worldly and persevering qualities succeeded in fascinating the heir, and appropriating him.

Annie Dormer's early career was far more chequered. Her natural goodness having unfortunately attracted the antiquated Mr. Parkes, the lawyer had made it a matter of choice to the young girl to allow her mother to be imprisoned for debts incurred during Mr. Dormer's life-time, or to cancel them by a repulsive marriage. Annie long hesitated. She had also met her ideal of a lover in her own cousin, Alfred Dormer, who had succeeded to Fernbank, and whom she had first become acquainted with at a county ball. For his sake, and to the infinite delight of a Mrs. Percy, a most unscrupulously intriguing widow, she had refused so advantageous an offer as that of Sir George Pemberton himself; but ultimately, urged by the unsparing old lawyer's threats, she was compelled to succumb, and was only saved at the church-door, by a circumstance, which for its simplicity, is almost without a parallel in fiction, namely, the voluntary

resignation of his fair prize, by the compunction of miserly and grasping old age.

As the prospects of life cheered up for the good, so at the same, or even at a more rapid, rate, did they darken before the sinful. As selfish and heartless a mother as she had been a wife, dissevered from her father-in-law, ill-treated by a husband whose affections she had alienated, and regardless even of her infant's future prospects, Caroline sought solace in a most shameful attachment to her cousin and her sister's lover—the ever amiable Annie being, with a degree of goodness for which we have no possible sympathy, ready to sacrifice her lover to her sister's peace of mind!

Such an unnatural state of things could not, however, last long. Heavy family disasters, at length, taught Caroline how vain and worthless was all the splendour around her; how insufficient to procure even one moment's peace; and how far, far worse, with its weary accompaniments, than the poverty she had formerly loathed so heartily! These disasters finally hurried her to a premature grave, leaving to the ultimately happy Annie, the husband of her choice, and her much and long-loved Fernbank, the home of her youth, and the delight of her declining days.

The fate of Bertha Maitland, who ran away with a profligate young nobleman, scattering dismay among the poor spinsters, sapping the precise intellect of poor Cordelia, and breaking the heart of Mr. Fowler, the generous old man, who had been a father to all,—is a sadly painful denouement.

Altogether, "Jeremiah Parkes" will undoubtedly claim attention by its clever sketches of character and society. But while we are not prepared to deny the possible truthfulness of that which is so vividly depicted, the unerring instincts of our nature tell us that such things are as rare in general life as they are happily unknown in the range of our own experience.

IV.—THE PROTEGE.*

Mrs. PONSONBY'S Protégé is the son of a poor north of England farmer, detected, when about twelve or thirteen years of age, by the Duke and Duchess of Bassenthwaite, reading "Junius's Letters;" and who, with such "a small, lofty head, slight, graceful form, and broad commanding brow, that no one looking at him would have imagined him to be one of the common people," was adopted into the ducal family of the Bassenthwaites.

Ambitions, and the extremely natural longings, of the young Protégé, although they may not have been very grateful returns for favours conferred, may not improbably have had their origin in some picture taken from life. No sooner was Walter Euston, indeed, admitted into the ducal mansion, than the beautiful Lady Augusta volunteered to show their young adopted the curiosities, and among other things, the portrait of the duchess. Never had Walter seen things so tasteful or so magnificent, or so lovely a portrait.

Then beneath it stood Augusta, younger, yet more perfect. The white robe, the rich hair, so conspicuous in the picture, repeated in the figure of the daughter; the same deep eyes, the same winning smile.

* The Protégé. By Mrs. Ponsonby, Authoress of "The Border Wardens," &c. &c. 3 vols. H. Hurst.

A new feeling woke within his heart. Hitherto all his longings had been for power and wealth ; now arose that deep sense of the beautiful, that worship of the spirit of loveliness, that passion for the divine in forms, whose genuine out-pourings live for ever in the triumph of the poet, the painter, and the sculptor.

The future of Walter Euston was contained in this first event. Young, ardent, self-relying, he yet wept in despair as he thought of the lowliness of his present state, and the height of that to which he aspired.

"If I give up hope," thought Walter, "I shall never rise. Let me hope on, though only to meet with disappointment at last ; it is better to perish in pursuit of a noble goal, than basely to shrink from the race. Let me never cease to endeavour to make myself worthy of a thought from her, even though a thought be all."

Thus, in the indulgence of vain hopes and sweet delusions did Walter grow up, till the time came when he was to quit the scene of his illusive happiness. Each moment of intercourse only showed him more plainly the hopelessness of his attachment, yet it was beyond his strength to keep it longer concealed from its object. And delightfully clever is that first avowal narrated. A pleasing allegory of earth and sky even seeking to meet, nay, actually meeting on the horizon, but as the fair Lady Augusta haughtily remarked, "never mingling."

Nor do they ever mingle. The Lady Augusta is, at the end of the story, a widowed marchioness ; and Walter, is Sir Walter, attorney-general, and M.P. for Exeter. But his old romantic attachment is still "the one bright spot on an hemisphere of darkness—the heavenward part of a spirit too much given to the things of earth."

The history of the misplaced attachment of a protégé constitutes, however, but one picture in a whole gallery of social portraits. There is fiery Lord Clifton, who falls in love with a retired, almost unknown, beauty, Emily Chester, and then with true aristocratic magnanimity retires before the young girl's acknowledged preference for a more humble suitor, Henry Dalstone. Henry being in reality her own cousin, a long separation from a profligate husband having induced Mrs. Chester to adopt that name, instead of her real one, Mrs. Dalstone. Then we have Lord Ernest, a sketch of a religious enthusiast of the day, ultimately carried, by the spirit struggling with the body, to an early grave.

The sketches of some of the country people are of a more lively and entertaining character. The Bells, "that sweet family," of four or five daughters and as many sons, are especially amusing.

Mrs. Bell was anxious that her daughters should be admired, and particularly anxious that they should be married. The style she adopted for them suited them admirably ; they were to appear the most innocent, artless, unsophisticated of beings—the most complete "children of nature" in the world.

The only marrying men in the north are clergymen ; therefore, the Miss Bells were drilled to perfection in the outward qualities requisite for a clergyman's wife : they never dressed too gaily or fashionably ; they did not care about dancing, though always ready to stand up rather than spoil a party ; they were particularly great in carrying jugs of new milk, or bundles of clothing made up in a picturesque manner, to invalided old women ; they were very fond of babies ; they had good profiles, so they wore round straw hats, and as they had fine hair, these hats were continually falling off ; their affection for all manner of animals was extreme, and displayed itself in all kinds of pretty

little screams and squalls at the sight of any infliction of punishment, necessary or not, upon any canine or equine individual.

Two of the Misses Bell were married to respectable clergymen, and as the system seemed to answer, the remaining ones followed in their steps. The Drewitts, "the popular family," were plain, so they went on another tack, and every nerve was strained to obtain a fashionable and becoming toilette. "They were intended," says Mrs. Ponsonby, "as excellent wives for country gentlemen with moderate fortunes, who wanted elegance and economy combined."

Then we have the aristocratic but poor St. Aubyns. Laura St. Aubyn playing a prominent part in the story, as the disappointed lover of Lord Clifton, and the unhappy wife of the ever-victimised Dodds. Associated with the latter name is also a strange episode of the extraordinary powers of infatuation that belonged to a certain Countess A——, a fair foreign intriguante, the same who had taken Mr. Dalstone from his allegiance, and the same to whom a fortune and a title were left by an English Lord H——.

Mason, Merryweather, and Mallet, college chums of the Lords Clifton and Ernest, who came down into peaceful Cumberland to pursue their studies, to participate in the hospitalities of Bassenthwaite, and to excite hopes among the Bells and the Drewitts, are all amusing, life-like characters. A curious change takes place in Mallet's habits, when the Bassenthwaite family provide him at once with a wife and a living.

"Do you like the medical men here?" inquired Augusta, by way of something to say.

"For myself I do," was the reply; "but when Mr. Mallet feels poorly, he always goes to town: as I always say, it is better to go to the fountain-head at once. The last time he went to consult Dr. C——, the doctor prescribed strengthening things and stimulants. Mr. Mallet informed me, on his return, that he would be obliged in future to live very differently from the style in which he should like to live. Meat and eggs for breakfast; meat and porter, and wine, and nourishing soups, and oysters, and jellies, and rich puddings, and only the finest fruit, and salmon, and poultry and game, for luncheons and dinners; and particularly *liqueur* with his coffee; that Dr. C—— made a point of, to assist the digestion; and, on no account, to retire to rest without a glass or two of brandy-and-water, and to use carriage exercise; and to wear flannel and wash-leather; and your ladyship knows how unpleasant these restrictions are to him with his simple tastes."

"Are his tastes then so simple?" asked Augusta, thinking to herself that Mrs. Mallet seemed at least as simple as her husband's tastes.

"So he tells me," was the answer; "he tells me that, but for his health, which he feels it his duty to preserve, he should live on the plainest fare, and never enter a carriage."

"It is hard upon him," said Augusta, "to be forced to become a martyr to such a necessity."

These extracts will suffice to indicate the kaleidoscope variety of the "Protégé," a work which contains abundant evidence of quick observation of the peculiarities of English society.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

THE fourth volume of *The Romance of War*, by James Grant, Esq., carries the Highlanders to France and Belgium; and it derives great interest from the history of the 92nd at Waterloo—an episode in battle exploits almost without a parallel. The spot where the gallant little remnant of the Gordons, for they were reduced to about two hundred men, drove back a column of the French army, many thousand strong, at the point of the bayonet, and that after a corps of Belgians, and the 44th English, had been obliged to retire before their overwhelming force, is still pointed out to the wayfarer at Haye, near Mont St. Jean. Never was this most successful charge, nor the desperate onslaught of the Scots Greys, which followed it up, described with more spirit and animation than in Mr. Grant's work. It must also be remembered, that this total overthrow of the French occurred at the extreme left of the position of the allies; that is to say at the same point at which the Prussians advanced upon the sixth corps of the French army of reserve; and although this reserve would undoubtedly have remained to be disposed of, still it is quite certain that Sir Dennis Pack's brigade, aided by the Scots Greys, had, before the arrival of this timely succour, totally and finally overthrown that portion of the enemy which was immediately opposed to it, and which was intended by Napoleon to carry its position.

The tenth volume of Agnes Strickland's important work, the *Lives of the Queens of England*, contains the sequel of the career of Mary Beatrice of Modena, queen-consort of James II., and the first chapters in the history of Mary II., queen-regnant. It is unnecessary, in a standard work of this kind, to do more than call attention to the progress of publication.

Theological controversies are quite out of the way of a purely literary magazine, otherwise we should say *Happy Ignorance*; or, *Church and State* contains many opinions from which we dissent, but which are, at the same time, advanced in a pleasing and insinuating manner.

The all-accomplished Count d'Orsay, the modern Admirable Crichton, has been induced, by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, to edit a translation of a pretty pastoral French tale, *Marie*.

Mr. Dunn's, almost microscopic, *Dictionary of the Gospels*, published by Messrs. W. Tegg and Co., is decidedly a most useful, as well as a cheap and well got up, little book.

We see no reason why even Herodotus should not be popularised. Mr. Burns has apparently entertained the same idea, and has published stories from the father of history, which have been properly sifted (not translated) by Charles C. Moberly. These so-called "*Stories*" are so arranged as to present the great facts of Grecian history, in connexion with the Persian, in a captivating and lively manner.

We shall hope to speak hereafter more at length of Jobert's *Philosophy of Geology*. In the meantime, we notice the publication of a translation of that curious and speculative work, by Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall.

Sylvan's *Pictorial Handbook to the English Lakes*, with maps by James Wyld, and upwards of one hundred illustrations from original sketches by Thomas and Edward Gilks, is the commencement of a happy idea, cleverly adapted to the present taste, and which will supply travellers and tourists with by far the best got up and most inviting series of guide-books extant. The work is published by John Johnstone, and it is much to be hoped that the series will prosper.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT:

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHANTILLY."

PART I.

FATHER AND SON.

FIDO BEGINS HIS HISTORY, AND TELLS HOW HE WAS PRESENTED BY THE KING OF PRUSSIA TO THE LITTLE PRINCESS AMELIA.

MUTILATED and solitary as I now appear, I once had a brother whom I fondly thought would have been my inseparable companion through life; a brother born in the same hour with myself, yet not exactly a twin-brother either, for he was neither fashioned by the same hand, nor cast in the same mould. But yet I loved him well. We were ushered into existence precisely at the same moment; he was the object upon which fell my astonished gaze when I first woke into being; and for many years we remained ogling each other, with languishing fondness, upon the same mantelpiece.

It was towards the end of December, in the year 17—, that, having been pronounced "*herrlich*" by a chorus of thirsty workmen in the great china manufactory of Berlin, I was suffered to burst the bonds which held me in darkness, and to claim a share of that admiration which my brother had already excited. "*Wie schön! Wie herrlich! Wie gottlich! Wie WUNDERBAR!*" greeted my ears, and I was borne forth with my companion to the *obermeister* of the works, a great man in his way, as was evident by the anxiety with which his opinion was waited for.

He was at supper when we were announced, and his growl at being disturbed so terrified the poor workmen who carried us that they were on the point of bearing us back to the *fabrique*, when one of them more bold than the others exclaimed—

"Herr Obermeister, we have brought his majesty's puppy-dogs."

No sooner did he hear the words, than he rushed to the door, calling out,

"Bring them hither—bring them hither! Why did you not say, at once, that you brought his majesty's puppy-dogs? I have been in a fever the whole day, lest they should not succeed again this time. Baron Blumensdorf has sent every hour to learn the progress of the baking. One would think there was truth in the story which is going about, that the king had threatened him with the *schlague*, in spite of his high rank, if they were not taken to the palace by to-night. They are his *ctrennes* to the Princess Amelia!"

He lifted the napkin, beneath which we were softly reposing upon a bed of willow shavings, and uttered the same uncouth expression of delight which had saluted our entrance into being, and in the ecstasy of his enjoyment, promised an extra jug of beer to each of the workmen that very night; which promise was followed by so feeble a cheer, that I half suspected that they knew he would not keep it. We were that very instant placed in a wooden case and conveyed, on the high-mettled steed of the court estafette, to the royal palace at Potsdam.

It was late when we arrived at the palace, and we were immediately borne to Blumensdorf's apartment. He must have been awaiting us in a state of the most cruel anxiety, for he snatched the box which contained us from the hands of the trembling valet who held it, and uttering a most frightful oath, began to tear open the lid, which was fastened down by iron tacks, without any other assistance than that afforded by his long bony fingers, and his hard blunted nails! He tore us rudely from the couch of willow shavings amid which we had rested so cosily, and never even deigning to glance towards us, he placed us on a silver salver which was ready at hand; then giving one frightened look at the mirror to see that his uniform and accoutrements were all in order, he strode hurriedly across the room to the Buhl timepiece on the console opposite. Looking closely down into its very face (for he was near-sighted and blinked dreadfully), he shrieked out, in accents of the greatest terror—

“Mein Gott! only five minutes to eleven! just five minutes left to gain his majesty's dressing-room! two flights of stairs; and my right knee stiffer than ever with this sudden thaw after the hard weather!”

With these words, he snatched us up from the table and hurried from the room. The man was a perfect giant, six feet two at least, with a coarse grizzly beard, and thick moustaches; and yet he was in such terror, that he could scarcely stand, and more than once during the journey up those narrow back stairs was on the point of letting us slip from his grasp, so violently did he tremble. What in the world could occasion this child-like terror? Nature had intended him to fear no man on earth. No doubt, then, he was called upon to meet some dire and awful peril, the very thought of which made me quake and slide about upon the salver in perfect convulsions of alarm. Meanwhile, with sundry accompaniments of swearing, puffing, blowing, we had mounted the double flight of stairs, and reached a small low door panelled in the wainscot at the end of a long dark corridor. I was astounded. The Colossus, the man-monster who carried us, having placed us upon the floor, knelt down beside us, and scratched gently and humbly upon the door, just as I myself should have done, if I had been gifted with the power of motion, and in dread of a whipping from my offended master. The door was opened by a figure much of the same dimensions with that of Blumensdorf, and who wore the same uniform, but with less ornament and embroidery. He ushered us with great haste and bustle, through a curtained door into a small low room, whose tapesried walls, and closed shutters, prevented the slightest sound without from reaching the ears of its occupants. The room was almost in total darkness; for the single individual seated there, had taken the single taper to hold betwixt his eye and the long written report which he was perusing. Every thing throughout the apartment bore the stamp of avarice and contempt of comfort. Although there were but two thin logs of wood upon the hearth, they could not agree to burn in harmony,

for they did nothing but hiss most angrily at each other, and send forth, in lieu of flame, two separate and meagre veins of bluish smoke, which, rather than unite even in going together up the chimney, came forward creeping lazily along the dingy-looking glass, and were lost in the carved foliage of the ceiling. The walls were destitute of furniture; the tiled floor was uncarpeted even before the fire-place; and the draught which blew from the uncurtained window caused the flame of the solitary taper to flicker so violently, that the moustaches of the reader and the document under perusal, shared alternately the danger of ignition. Blumensdorf approached, with every sign of awe and respect, this studious individual, and knelt down at his feet, holding the salver upon which we were placed in amazement at arm's length towards the personage, whose countenance I was unable to see, for it was completely hidden by the paper he was reading. But nothing could arouse the latter from the intense study in which he was plunged. Not even the noise of Blumensdorf's iron boots upon the tiles, nor the announcement of his entrance by the Hercules who had ushered him in, had power to cause him even to turn towards where the poor baron knelt, humble and trembling, as if awaiting sentence of banishment or death.

I know not how long we might have remained thus, had not the chillness of the atmosphere struck upon the nerves of poor Blumensdorf, and caused him to sneeze most tremendously. Ye gods, how he did sneeze!—once—twice—thrice! The very roof rang again each time the awful sound reverberated through the apartment. Never was I in such awful peril; for the mysterious personage, before whom poor Blumensdorf was kneeling in such humility, suddenly rose, and rushed upon the unhappy colonel in a kind of insane fury, with flaming visage and uplifted sword, in an attitude which threatened to put a period to our three existences at one and the same moment. Blumensdorf bent his head almost to the very dust, and so got but one vigorous blow of the *plat d'épée* upon his shoulders. His presence of mind saved him from annihilation. He held up the salver before he ventured to utter a syllable, and the sight at once calmed the ire to which the sneezing had given rise.

"Pardon me, your majesty," at length faltered out the culprit, and not daring to add another word, he paused, and held us close beneath his majesty's nose. His majesty smiled a grim smile, but his rage was forgotten; and, having examined my brother with approbation, he took me in his grasp and held me to the light. I can safely say, that the investigation was mutual, for I really was curious to behold the person whose presence could thus subdue a man of such mould as Blumensdorf, and render him more puling and crouching than a little child.

I had expected to find in the man who held me, some wondrous being, some death-distilling Jupiter, whose frown alone was all-sufficient to terrify, whose nod was powerful to annihilate. Blumensdorf had addressed him as "Your majesty," and I had imagined in my simplicity, that the title was meant to imply something awful and majestic, and superior to the rest of mankind. But no—the person so addressed was of thin, spare form, and long pale visage. His small black eyes peered from beneath their overhanging brows, like two living sparks of fire—every feature in his countenance seemed to partake of the same strange restlessness, for his ashy lip quivered unceasingly, and his nostrils dilated, with a quick sharp motion, which would have made me

blink as he gazed close into my face, if I had been subject to such an infirmity. The hand with which he grasped me trembled also with such violence, that I felt in danger every moment of being precipitated to the floor.

He was attired in an old and faded uniform of dark blue, faced with white, and braided with yellow. His wasted limbs were encased tightly in his white leather inexpressibles, while all below the knee danced at ease in the enormous jack boots of polished leather. His coat was ludicrously turned back so as to display the white lining, which fashion might at first have been supposed to have been invented in order to enable the wearer to sit at ease, but the idea was contradicted by the direction in which the sword was hung crosswise, at right angles from the person, causing the beholder to wonder what on earth could become of it when the bearer sought to repose in those high-backed chairs which were just then the fashion. His majesty having contemplated me to his entire satisfaction, set me down at length, and turning to Blumensdorf, said, in as stern a voice as though he had been passing severest judgment—"You may retire—but before you go to rest, beat up the guard at the eastern gate, make them form into line before the door of the guard-house, and see that no man sleeps in his woollen jacket. Let those who are discovered thus transgressing be placed in confinement, and receive to-morrow twenty stripes of the *schlague*."

The colonel bowed low, and moved towards the door.

His majesty recalled him,—“Oh, another thing. See that the men on duty have their leather chin-stays tightly buckled—’tis a windy night, try them every one yourself.” Blumensdorf looked rather blank. “Then go to the second postern, and see that the beer cans are cleaned and hung against the wall, examine them each with your own eyes—that post is the most slatterly of all. I shall go one round myself to-night, and see that every thing is in order, and my commands attended to. Wait till I arrive. When I have passed you may repair to-bed, you will still have time enough for sleep till dawn.”

Blumensdorf glanced at the clock. It was already somewhat past twelve, and with a look of despair, he hurried from the room. When he had disappeared, his majesty took us from the table, and placed us in the pocket of his coat; but as I did not quite sink to the bottom, I was enabled to behold all that passed. His majesty first of all removed the two logs, putting an end to the barren feud which had existed between them all the evening, by covering them thickly with ashes, to prevent their burning away too quickly, then blew out the single taper, and in the dark groped his way to a small door in the corner of the apartment, through which he passed along a narrow passage, dimly lighted by a miserable lamp suspended from the ceiling, calling aloud as he hurried along, “Hallo, Fritz, Trenck, where are you?”

The summons was answered by a boy of about twelve years of age, who had been asleep on one of the benches which ran along the wall of the passage, and who came stumbling forwards, rubbing his eyes, and stammering out, “So please your majesty—”

A smart rap of the cane of “his majesty” upon the shoulders soon awoke him thoroughly, and another one upon the knuckles of the hand which he had raised to rub away the pain, instantly checked the low groan he was about to utter.

"What! asleep again?" shouted his majesty. "By the Lord, 'twould seem that young and old are bent on nought but sleep in this palace. Why, you young scoundrel, know you not that life is dwindled more than half by the waste of time in sleep? How dare you slumber at your post? Fleusberg shall make you smart for this to-morrow. A week's arrest, and seven chapters of Deuteronomy to get by heart, do you hear? Now light me to her majesty's chamber. How is the princess to-night?"

The poor boy checked the movement of impatience to which the hard sentence had given rise, and turning on his tormentor a look full of feeling, he replied in a trembling voice, "The princess is still suffering, your majesty. The fever is abating, so the doctor said as he left the room, but the pain and restlessness still remain."

While he yet spoke, he knelt down as Blumensdorf had done, and scratched at a low door, which was immediately opened by a tired-looking abigail, and his majesty entered, leaving poor Trenck to stand shivering on the outside, waiting to light him on his return. The room we now entered was, although far from brilliant, still comfortable, and for the first time since I had left my oven I felt warm. There were, at least, curtains to the windows, and thick heavy draperies to the bed. There was a blazing fire on the hearth, and tapers burning in the silver flambeaux on the mantel-piece, and what added more than all to the genial air of comfort which the apartment wore, there was a lady seated in an arm-chair by the fire, at work upon one of those nameless pieces of female industry, called knitting, knotting, or netting, which are of so much use in killing both time and grief.

She rose as his majesty entered, with her finger on her lips, and advanced towards him—then pointed to the small bed which stood in a corner of the room, and from which proceeded at intervals a low moan, or rather hum, as if the person who occupied the couch were endeavouring to remember snatches of some half-forgotten tune. His majesty paused, and glanced towards the little bed from whence the sound proceeded. How was the countenance of that man altered since I first beheld it, when the giant Blumensdorf was kneeling so humbly at his feet! Never shall I forget the appealing look he turned upwards, as if in prayer to Heaven, clasping his hands with a nervous anguish which would have moved a heart of stone. No longer the haughty tyrant, but the trembling father of a sick child, he moved about in subdued silence, not even daring to utter a sound either of impatience or command. At a sign from the queen, he sat down in the fauteuil from which she had arisen, and drew from his feet the heavy jackboots, the creaking of which over the carpet he feared might irritate his darling. Her majesty had already placed her hand upon the little silver bell which stood upon the table, in order to summon Trenck to perform that office, but the king, with the fierce impatience which seemed to form the chief ingredient of his character, had snatched it from her, taking care to muffle the clapper, lest the sound should reach the little princess. It was a pleasant sight to behold the coarse, vulgar tyrant of a few minutes before, brought so low as this; fearing even to breathe lest it might rob the child of one moment's repose. Yes, he who had just rewarded the poor page with hard blows and threats of punishment for catching one instant's slumber, would have given half his kingdom could he have insured a few hours'

rest and sleep to the unhappy being tossing about there upon that narrow bed, hovering between life and death, seeming to strive against each with equal power. It was, however, impossible, even with all this precaution, to avoid disturbing the restless invalid, who soon becoming aware of the entrance of another person into the chamber, began to whine, and to draw aside the curtain of the bed with fretful impatience, and to call in querulous accents for help—for drink—for light—for change of position, and finally for her father! At the word, the king stepped quickly to the side of the bed, and bending over it, spoke in a low voice to the child, uttering words of endearment in such a tender tone, that I was lost in astonishment to imagine how his rude and brawling tongue had power to form them.

The little girl sprang upon his neck in a transport of delight, and clung to him and kissed him, and begged him to take her in his arms, and the king, unable to resist the appeal, lifted her up with awkward tenderness, first taking especial care to wrap her in the blanket, and to tie her *béguin* beneath her chin, and to cover her head from the air, and carried her to the fire, where he sat down in the fauteuil, and nursed her on his knees.

It certainly was very comical to behold this stiff, starched, priggish man of discipline and terror, with his military accoutrements sticking out at right angles about his person, his fierce, hard features distorted with a smile of maudlin fondness, endeavouring to rock the little girl, and to soothe her fretfulness with all the patience of a nurse.

And when the child put forth her little pale hand, and languidly patted that grim dread visage, to see him kiss the little wasted fingers, it certainly *was* ridiculous, and after the scenes I had just witnessed, enough to "make a cat laugh," but somehow it produced quite a different effect upon me, for I felt a much stronger inclination to cry. Presently, however, the king was recalled to memory of us, and the dangerous position in which we had been left, by an exclamation from the princess, who, with the true capricious movement of a spoilt child, pulled her father by the ear until his head was drawn low enough for him to hear the word she had to whisper to him in confidence.

"And Fido, father, when am I to see poor Fido?"

His majesty laid his finger to the side of his nose and tried to look waggish, and then, drawing us from his pocket, placed us in the hands of the princess. To describe the little creature's surprise and delight at beholding us would be quite impossible. She almost leapt from his arms, and it became painful to listen to the exclamations of wonder, which fell half pronounced from her parched lips, and the laughter which died away in her hoarse dry throat, as she examined us with minute attention, discovering fresh beauties as she gazed.

"I told you I would bring you *two* Fidos, my darling, in return for the one broken by that awkward blockhead, Trenck, the other morning," said the king, kissing her fondly on the forehead.

"But it was *not* Trenck, it was Fritz, who broke Fido, father," returned the child, pertinaciously.

"Nay, we will not quarrel, love. I only know Trenck *said* it was he—who did it, and not Fritz. And Trenck got the punishment, which he richly deserved either way, whether for awkwardness or lying, so let us talk no more of that."

The little maiden took me up again, but looked more grave, and did not renew the exclamations of admiration which the observation of the king had interrupted. I could see that she was preoccupied, and presently she resumed the subject, looking earnestly in her father's face, with her deep hollow eyes, she said in a whisper,—

“But Trenck did not get the chastisement did he, dear father?”

“Tush, I know not, child,” replied the monarch peevishly; “I only know that I told the meister of the pages to punish him for his disobedience in playing rackets in the long gallery, whereby poor Fido was shattered, and my darling made unhappy.”

The child grew thoughtful. We had already lost the power to please. She pushed us gently from her, and laid her head upon her father's bosom, and the father remained rocking her on his knee until near daybreak, when she at length fell into a calm and placid slumber. How carefully he laid her down again in the bed from which he had taken her—how softly did he move lest the slightest sound should break her slumber. The perspiration stood in big drops upon his forehead, from sitting so long before that tremendous fire in the self-same attitude, not daring to move even to take a pinch of snuff (for which he was literally dying), for at the slightest indication of a change of posture, the child would start and moan, and then the stern soldier-nurse would be compelled to resume the rocking motion of the body, and the jogging of the knee, until his fractious burden was once more soothed and quieted. When the princess was fairly laid in her little bed, the king himself drew the curtains of rose-coloured silk carefully around her, and placed me beneath her pillow, that she might find me on waking. Thus, you see, that even from the very beginning I was the favourite of fortune, and was placed above my brother, and although by such distinction I lost the sight of the parting of the king and queen, which I was very curious to behold, for I had already become interested in the study of the habits of this singular individual, yet I must own I felt flattered, and began to feel sure that fortune was not quite so blind as she is represented, and really could distinguish merit after all.

Such is the history of my first entrance into life. I was evidently destined for great things, and if the first scenes I thus witnessed have failed to make the impression upon me which they would have done upon another, it is owing to the many wonderful events that have passed before me since then.

II.

FIDO MAKES SOME CURIOUS REVELATIONS; AND LETS THE READER
INTO THE STATE OF THE PRINCESS AMELIA'S HEART.

I LIVED for some time a merry life at the court, fortunate in being the pet and plaything of the little princess, for whom I had been expressly created, and who, having recovered from the sore sickness under which she was labouring when I first had the honour of being presented to her notice, adopted me, by a caprice common to childhood, to be her constant companion. Wherever she went, whether to church or to parade, to funeral or festival I accompanied her. And the king, so hard and tyrannical to every one else, indulged this childish whim in his little favourite, perhaps secretly flattered by her preference for a toy of his own invention, and which it had cost so much pains to bring to perfection.

I usually accompanied my gentle mistress in a little basket lined with blue satin, containing likewise her prayer-book and needlework, which she carried in her hand, and thus I had an invaluable opportunity of becoming acquainted with the minutest secrets of this extraordinary court. The impression it has left upon my mind is that of wonder, to think that so many thousands of reasonable tall and proper men should have suffered the rule of this ignorant despot, who governed with a rod of iron, while they bore it all, and murmured not. I have since learnt that the thing is not at all uncommon, and that you will often see the bravest and brightest nations tyrannised over by a man of small courage and of mean capacity, his very whims respected, his petty caprices submitted to without a murmur, so great is the power of discipline and custom among these extraordinary bipeds.

Frederic William was one of the greatest blockheads that ever lived, *and he knew it*. This consciousness it was that saved him from those errors into which many a sovereign of far more intellect has been known to fall. He admitted no favourites, he governed by terror alone—he despised all learning, he hated its professors, whom he called the caterpillars of the state, and avowed himself no more ashamed of his ignorance in letters than of his inability to dance upon the tight rope. He owned no law but military law, modulated by his own *will*, which, to speak truth, was firm and undeviating, and herein lay the secret of his power. He *always* punished, he *never* forgave. However, his system of government must have been a good one, at least his subjects must have been well pleased, for during his whole reign there was neither revolt nor conspiracy; and having died “amid the tears and blessings of his people,” he was “buried in their hearts”—I quote from the court chronicle of the day.

Among the divers species of hatred which fermented in the bosom of this truly beneficent monarch, might be distinguished a hatred of the world in general, and hatred of his eldest son in particular. This latter sentiment has never been accounted for in any other way than that it existed because the boy was his heir, and that in his person he was continually reminded, that however great to his people the blessing of his reign, yet that blessing was not to continue for ever. There was an old prophecy belonging to the house of Brandenburg, which declared that “every sire should hate the son, and every son should differ from the sire,” a prophecy which hitherto had proved true to the very letter. The father of Frederic William had hated him for his avarice and stupidity, and the latter had resolved that the whole tenour of his reign should present a decided contrast to that of his father; distinguished, as it had been, by every kind of splendour and liberality, by encouragement of the arts and patronage of literature. Therefore, as soon as the amiable Frederic William came to the throne, he dismissed the whole of the royal retinue, reserving only the number of attendants requisite for absolute service, forbade the rich and expensive costume which his father loved, and adopted for himself and his household, the plain uniform of the infantry, without ornament or embroidery, discarded the flowing periwig, and took to the short pig-tail; announced his intention of giving no encouragement to any authors whatever, save the compilers of almanacks; appointed the court-jester president of the Academy of Belles Lettres which his father had founded, and reduced his own expenditure to so low an ebb, that when he condemned his son to bread and water during his imprisonment at Cüstrin,

threatening him with utter starvation if he persisted in his opposition, the young man replied, that to one accustomed to the luxury and profusion of the royal table at Potsdam, starvation could be no punishment at all ! It was impossible that a hatred more frank and cordial could exist than that which was generated between this royal father and his eldest son. The king had thought to bend the very future to his iron will, and to insure the duration of his influence even beyond the grave, but he found, with rage and terror, that the prophecy was more powerful than even his stern decree, and that his son was, indeed, formed by nature "to differ in all things from his sire." It was in vain that the king had vowed to keep him in the grossest ignorance. In vain that, when driven by the instance of the queen, he had been compelled to choose for him a tutor, he had selected for him one of the most scared and awkward of *cuisines*. In spite of all he found the boy possessed a taste for literature and arts, and preferred the cultivation of science, the researches of philosophy to the manœuvring of squadrons or the drilling of recruits, the harpsichord and flute to the fife and drum, the library to the guard-room or the barrack-yard. Oh, horror ! This diversity of taste between the monarch and his heir, rendered the domestic life at the palace one of most intolerable misery, and many a scene have I witnessed within those marble halls, those tapestried saloons, which, for violence and abusive altercation, would have disgraced the smoky hut of the lowest boor throughout the kingdom. The poor queen had but little influence, the princess royal even less, but amidst this Pandemonium of hate and passion, one single ray of light would gleam at intervals but faint and sickly, and just bright enough to make the hellish darkness which surrounded more dark and fearful still.

The Princess Amelia, the youngest child, my sweet mistress, was the only being who had power to soften down the rugged nature of the king, and well and gently did she use her influence. How often has she stood between her brother and her father's lawless violence—how often by her prayers and coaxing has she turned aside the boiling torrent of that wrath which would otherwise have swept its victims headlong in its fury, and more than once I have felt convinced that the pages of history would have been darkened by a fearful crime, if it had not been for her courageous interference. Years passed on, and I remained the same as on the day when Blumensdorf had first presented me to the king ; so well indeed had I been taken care of, that not a scratch, not a flaw was visible throughout my whole person. The king, too, seemed immutable. Time wrought no change in him. Still the same choleric and blustering tyrant, with the same grey woollen stockings and the same pigtail, but while we alone remained unchanged, many had been the transformations going on around us. In the seven years which had passed, my mistress had grown from the frail and sickly child into the blooming maiden ; the prince royal had altered from the timid, shrinking boy into the grave, sedate young man, and Trenck, the page, having doffed the queen's livery of azure and gold, with its party-coloured shoulder knots, and dazzling aiguillettes, had long since adopted the plain martial uniform of an officer in the *Corps des Cadets*, and there was one true and noble heart wherein this latter change had but produced increase of love and generous devotion. The affection of the princess for the youthful page had suffered no diminution through all those years. For his sake she had

rejected many a princely, nay, even royal alliance, which would have removed her at once from that life of broil and tumult. For his sake did she pass many a weary hour in solitude and tears, while I have often been sole witness to that sweet maiden's grief, and have heard the prayers she sent up to Heaven in her despair. She loved in silence, and hoped on. Her brother Frederic, the prince royal, was her only confidant, and often did he vow in those hours of mutual consolation and encouragement, that if ever it was his destiny to outlive his father, and succeed to the throne of Prussia, her constant love should be remembered, and Trenck's devotion and long suffering meet with their just reward. The days passed slowly and heavily away within the walls of that gloomy palace. My life was monotonous enough, for I no longer shared my mistress's pleasures. She was no longer a child, and, therefore, could not be permitted the caprice of childhood, and I was consigned to the mantel-shelf in her own private boudoir, where I occupied a conspicuous place before the large mirror over the chimney. It was but a very small apartment, but it was here the princess loved to sit alone to read or work, meditating on "*le beau Trenck*," as he was already called at court, dwelling in sadness on the days gone by, when she could hold free and unconstrained communion with him in the freedom and innocence of their childish sports, or turning with rapture to the future, when her brother's promise might perchance be fulfilled, and she might enjoy the happiness for which she had borne so much. She was of too gentle and generous a nature to dwell for a moment upon the possibility of her father's death, but still it was natural enough that, led away by her brother's promise, she should sometimes dream of happiness yet in store in the far future. She was one day seated in the boudoir alone, musing, I am sure, upon all these things, for I watched her as she sate, and beheld the colour come and go in her pallid cheek, and her bosom heave with many a gentle sigh. The palace seemed deserted. The king had gone upon his annual journey into the provinces, and the queen, as was usual with her upon these occasions, had given permission to a great number of the overworked, tormented domestics to absent themselves for some little time among their families. It seemed a general holiday, this short space of repose during the absence of the tyrant; the very sentinel on duty passed lazily up and down before the palace windows, whistling in glee as he marched along, daring even to pause, now and then, to inhale the odours wafted by the summer wind from the flowers of the *parterre*.

The princess had taken her work, and was quietly occupied in assorting the tangled silks of her embroidery, when suddenly the sound of horses' hoofs in the court-yard aroused her attention. She started as the clatter reached her ear, and rushed to the window with the name of "*Trenck*" upon her lips. A deep blush suffused her cheeks, and her bosom heaved convulsively as she gazed out into the court-yard, and presently she sank upon the seat gasping for breath, yet with a smile upon her lips.

"I knew it could be none but he!" she murmured as she endeavoured to resume the tapestry upon which she had been engaged, and which had fallen to the floor in her eager haste, but her hand trembled so violently, that she could not hold the needle, and she let it drop upon her knees, while she turned an anxious gaze towards the door.

Presently a footstep was heard along the corridor—the maiden half rose from her seat—then dropped back again with a look of the most

bitter disappointment as the door opened, and the old duenna, who had tended her from childhood, entered hastily, and strode up to her, exclaiming in breathless eagerness,

"For the love of Heaven, hasten this moment to her majesty—run—fly—lose not an instant—nay, for Jesus' sake tarry not to adjust your head-gear—the queen, my dearest mistress, is in an awful swoon—the Lord help her, she is all but dead, so great has been the shock!"

The princess uttered a shriek of distress, and darted from the room, forgetting at once, in alarm for her mother, all her own little personal vanities—the arrival of Trenck—nay, his very existence—the old abigail with slower step muttering exclamations of wonder and of indignation. Presently a little page of the princess ran wildly into the boudoir, and snatched from the mantelpiece, where it had quietly lain at my feet for months, a large blue crystal flacon, containing some of the Queen of Hungary's water, which I had frequently heard extolled for its virtue in the recovery of obstinate swoonings.

III.

FIDO RELATES HOW THE PRINCESS WAS SAVED FROM SELF-DESTRUCTION BY THE HANDSOME TRENCK.

WHEN he had departed all was silent for hours—for days, and I was left in solitude, tormented by curiosity, and filled with dread concerning my beloved mistress. I felt convinced that some awful event had taken place in the family from the gloom and silence which pervaded the palace, so unusual during the absence of the king. The aged domestic who entered the boudoir merely to open the shutters at daybreak, and to close them at twilight, would sigh and moan so piteously, that it moved my utmost pity. One day he seemed even more agitated than usual, and having performed the few little offices which were his wont in the boudoir, he approached the mantelpiece to consult the clock, which stunned me with its eternal ticking, and wringing his hands in despair, he exclaimed,

"The hour is drawing nigh—he will be here, perhaps, in a few moments. Alas! that I should have lived to see this day!"

And the poor old man wept bitterly, leaning his head against the wall, and fell into a fit of abstracted melancholy, from which he was aroused by the sound of drums and trumpets playing a loud fanfare of triumph at the palace-gate. The man started as though he had been shot, and hobbled off at a brisk pace, while my curiosity to learn the meaning of all this alarm now increased with every moment. I could not see into the court-yard, and was beginning to fret and chafe with impatience on hearing the drums and fifes approaching—the heavy marching of the soldiers, which clattered with fearful echo on the pavement below—the ringing of horses' hoofs—the jingling of spurs, which all told of some great and wondrous commotion, when suddenly the word of command, "*Halte!*" uttered in a voice I but knew too well, solved the whole mystery at once. The monster had returned, full six weeks before his time, such irregularity could bode no good, for he was as orderly in his movements as clock-work, and boasted of never having delayed or caused delay to a single human being. Judge then of my delight on perceiving, that although my perch was not sufficiently elevated for me to obtain a view of what was passing in the court-yard, yet the whole scene was reflected in the antique mirror

which hung on the opposite wall, and which, from its inclined position gave back every iota of the scene below as clearly as though it had been enacted within the apartment.

How little did all these great and terrific personages look in that old dingy mirror ! The tyrant strutted, a pigmy leader—his far-famed giant guard a band of pismires. These were my first impressions, and caused me some little diversion, but soon every feeling was absorbed in pity and in terror at what I afterwards beheld.

The king rode first, at the head of his famous Macedonian body-guard, then came a regiment of infantry with slow and solemn step, with arms reverted and downcast visage, with muffled drum and deadened trumpet, just as I had sometimes beheld at some great military funeral, and then alone, bare-headed, clothed in a coarse frock of grey linen, without any of the insignia of his rank and station, walked the young prince royal of Prussia, Frederic, whom I had seen so short a time before full of hope and animation ; when in the very boudoir from whence I beheld the scene I am recounting, he took a gay and cheerful farewell of his mother and sisters previous to his departure for this ill-fated journey.

Separated by a single file of soldiers walked the young lieutenant De Kalt, the bosom friend and tried companion of the prince, who seemed, alas ! in the same hapless state as his young master. In every respect, save that his head was shaven, and his hands bound with thick cords behind his back, were his bearing and deportment in conformity with that of the prince, and it was a heart-breaking sight to behold those two youthful victims marching thus, as if to death, while the stern, ferocious visage of the king might well betoken their blood-seeking executioner.

The whole procession, although moving slowly, had soon vanished from before the mirror, and I remained in a state of the greatest apprehension. It was evident that some great and dire event had taken place. The disgrace of the prince royal did not so much affect me, for that was an event of too common occurrence to excite astonishment, but it was this public display of the king's displeasure which gave me so much alarm, for hitherto, whatever might have been the feelings of the father towards the son, the influence of the queen, the prayers of the princesses, and perhaps a certain feeling of self-respect on his own part, had prevented him from giving way, in presence of the people, to the hatred which possessed him ; and few beyond the walls of the palace could be aware of the daily broils which embittered the private existence of the royal inmates.

I was therefore convinced that it must be some terrible and unpardonable crime on the part of the prince which could have incurred such dire and signal punishment as that which I had witnessed. Perhaps the youth had entered into some conspiracy which the ferocious father had discovered. Perhaps he had been guilty of some flagrant breach of discipline, an offence even less likely to meet with forgiveness on the part of the king. But it was evident, that whatever the crime, its chastisement was to be immediate, public, terrible.

I trembled for the poor young prince, knowing well the savage nature of his sire, and felt faint and sick at heart, when the rattling spurs, and the tramp of the soldiers echoed through the archway over which the boudoir was situated. Presently the drums beat to quarters. I heard with dismay the word of command which sent them all to their various posts about the palace, and felt with greater terror still the silence that ensued.

Some little time elapsed ere it was broken, I heard the well-known step I had been taught to hate and fear, tread slowly up the stairs, then pace along the corridor to the chamber of the queen, a stifled shriek as the door was opened, and then voices in angry contest, loud rude tones, and wailing supplication, among which I could distinguish the gentle accents of the Princess Amelia, now disfigured by anger, hoarse and confused with rage. How powerful is passion, they even mastered those of the king! I can scarcely tell with what fearful emotion I distinguished the rustle of her silk dress along the passage as she seemed to run with frantic haste towards the boudoir. Another moment, the door flew open, and the princess entered wildly, her hair in disorder, her eyes flashing fire, and every muscle of her countenance livid and quivering, as though struck by lightning.

"Enough, enough," she shrieked in a harsh unearthly voice, "this life is too hard and wearisome to bear. The cruel tyrant who declares that he would see all his children dead before him rather than find them disobedient to his commands, shall see that there is one at least who is of the same opinion with himself, for *I* would sooner die than obey him in this last decrec. Not defend my brother! not mention his name! not seek counsel when he is thus betrayed and trampled on! no, no, *I will* do all this or die at once!"

She snatched from the wall a small enamel portrait of the prince, which she pressed to her lips with all the energy of despair, and then, I shudder while I relate it, she rushed to the open window and leaned out as far as she could reach. One foot was already on the marble balustrade, her hand had already let go the woodwork of the window, her whole frame tottered for an instant, the desperate plunge was taken, when her dress was seized by a strong and iron grasp, and she was dragged back into the chamber! Trenck, the page, had followed just in time to save her life, but overcome by emotion he endeavoured in vain to raise her.

The hyena-like voice of the old king was heard; "What is all this?" he bellowed forth, "what do you here, scoundrel? to your post this instant!" with a smart blow on the back to Trenck; "what! has the wench lost her senses? Throw water in her face, that will bring them back, if women have any, and look, by heavens, here are two panes of glass broken, and the iron latch wrenched from the jalousie! curse the wench, she is the cause of all this confusion and waste of property!"

With these words he flung the princess, still in a heavy swoon, upon the sofa, and leaving her to the care of the queen and the Princess Sophia, who had meanwhile entered, he set about picking up the fragments of the latch, and trying to readjust what remained of the broken glass in the casement. The whole scene I have been describing passed, as it were, in a moment, but its consequences endured for months. From the sofa, on which the king had thrown her, the Princess Amelia was not removed, for days, for weeks, for when she recovered from the swoon, it was perceived that her foot had caught in the tracery of the stone balustrade, when Trenck, by an almost supernatural effort, had drawn her back, and the ankle-bone was so violently sprained that it was evident at once to the doctor, who was summoned on the instant, that the poor princess would be lame for life. How shall I describe the despair which this new misfortune brought to the stricken bosom of the queen!

She watched by the side of her daughter for three long weary months, during which time her angelic patience, her noble fortitude, have more than once excited both wonder and admiration. It was from the conversations between these two unhappy victims that I learned every particular of the disgrace of the prince royal, of his mad attempt to fly to England in order to free himself from the tyranny of his father ; of the touching devotion of his young friend Kalt, who had preferred captivity and certain death to the suspicion of having betrayed his master ; of the harsh treatment which the youthful culprits had already undergone, and of the detention at Cüstrin of the heir to the throne, amid every circumstance of barbarity, which the mean and cruel soul of Frederic William could invent. From the hour of the prince's arrest, the queen had adopted a garb of the deepest sorrow. Her court had been dismissed, and for the first time did she thus display her disapproval of the harsh and violent measures to which her son had been subjected. But nothing could soften the stern nature of the king. He remained obdurate to the entreaties of his gentle wife, insensible to the appeals and warnings of his children ; and wearied at length by the continual implorings on the subject, he one day upon returning from the counsel appointed to judge the prince in the quality of a common soldier, for desertion of his post, and being evidently desperate at the leniency with which the judges were disposed to view the offence, treating it as a simple *fredaine de jeune homme*, forbade, with a bitter oath, the name of the prince to be pronounced before him upon pain of banishment from the palace. The Princess Amelia was the first to break this decree. She had reckoned more than others upon her influence with her father, upon his affection, upon the memory of his tenderness during their infant years, but had reckoned upon all these in vain.

Never shall I forget the scene which took place upon this occasion. It surpassed in violence and unnatural fury any I had ever witnessed.

Years of suffering, of tyranny, were avenged in that hour by the princess, and the conviction, that the only living being towards whom he felt affection had nought to give him in return, save aversion, was acquired by the king. His threats were answered with defiance, his curses with contempt and scorn, until exasperated beyond endurance, he forgot, in that moment, all the love which he had once felt for the princess, and scrawled, in furious haste, the order for her banishment to the solitary old palace of Brandenburg.

The princess listened to the sentence with calm and stoical contempt. With the cold bitterness of irrevocable hate, she wished that she might behold her father no more—that she might die an exile, and that he might live desolate and blighted with the thought that his cruelty had killed her, so that even in her grave she might yet be avenged by his remorse.

The evil wish was fulfilled. The father and his child parted thus in hatred and in anger, and they met no more. He returned to the world, to his government, to his military drilling, to his drums and his barrack-yards. She was carried helpless and a cripple to the stern old castle on the Flavell, there to pine in solitude and misery with the remembrance of her cruel ancestry, whose gloomy shadows still seem to haunt the ruined edifice, Frederic, the iron tooth, and Albert, the bloody-handed, traditions of whose fearful deeds still serve to scare the froward children

throughout the kingdom, and whose blackened portraits still hung frowning from the mouldering walls. They beheld each other not again, but the curse wrought not in the sense in which it had been breathed. The king it was who died full of years and honours; the princess lived on, her youth departed and her beauty faded amid the trials and anxieties of sickness and of solitude.

I had been transferred to the king's own private study, where I was placed in the glass book-case upon the calfskin cover of his muster roll. None knew the reason of my singular promotion, it was attributed to caprice, to tyranny, to dread lest I should be conveyed to the princess, and thereby afford one single indulgence, however trifling, in the utter solitude to which he had condemned her. How could they know that the fierce, the dreaded tyrant when labouring under those *insomnies*, to which he had all his life been subject, would shed tears of bitterness as he would gaze upon me, and press me to his bosom with almost maudlin tenderness, calling on his absent child by every endearing name which he had lavished on her in her helpless infancy, ere she yet had resisted his commands, ere the blood of her fierce forefathers had spoken, and taught her to defy his anger. What would he not have given to clasp her to his bosom when his soul was softened in those silent watches of the night. Had she been then beside him he would have sued forgiveness for his own unjust offence, not exacted humiliation from her; but with the morning came other thoughts. The drum which beat the "Diane" at the break of day beneath his window seemed to dispel all this unwonted softness, and the hour of parade found him the same stern, implacable tyrant, the same petty military despot as before.

LOST AND FOUND.

A FACT FROM THE SOUTH COAST.

I.

A BAND of children on the beach,
With shouts of boundless glee:—
A boat of children out of reach,
Adrift the boundless sea!
A parent-band with beating breast,
And wildly streaming eyes,
That roll without a ray of rest,
Through earth and sea and skies.
The beach was where their young ones play'd:—
The sea will prove their grave!—
And their last voices as they pray'd
Come breaking with the wave.

II.

'Tis morn upon the sea.—a float
Upon the rocking deep,
The home-bound fisher spies a boat,
And four poor babes asleep.
More glad than any dawning light,
Drew nigh that saviour skiff:—
Not vainly strain your aching sight,
Ye wailers from the cliff.
Those wistful eyes are streaming o'er,
So beat those bosoms never,
For they have found on earth once more
The babes deem'd lost for ever.

M. N. T.
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THE OUT-STATION; OR, JAUNTS IN THE JUNGLE.

BY J. WILLIAMS GRYLLS, ESQ.

CHAPTER I.

THE MOUNTAIN-JUNGLE OF CEYLON.

HAVE you not, times without number,—amiable and unsophisticated reader,—alighted upon some of the innumerable home-conceived fancies of the Indian jungle, imposed upon you through portions of our “annual” curiosities of literature?—And, consequently, have you not had that interesting locality daguerreotyped on your imagination, as being an unbounded ocean of solar-microscopically-magnified herbage—each blade of grass resembling that of a gigantic broadsword—with three or four palm, talipot, or cocoa-nut trees (for all the world like parasols with handles on the “*malle elastique*” principle), thrown in by way of variety; whilst the terrestrial portion of the scene is garnished with the head of a tiger, and a rattlesnake’s tail by way of excitement? All which original conception holds about as apt a similitude to the glorious reality, as a pauper at the door of a union to a Peri at the gates of Paradise.

Let me proceed, therefore, in the first place, to attempt the operation of a “dissolving view” on the aforesaid mental daguerreotype; and if a change does not come over the ideas of my “*compagnon d’aventure*,” as we ramble together through the splendid mountain scenery of Ceylon, it must either be attributed to a deficiency in the descriptive faculties of the operator, or the obtuse and unimaginative temperament of the worthy reader’s self.

To keep perturbed nigger spirits in proper awe and subjection to her majesty, and “those in authority under her,” for the consideration of “five shillings and threepence” per diem, and to trust to Providence and a double-barrel for one’s daily bread, during two entire years of mortal existence, is an event not reserved for the *οι πολλοι* of creation; wherefore, having lately undergone the ordeal with honour to myself, and considerable credit to her majesty’s service (although never actually congratulated on such an event by the Horse Guards), I will generously share the benefit of my experience with the reader, and doffing for the nonce my regulation harness, invite him to spend a month with me in the jungle, undertaking to find him in unlimited ‘rack punch, and in cheroots, grown under my own tillage, and manufactured on my own gun-case; and should he decline to add his own contribution to the pea-fowl soup, the venison stew, or the snipe curry, I further guarantee to keep him from starvation, on condition that he puts up with the “*cuisineries*” of my Malay factotum, and allows his lively imagination to fancy he perceives in the “nigger’s” desperate attempts at stews, grills, and broils, the nascent genius of a Soyer.

It is still night and darkness. Awaking to a strong smell of coffee and a state of half-consciousness, I reflect on my insane resolve, over champagne and claret at mess the night before, to leave Kandy the next day, at four in the morning. Around me the Coolies are fighting and scrambling as to who shall carry the lightest package of my commissariat department, and in a state of mind ~~any~~ thing but angelic, having kicked

the lazy, extortionate convoy (*did a real nigger ever yet go to Heaven?*) out of the house with their respective loads, I swallow the milkless decoction (supposed to be coffee), and lighting a cheroot to counteract the effects of a dense fog, I start on my first day's journey through the precipitous scenery between Kandy and Newera Ellia.

The plain that I pass through before getting out of the town, was once the scene of the old Malabar monarchs' ideas of regal pleasures and delectabilities. Seated in the balcony of the temple that stands on it, their chief delight consisted in watching elephants (who had been specially instructed for the purpose) dissect some unfortunate law-breaker, piecemeal, beginning at the finger-joints; and in looking at mothers cutting off their children's heads, and then pounding them in a wooden mortar; all which "eccentricities" are handed down to posterity by rude paintings of the events on the inner walls of the temple.

There is another incident attached to this temple, which is any thing but consolatory to an Englishman's *amour propre*. It is supposed that the drums of her majesty's — regiment, taken by the Cingalese at a massacre of the British troops, are preserved in one of the rooms; and, although the island has been totally subdued since, no attempt has been made to rescue the unfortunate drum-prisoners from their luckless fate; except on one occasion by a handful of private soldiers, who having more *esprit du corps* (or, possibly, *esprit d'arrack*) in them than allowed by the rules and regulations of the Articles of War, were doubtless regaled with a dose of extra-drill afterwards for their too patriotic temerity.

My route now lies over a continual series of mountain-passes through the interior, at the end of every ten or twelve miles of which I arrive at a rest-house, kept by some enterprising native, formerly most probably a mess waiter, or butler under some Englishman, whose tastes he is *au fait* at suiting. Consequently, among his stock of rice cakes, eggs, fowls, arrack, &c., he not unfrequently is able to produce that inestimable luxury, under such circumstances, to the famished traveller—a bottle or two of bitter ale (*surgit amari aliquid**); and vastly do I commiserate the digestive powers of a man that do not allow him an appetite at every ten miles, inhaling, as he does, a fresh, fragrant breeze that counteracts the too powerful influence of a mid-day sun, and sets into commotion a wilderness of foliage and lemon-grass, whose rustling, added to the now swelling, now scarcely audible, roar of the waterfalls, as they leap from rock to rock into the stupendous precipices below, is the sole sound that disturbs the silence of a scene as bright and cloudless as ever dawned on Eden.

After passing through thirty miles of this wild and beautiful scenery, I arrive at Newera Ellia, a plain on the summit of the highest hills of Ceylon, where one can revel in an English climate, feel once more the comfort of a long-abandoned woollen wardrobe, and enjoy a bottle of wine that has not undergone the refrigerating process for two hours before dinner; but my destination lies beyond this, for although an elephant now and then frightens the inhabitants of this *rus in nube* out of their propriety by paying them an angel's visit, yet it is seldom that they intrude upon the ground where their unceasing persecutor, man, has left his footmark.

Leaving the plain, and passing through three or four miles of forest, the most magnificent panorama of explored creation bursts suddenly upon

* Query—"a-liquid."—Printer's Cherub.

the view ; plain, precipice, mountains, torrents, lying before, below, and around me, as far as mortal eye can penetrate.

Before me stretch the never-ending plains around Wilson Bungalow (built by General Sir John Wilson, from whom it derives its appellation), whose walls one can just perceive glittering like a white speck on the face of ocean. These vast plains, where many a tantivy has cheered on a pack of English stag-hounds, have been the scene of some of the happiest days of the exiled fox-hunter.

The waters of the Megalôia are roaring in the distance, whilst the hills, covered to their very apex with apparently impermeable foliage, become a source of wonderment and speculation as to how many hundreds of hogs, deer, elephants, monkeys, snakes, and buffaloes, their branches may shelter. Groves of guava-trees line our road, and few things in life do I know more delicious than a morning's amusement among this most exquisite fruit, whilst it is yet cold from the night air. The flavour is that of every fruit of an English garden concentrated to an essence, and many are the *petits verres* that an uncontrollable indulgence of these little irresistibilities compel their suicidal victim to undergo before breakfast.

Arrived (after more perils by water than by land, for there being few or no bridges, I am obliged to ford the torrents as I best can, which is generally performed on the back of one of the coolies, whilst the horses are being swum across in some deeper and smoother part) at the base of Kamouna-kooli, whose summit stands 10,000 feet above the sea's level, I pitch my tent, or rather take possession of a dilapidated habitation at the foot of the mountain, every room of which presents unmistakable symptoms that our right to its occupation will, ere long, be contested by disputants, winged, quadruped, biped, and reptile. With this latter enemy I have a pitched battle on the spot, a long and undisputed residence in the thatch of the house having given it a "prior claim."

These nuisances, the ratsnakes, which generally average from six to twelve feet long, are perfectly innocuous, and live in the thatched roofs of almost every Ceylon bungalow, which they keep clear of rats by living on them ; but whether the remedy is not worse than the disease is entirely a matter of opinion or antipathy, for in pursuit of their game the snakes not unfrequently miss their hold ; and, there being no ceilings, come down on one's head or bed without the least ceremony in the world ; a proceeding considerably subversive to the philosophy of the "lord of creation," and resulting in an immediate onslaught on the aggressor, who, independently of this, is no doubt the most incommoded party in the first instance.

Should the natives of the country, however, (for even in these mountains there are human beings stowed away in some seemingly inexplorable and invisible recess ; living without the assistance of the "circulating medium," Heaven only knows on what and how!) gain intelligence of the forthcoming visit of an Englishman, the greatest compliment they can show is to denude their own limbs of their white sheets to hang round the walls of the room, so that you only see the struggles of the fallen viper at the top, where, hanging over you like the sword of Damocles, he keeps you in a continual state of perspiration, if not alarm.

To settle down to sleep for the first time in life, surrounded only by savages and wild beasts of every description, a hundred miles or more distant from even the jungle-dwelling of a countryman, has more excitement in it, than one who has never experienced the situation would

imagine ; and it is extraordinary how the value of every thing bearing the remotest vestige of civilisation, even down to the flavour of a cigar, is enhanced thereby ; consequently, about the most difficult business of the twenty-four hours in a jungle expedition consists in summoning sufficient resolution to "turn in." Another jorum of arrack punch, a fresh bottle of Lafitte, or "just one more cigar," however delectable at the time, generally entail an unpleasant re-action in the morning, when the nigger, as in duty bound, awakes you at five A.M., with the information that there is a herd of wild elephants or buffaloes within half a mile of the house, adding, by way of consolation, "plenty savage, master!"

There are, however, other and more potent causes that keep one under arms during the first night, or at least the greater part of it ; for there being no doors or windows, and the previous tenants, out for the day, not yet being aware of a new occupant, it might be attended with disagreeable results to be caught napping by a bear with a sore head, or an unamiable wild hog wrought into a determination of going its whole self.

But now for the jungle and its denizens.

Carrying a double-barrelled gun ~~a~~ piece, and arming my Malay follower with a third, more for the sake of protection than aggression (for the first day shall be devoted to a specimen of the locale of our future exploits), I commence my ascent up the mountain before the sun has shed a ray upon its summit—now clambering up huge masses of rock between immense banyan trees, whose branches, growing downwards again into the earth from their parent stem, prove of no slight assistance in the ascent—now suddenly emerging into open spaces of ground, covered at intervals with lemon-grass reaching far above my head, I am kept on the constant look-out for squalls ; the screechings of the awakening animals over head becoming more loud and frequent as I progress, and as the twilight of morning becomes more palpable.

A dark, indefinable patch, a few yards distant, just appearing above the lemon-grass, is formed by a herd of a dozen elephants, as noiseless and motionless as the old blackened stumps of trees close to them, and many an inexperienced hand has walked into an animal's proboscis before discovering his mistake. At the next step I incontinently break in upon the slumbers of a noble elk, who, drawing himself to his full height, stares for a moment at his intruder, and then dashes down the steep as if it were a grassy flat. Jungle fowl rise at my feet at every turning, whilst above me an unceasing clatter of tongues and creaking of branches, as the squatters thereon migrate from tree to tree, give indication that my invasion of the monkey's territory is not viewed with any feeling of hospitality by the tribe. A "rogue" elephant, a rascal who has been driven from his herd for habitual misconduct, and whose paw is in consequence against man and beast, next makes his appearance in front, sending me round some half a mile out of the direct road, simply because I am determined not to commence hostilities till the morrow ("Honi soit qui mal y pense"); and, after a two-hours' pull, I reach the welcome summit of the mountain, in time to behold the sun rise from the eastern sea in "one unclouded blaze of living light."

Wiping the perspiration from my brow, I bring myself to an anchor on the top of some inviting rock, to contemplate a scene, the intense grandeur and beauty of which would absorb every sense and feeling, did not a huge cobra di capella at the moment, lifting his hooded head from

one of the fissures of my adopted throne, send me sprawling among the grass and brambles at its foot. A load of "No. 7" shot avenges my insulted dignity and interrupted contemplation, and uncoils twelve feet of the deadliest of the viper tribe.

At the report of the gun, flocks of diminutive parrots of every imaginable hue spring from the branches below me; minute birds of Paradise, with their two streaming tail feathers, whirl over my head, and "strange things come up to look at me, the monsters of the woods."

In such a scene—miles and miles away from the mark of human hand, where, perhaps, alone I can truly see

How beautiful is all this visible world,
How glorious in its action and itself,

where, a human speck, we stand alone amid the habitations of the hugest and deadliest of the brute creation, who take no thought of the morrow, what they shall eat or what they shall drink—in such a scene, I say, it is strange to recur for a moment to the busy, idle, laughing, weeping, glittering, squalid, hoping, despairing, struggling world of my fatherland! "Where is the world at *equity*?" says Young; where is it at *eighteen*, on the mountain jungle of Ceylon? say I—passed from existence, almost from memory.

But "every man his own philosopher"—I won't apostrophise.

As the sun gets higher the signs of life gradually disappear, till the parti-coloured lizards alone seem to have it all to themselves. Now and then a brilliant, harmless snake rustles through the dead grass, and at intervals a peacock, in all the majesty of a seven-foot tail, stalks out of the skirt of the jungle; but, by degrees, even these vanish, and I am left to the silence of a tropical noonday, painful to endure from its intensity.

Such a picture of nature in its primal state, unruffled by a breath, unclouded by a haze, admits not of description. But it is not always thus. Dark, destruction-charged, and terrible, are the hurricanes that sweep at times over the scene. Through the deep ravines around me the gusts of wind, like yelling fiends, howl and shriek in dismal chorus, falling on the ear with an ominous sound, woful, unearthly, and desolate, as of yore they struck on the senses of the lonely dwellers on Mount Ararat, seeming to weep over the destruction of a world!

At last comes night—cloudless, brilliant, and fairy-like in its moonlit existence. The white mists rising in the valleys below, give to the hill tops that stretch above them the appearance of a cluster of islands in a silvery sea. Myriads of fireflies glitter on every tree of the mountain, and never did a glimpse of Paradise beam on the opium-wrought visions of a fanatic more serenely glorious than the scene before me!

At length a shriek from some dyspeptic baboon in a nightmare recalls me to a sense of my position, and of the hour of the night; and my last cheroot,

Like a saint of old, condemn'd and sold,
To death through suffering driven;

having

Pass'd with a smile, from its funeral pile,
To become a bright cloud in Heav'n,

I retrace my steps, and am soon wrapt in a sleep as breathless as the air around me, and dreamless as the sleep of death!

CHAPTER II.

THE VEDDAH.

ALTHOUGH not strictly to be catalogued among jungle game (inasmuch as they are human beings), I must indulge the reader with my introduction to the Veddah, and my first interview with this wild man of the woods.

Not quite a century ago, when this tribe—who may be said to constitute the gipsies of Ceylon—became rather too numerous and predatory in any particular locality, leave was always granted by the reigning monarch to his subjects inhabiting the overrun district, to have a month or six weeks' shooting among these poor devils (making game of them with a vengeance); and even within the last dozen years, a similar request was made to the then governor of the island, Sir R. W. Horton, by a deputation from the interior, and his refusal to support the "vested rights" of these amiable niggers caused no small degree of dissatisfaction amongst them.

Without any other habitation than the thickest branches of the nearest tree, the Veddah lives principally on wild honey and raw deer-flesh. In fact, nothing comes amiss to its digestion: and whether it really is a human being, or not, is with many an open question to the present time; although the fact of its constructing bows and arrows for the purpose of slaughter, would argue in favour of the former supposition.

The bow they make use of never exceeds eighteen inches in length, whilst the arrow scarcely exceeds a foot, and with this diminutive weapon—which is generally poisoned—they can pick off a deer in full gallop, sending the shaft in behind the shoulder, and piercing the heart; but more generally, ensconced in their roosting-places, they wait the arrival of the unsuspecting victim, to sleep or feed just beneath them, and then quietly sending an arrow into a vital part, are stocked with venison for a week.

Clothes of any description they abjure, in place of which both men and women are entirely covered with pile, whilst the profuse locks of both sexes, reaching below the knees, form a complete shelter to them from rain or sun. On what terms of intimacy and friendship they stand with the next degenerated specimen in the family of Creation—the ourang-outang—it was never my good fortune to discover; but often have I, in some of my jaunts in the jungle, in search of a dinner or a pair of tusks, come upon a party of half-a-dozen Veddahs, and sent them scampering off in mortal dread of their lives, and chattering for all the world like so many apes.

On one occasion, having penetrated further than usual into the jungle, where I had followed the recent track of a herd of elephants, I suddenly pounced upon a party of Veddahs at feeding time. Having established their "*salle-a-manger*" in a corner of a ravine with high rocks all around them, except at the spot where I made my unwelcome appearance, there was no possibility of escape. Entertaining for a moment a doubt on my own part (in which my Malay gun-carrier evidently joined me), whether it would not be more prudent to exercise the better part of valour, and cut and run as fast as my legs would carry me (after a very brief apology for my intrusion), my resolution to remain was decided by witnessing the superlative state of alarm into which I had thrown the dinner-party. Some began to jabber and screech, others to bury their faces in the grass, whilst one or two stared stupidly at me,

thinking, no doubt, that their hour was come, and possibly the old gentleman also (for niggers always paint him *white*) to square accounts with them. There was one old fellow amongst them, whose hairs were quite grey, and whose looks were more pacific and less perturbed than the others, and to him I first addressed myself by every imaginable sign and gesture, but he either could not or would not understand me; so the next resource I had recourse to was turning out the contents of my pockets (every body knows the heterogeneous variety of merchandise contained in a shooting-coat pocket), and by dint of coaxing the old man, by offering him one thing after the other, I so far gained his confidence as to get near him, although it was very much in the same manner that one would approach a sulky mastiff; but, as luck would have it, the article that settled the business, and gained me the whole tribe's good will in a fixity of tenure, was the brass regimental whistle and chain which the Malay (a corporal in the Ceylon rifles) had luckily brought with him. No sooner did the patriarchal Veddah understand how to make it send forth a squeak, than his delight became unbounded; he grinned demoniacal gratification, and the chief difficulty now seemed to consist in ever getting him to leave off. The others, gaining courage, one by one began to gather round him, and, remaining at some little distance, I had a chance of thoroughly observing this singular and out-cast tribe of people. There were four men and two women.

Whether it was the overpowering melody of the screeching brass, or my own very amicable and assuring demeanour, that imparted fresh courage, I cannot say, but in a very short space of time the remaining five were all cringing round, and pawing me, no doubt expressing their ardent desire to be straightway put in possession of a whistle apiece.

Now to let them off unsatisfied, particularly as I wanted to make use of their services, was not the policy to be pursued; so one fellow was presented with my powder flask (first securing its contents myself), which he forthwith commenced trying to whistle through, and is no doubt trying it on still. One of the "fair sex" had my neckerchief, and the other my pocket-handkerchief, which, being of very bright patterns, no doubt enthroned me in their hearts for ever. This was paying rather dearly, however, "for my whistle." One fellow, more importunate than the others, finished the brandy flask, and got as drunk as an owl; and so after having received the most friendly assurances from these foreign powers, I proceeded to obtain all the information I could get out of them as to the locality of the elephants.

Pointing to the tracks of these animals, which every here and there were fresh, and then lost among the grass and underwood, I made them understand what I wanted; and although I was more than once nearly led into a personal quarrel with the old gentleman, owing to whether the whistle should be blown or not during our search for the animals, they accompanied, or rather guided, us so far that a crash of breaking branches gave notice we were close on our game; and the next moment our cicerones had scampered pell-mell up into the nearest tree. Here the old brute immediately began whistling as loud as his lungs would allow him, by which means I certainly lost a first-rate chance of flooring a splendid tusk elephant.

By a chance shot, however, I sent a ball into the temple of the last of the fugitive beasts as he trotted past me, and without a struggle or a groan the monster sank down silently, dead upon the grass, with an ounce bullet in his brain.

It was some minutes before I could see any signs of my new acquaintances, the Veddahs ; the contiguity of the elephants, and the report of the gun, no doubt kept them silent, but when they espied the prostrate carcase, and the Malay and myself seated on it, on they came with the most frantic yelling, and grotesque dances, in short, I would not have given sixpence for Buddha's chance of notice, had he made a sudden appearance, so intense was their adoration of us. This was getting by degrees too enthusiastic to be pleasant, so, as soon as I conveniently could, I made my exit, leaving the Veddahs to the dead elephant and their own excited imaginations.

Never having witnessed the Bosjesmans, or the late enterprising Mr. Harvey Leach's personation of "What is it?" I cannot say how nearly either of these assimilate to the Veddah, but weighing these uncivilised beings with *civilised baboons*, they drop prodigiously in the scale of "social etiquette."

Who is there that lived in Ceylon about the year 1832 that does not remember Esau? Poor Esau! at last a victim to civilisation and a taste for cognac.

Esau was a baboon, the property of Dr. —, of the staff. Although in height somewhat under the military standard (being between four and five feet), Esau gloried in scarlet and gold, and not unfrequently in a sword, but in nothing to adorn a tail.

This extraordinary animal received an education that would have made him an ornament to society in general—if he held his tongue.

When Dr. — dined at home, Esau invariably sat down to dinner with him, helping himself to what he preferred like a Christian ; and although at first a strong innate conviction on his part that fingers were made before knives and forks caused some slight misunderstanding, Esau at last gave in, and used these seemingly supererogatory articles.

Ask Esau to take wine, and he would give you a bow and grin worthy of a Gaul.

Now it is not likely that such an original and entertaining character would be kept long out of the congenial clime and company of a mess-room (reader in red! don't think me personal); so Mr. Esau used to come in with the dessert and go out with the small hours. At first he was contented with claret, but progressively advancing in the scale of morality and wisdom, he imbibed the same idea as that entertained by respectable old Sam Johnson, that "claret was meant for boys, port for men, and brandy for heroes," so to cognac he came, and as sure as the night arrived, Mr. Esau was "as drunk as a lord."

To make an end of it. Dr. —'s surgery-door, as fate would have it, was one day inadvertently left open, and in his pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, Esau took advantage of the circumstance to dip into the mysteries and hieroglyphics of pharmacy. But man will err, and why not a monkey? Green, pink, blue, and crimson coloured bottles might have excited curiosity, but they were left untasted. One large plain glass bottle did all the mischief, it contained a fluid resembling in colour British brandy, and that was quite sufficient for Esau.

Without stopping to smell, the poor fellow finished half the bottle at the first pull, and made his exit from the troublous scene of life with half a pint of laudanum in his interior ; leaving behind him a name that will long be remembered by those that knew him, and a moral to man and monkey to avoid British brandy.

THE BUNDLE OF RAGS.

BY J. E. CARPENTER, ESQ.

I.

THERE'S not on earth's surface so loathsome a thing,
 For mortal to gaze on or poet to sing,
 As that shapeless, and colourless, mass of decay,
 The beggar would scorn to pick up on his way,—
 That, met by the wealthy, is order'd aside,
 In fear of the plague it might possibly hide,
 That rots in the kennel, or dries on the flags,
 That all hold in horror,—a bundle of rags!

II.

Let us pause for a space on those rags as they lie;
 To tell what they *have been* how vainly we try!
 Yet, perchance, they have cover'd, if truth could be told,
 Some beauty, the brightest of nature's bright mould;
 She would shudder to see in the mud and the rain,
 That type of her vanity over again,—
 Yet, in spite of fine dressing, the loudest who brags,
 Must come, after all, to,—a bundle of rags!

III.

Or, perchance, since she wore it, for sure it has seen
 Some years since the days of its "brightest of green,"
 It has pass'd from the mansion to find in the cot
 A wearer content with a homelier lot;
 Next patch'd—and then ragged—now mended—then torn,—
 Till at length cast aside as not fit to be worn—
 It, still treasured by one of grim poverty's hags,
 Is a worn, torn, but moveable bundle of rags.

IV.

And now, step by step, had one patience to tell,
 In a bundle of rags what a history may dwell;
 Of hearts that beat high in the gilded saloon,
 Of the wretch who crept home by the light of the moon;
 Of wealth so *exclusive* it never *could* know,
 The wretchedness felt in the circles below.
 'Tis useful to dwell on the theme, though it lags,
 So give ear to the song of the bundle of rags.

Song of the Bundle of Rags.

- "I have waved in the sunshine with many a bloom,
That gave its rich produce long since to the loom,
In Lincolnshire fenny, where every moist field,
Rich bales of ripe flax to the merchant will yield.
In a gaudier shape, where pale misery swarm'd,
By the glare of the factory light, I was form'd;
I was sold for bright gold, and then hurried away
To the mart where assemble the wealthy and gay.
- "Oh ! fair as the lily was she who first plied
Her needle and form'd me a robe for a bride ;
But false was that bride's heart, though fair was her fame,
I knew how it throb'd, but I cover'd the shame ;
I then added beauty to beauty, so fair
Was the being first destined my fabric to wear,
But fashion soon alter'd—I fell with the jade—
For the mistress unsuited, I pass'd to the maid.
- "Then Heaven knows how many my virtues have tried,
I was alter'd, and mended, remodell'd, and dyed;
And a trustier heart never beat 'neath a gown
Than 'neath me, when I changed my gay colour to brown ;
But brown changed to black, and—no worse could befall—
I became, without dying, no colour at all ;
So spurn'd and despised, now my beauty is past,
The robe of the bride's in the kennel at last."

V.

Thus the bundle of rags, in the mud where it lay,
To me, as I mused, seem'd to sing or to say.
And I suddenly thought that what destinies high
In the thing most degraded might possibly lie !
When a wither'd old crone, with her wallet and rake,
Came by, and thus prizing what others forsake,—
'Twas a treasure to her as in one of her bags,
She carefully placed the old bundle of rags.

VI.

And *next* what a change when the linen appears,
Remodell'd to run through its cycle of years,
As PAPER, when doom'd once again to disclose
The triumph of pleasures, the record of woes.
How mighty its aid in the progress of mind !
To the future the past, by its powers we bind.
And perchance on some rubbish I've pass'd on the flags
I now write this song of the bundle of rags.

MARGARET GRAHAM.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "DARNLEY," "RICHELIEU," &c.

PART IV.

CHAP. XIX.

THE DOUBTS REMOVED.

WITH heavy heart, and aching head, and languid eyes, Margaret rose from her bed not long after Fairfax had left her. She dressed herself slowly, speaking not one word to her maid during the whole time she was arranging her beautiful hair, and then descending to the breakfast-room she rang the bell, and proceeded mechanically to the ordinary task of the morning.

"Let Sir Allan know that breakfast is ready," she said to the servant, and was falling into a fit of thought again when the man's reply instantly roused her.

"Sir Allan is out, my lady," he replied, "and he said he should not be back till night."

"Not back till night!" exclaimed Margaret. "Do you know where he is gone to?"

"No, my lady," answered the man, "he went out on foot." And as Margaret said nothing more he quitted the room.

"What am I doing?" thought Margaret, "what have I done? His affection is estranged. I can see it in his eyes, in his every look, in his whole manner, and I love him so fondly still. For the first time in my life I have wanted confidence and frankness towards a being whom I love; and how terrible is the consequence! Oh, God! what shall I do? I will tell him all—let me consider—let me try if my brain has any power left—let me take some resolution and keep it firmly. Is it possible that Allan Fairfax could commit such an act? that any provocation, any temptation could induce him to injure a poor old man like that? What! gallant, and noble, and kind, and generous as he is, that he should do such a thing for any consideration on earth! Oh, no, no, no!—but yet the proofs—but I will not think of them. It is impossible I have done him injustice, and now I must do right. I will tell him all; I will humble myself before him; I will sue for pardon on my knees and beseech him not to take his love from me because I have been weak enough, mad enough to suspect him—there, there, I will think of it no more. I will have no more casuistry; I will tell him all, and till I have done so, I will not ask my heart another question."

She became calmer upon this resolution; she tried to take some breakfast; she attempted to read; she was anxious, in short, to fill up the time

in any way lest her mind should revert against her will to things she was resolved not to think upon. "It will seem dreadfully long till he returns," she said to herself; "he will not return till night! Good Heaven, if he should never return! But I must not think of that either, or I shall die," and she gasped for breath.

Shortly after she rang the bell, and bade the servant who appeared to tell his master as soon as he returned that she wished to see him immediately. Then going into the back drawing-room where her little store of books was collected, she took several down one after another and looked at their pages, but hardly saw their contents. Often during the next two hours, she took out her watch to see how the time went, and thought the day would never pass. Eleven—twelve—half-past twelve came, and she said, "Thank Heaven, it is half over—hark! That is his step on the gravel—he has come back sooner. He has not quite cast off his poor Margaret." But though that thought was like a ray of hope, she nevertheless trembled violently.

She heard his step a minute after in the hall; she heard the servant deliver her message, and she struggled for calmness. She had resolved what she should do, and her only fear was that the swimming brain, and shaking limbs, and failing breath would render it impossible to do it.

Fairfax entered the room with a quick step, and eyes turned towards her with a look of some anxiety. That very anxiety spoke love still unextinguished; it comforted, it strengthened her. She rose from her chair, steadied her steps by the table as he approached, and then taking a step or two forward sank slowly on her knees, clasping his hand in hers. "Forgive me, Allan," she said, "forgive me. I have made you unhappy. I have acted wrong towards you—I have wanted confidence—I have doubted and hesitated foolishly and madly. Forgive me, forgive your Margaret, and do not—do not take your love from me."

He raised her in his arms; he pressed his lips upon hers; he held her to his heart, and answered, "Any thing Margaret, if you love me."

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Allan," she said, "yet hear me. Let me tell all while I have strength and resolution, and then, pitying me for my weakness, and for all I have suffered during the last five terrible days, forgive your poor Margaret, though you may indignantly call her mad for having entertained the thoughts which have nearly driven her so. You will hear me, Fairfax to an end, is it not so? You will let me tell all without asking a question till it is done lest my powers fail me, and then you will forgive me all, Allan."

"But put confidence in me, dear girl," he answered, soothing her, "and I can forgive almost any thing."

"Ay, there is my fault," said Margaret, with the tears in her eyes, "I wanted confidence—for the first time in my life, I dared not speak my thoughts—and that to the only man I ever loved in life. But now I will atone—I will tell you all; but first think of the punishment I have suffered—think of the torture of the last five days, and let pity plead for me. Now I will tell you."

"Nay, sit beside me here," said Fairfax, "you tremble, my love."

• "I would fain kneel and tell it at your feet," said Margaret, "for as I come near the tale I feel how wrong it has been ever to doubt you, and I dread that I may not be able to make you comprehend my sensations

clearly—to tell you how I longed to speak, yet was withheld by a thousand painful dreads.”

“Calm yourself, my Margaret, calm yourself,” said Fairfax, tenderly, “speak frankly, speak candidly; for you cannot think I do believe that I have ever wanted kindness or gentleness. Yet first let me thank you for having sought this explanation first, without leaving me to ask it, as I should have done this day. And now, my love, tell me all.”

“I will, I will,” she answered, “and yet, Allan, I must at the very first speak upon a subject which I know is disagreeable to you. You have always avoided it with me and with others. Some have even been bold enough to remark upon your studious avoidance of one name, and one person in your conversation, and it has struck me as strange, for you cannot, my dear husband, surely feel aught like jealousy on the score of the past. You must know, you must feel, that I have never loved any one but you—that I am yours—ever have been, altogether, from the first.”

“I will own it,” answered Fairfax, “I am jealous that any one should have called you his own for an hour. I know you are mine, Margaret—mine only; but yet—would you had never borne another name but Margaret Graham and Margaret Fairfax. But it is very foolish—I have been very foolish; I will be so no more. Speak, love, I will not shrink from the topic now. What more?”

“You remember, Allan,” she continued, sitting with her hand in his, “that one day, at the beginning of this week, you sent the key of your writing-desk to me for papers. Well, I found them at once, as soon as I could open the desk, for that is difficult to do.”

“I know it,” replied Fairfax, “I should have thought of that.”

“I gave them to William,” Margaret continued, “and then returned to lock the desk. I give you my word, dear Allan, I looked no farther. I should have hated myself if I had even felt a curiosity; but somehow, in trying various ways to open the desk, I had pulled it partly off the table, and in shutting it I pressed it down.”

“I understand,” said her husband, “it fell.”

“Yes,” replied Margaret, “and in so doing a secret drawer came open, where I saw—”

“A pair of silver buckles,” answered Fairfax, firmly, “which had belonged to poor Kenmore—I know it.”

“Thank God!” murmured Margaret, in a low tone, as she heard him pronounce the name so calmly; but she added aloud, “which were on his person when he left me on the evening of that fatal marriage day, which are even now marked with his blood.”

“Ay? I did not remark that,” answered Fairfax, “but surely, Margaret, that could not—”

“Hear me, Allan—hear me out,” she said. “My first sensation was horror at a sight which recalled suddenly the terrible deed that had been done. I gathered up the papers hastily, replaced them, and closed the desk. Then came the question suddenly, how came those buckles there? A confused crowd of images, all terrible, rushed upon me. It seemed as if some one accused you; and I felt as indignant as if the charge were against myself; a demon seemed to recall all that was terrible; your avoidance of his name—your having been in the neighbourhood at the time—your having suddenly received a sum of money to the same amount that was upon his person, which you said you would not explain; all

came whirling through my brain in a moment. I felt sick and giddy, and I fainted."

"Suspicion—oh, what a dreadful thing is suspicion!" said Fairfax.

"Most dreadful," answered Margaret, "but do not suppose I gave way to it. When I had recovered, even as I was recovering, I strove to cast it from me. I called it a folly, a madness; but yet it presented itself in various forms—I knew that you were warm in temper—I knew that you had even then loved me but too well for your own happiness—you had told me that the news of my marriage had almost driven you mad—that you knew not at the time what you did. I thought you might have met—a quarrel, and a chance blow might have occurred—I know not what I did not fancy, or what I did not struggle against."

"I see it all, my poor Margaret," said Fairfax.

"No, not all," said Margaret, "hear me yet a moment. One of those who had found me lying on the floor was poor Ben Halliday, who came to speak with me on some business, they said; and as soon as I had somewhat recovered, I resolved to hear what he wanted, in the hope of driving such terrible thoughts from my mind. I forget what he first spoke of, but when that was done, he told me that he wanted to see you, for that two years and a half ago—and he indicated the very day with dreadful exactness—you had come to his cottage in the grey of the morning, and had dropped a key, which he wished to return. He showed me the key, Allan. It is the key of an iron chest let into the wall in the poor old man's house in Brownswick. He had shown it to me that very day he died. He had it with him when he was killed. Here it is; for I snatched it from him in terror, lest it should be shown against you, and then I fainted again."

Fairfax pressed her to his bosom, "You have had enough to wring your heart, indeed, my Margaret," he said, "but why did you not tell me all this at once?"

"I was wrong," she answered, "but oh, Fairfax, what had I not to dread if I spoke all my feelings? I had to come upon a subject you abhorred—if you explained all you would hate me for my doubts—if you did not explain all, what would those doubts become? I feared to lose you any way, and I hesitated and trembled and retired into myself, and felt that I was weak, yet could not conquer my weakness—knew you were innocent, yet had doubts still ringing in my ears—I was wrong, very wrong, Allan, but oh, if you could tell how I have suffered, what anguish I have endured, day by day, and night after night, you would pity and forgive me—Oh, forgive me, Allan, forgive me!"

"I do, my Margaret; nay, I think you well-nigh justified for all but not confiding every thing to me at once," Fairfax answered tenderly, "even for that there is much excuse. But never, Margaret, doubt me again, never withhold your confidence from me on any account. And now, thank God, I can explain all, though yesterday I could not have done so."

"Yet a word more," said Margaret, "I want no explanation, Fairfax. Last night you were angry with me I could see; this morning you left me, saying that you would not return till night. I saw that your love was passing away from me. I felt it was my own fault. I sat down and struggled with myself, and I conquered. I felt that no guilt could attach to Allan Fairfax; that, whatever were the circumstances, I ought to believe

nought against him. Nay, I did really believe nought against him, and I resolved at any cost to tell you and crave forgiveness. I have accomplished the task, and in doing so have freed my bosom from a serpent that shall never enter it again. I ask no explanation. If all the world were to call you guilty, I would not believe it."

"Yet you must hear the whole, love," Fairfax replied, "this key, I never saw before to-day: the good man made a mistake. It was dropped in his cottage by the same person who placed those buckles in a portman-teau I had left there; in a word, Margaret, by the murderer of poor Doctor Kenmore; I will not call him your husband, for he was not so. And now, Margaret, I have this very day discovered and brought to light who was the assassin; and that, too, strange to say, without ever knowing, till an hour ago, when he confessed the fact, that these buckles had belonged to the good old man he killed."

"Then he has confessed!" cried Margaret, with an exclamation of joy, "he has confessed! Then there can be no more doubts."

"None," replied Fairfax, "for he has confessed where he hid the property, though not in exact terms acknowledged the deed."

"But how did you discover it?" exclaimed Margaret, "when every inquiry has hitherto been made in vain."

Fairfax smiled faintly. "I made the discovery, my Margaret, by a very singular coincidence," he said, and at the same time he put his arm round her, and held her to his heart. "Do you know, love, that at the very moment when I was sitting on the moor, and thinking I could not live without Margaret, but that I would rather die than live without her love, she had nearly lost a second who has called her husband on the very same spot where the first fell, and by the very same hand."

Margaret turned as pale as marble, and Fairfax clasped her closer to him, saying,

"Do not agitate yourself, love. You see I am here—safe, unhurt."

"Oh, Fairfax," she answered, in a low and trembling voice, "if you had died then when I was wringing your heart by injurious doubts and weak hesitations, what would my fate have been?—distraction, it could have been nothing else—or death. Good Heaven, you have a scar on your face, too. He must have struck you. Oh, Allan, Allan!" and she hid her eyes and wept upon his bosom.

"He hurt me hardly at all," replied Fairfax, "for he was seized at the moment he was about to dash a large stone upon my head by a poor man named Jacob Halliday. He then threw it with all his force, but it missed me, merely grazing my cheek."

"The idiot, it was the idiot," cried Margaret, looking up, and at once reaching the right conclusion from her knowledge of the unhappy man's malicious disposition. "You struck him, Allan, and I have heard before he never forgives a blow. But how did you discover the other crime?"

"I will tell you, dearest," replied her husband; and he proceeded to relate all that had occurred shortly, but with sufficient accuracy to show her that all doubt respecting the murder of the old man was at an end.

"And now," continued Fairfax, "there remains but two things to be explained. The one I shall perhaps have difficulty in explaining—and yet I know not. Others might not comprehend it, yet you may. The second must, for the present, remain unexplained, perhaps for years—perhaps for ever. But Margaret will not doubt me now—"

"Oh no, no, never!" she cried, "and do forgive me, Allan—and forget, if possible, that I have ever been so weak, so wrong."

"I will never refer to it again," answered Fairfax, "nor think of it, my love. That is, my thoughts shall never rest upon it for one minute. But to my farther explanation. My love for you, Margaret, has been from the first of no ordinary kind. It has been the one passion of my whole life; you, you alone throughout my existence have been the single object of my strongest affections. In our union I am as happy as my brightest dreams anticipated; but in almost every sky there is some cloud, be it no bigger than a man's hand—it were not well for us were it otherwise. I feel and have ever felt that you should be mine—mine alone."

"And so I am," cried Margaret, "so I have ever been."

"But another has called you his wife," said Fairfax, "another has called you Margaret."

"He did so from my birth, Allan," she replied; "you might as well be jealous of my father."

"It is not jealousy, dear girl," he answered, "but whatever it is, I will banish it; for it has produced evil, and I feel that it is wrong. Yet such have been my feelings, love; and they made the very thought of that sad time hateful to me. I never could bear to speak of you, to think of you but as Margaret Graham—as my Margaret. It was folly, it was a disease, and cured it must and shall be. But even errors, my Margaret, have sometimes beneficial consequences. Had I not had this fault towards you—and I feel that it is a fault towards you—I might have thought it harder, stranger that you, so universally frank and candid, should not have trusted at once all your thoughts to him you love."

"Oh, Allan," replied Margaret, "love can be so intense as to become timid; nay, more, I believe in a woman's breast its timidity is in proportion to its intensity; but I will promise two things, Fairfax, never again to conceal from you any thing I feel or think, and never to refer again to that ill-fated marriage, or to the good old man who proposed it, I believe solely from charitable and benevolent feelings."

"No, no, Margaret," replied her husband, "to the first promise I will keep you, my love; but with regard to the second, not only do I set you free; but I will speak to you myself of Doctor Kenmore. You conquered yourself, dear girl; an honest frankness and sincerity triumphed in the end over fear and timidity, and doubts, for which there was a strange and extraordinary cause. I will conquer myself, too, and in the end there shall be nothing not to be spoken of between Margaret and her husband."

CHAP. XX.

CONCLUSION.

BUT little more remains to be told of the history of Margaret Graham, though a word or two of explanation between her husband and herself was left unsaid for two or three years, and, therefore, it should be related at the end of the tale. Previously, however, one or two little circumstances, effecting several persons mentioned in this history, had better be noticed.

The personage who acted so conspicuous a part in all the events related—I mean Tommy Hicks, the idiot, was brought to trial for the murder of old Doctor Kenmore, and the money, the head of the stick, and

all the other articles which he had stolen from the person of the deceased having been discovered by the indications which he gave, and the state of his mind having been clearly proved, it was not difficult to come to a decision as to what was to be done with him. He was consigned for life to an asylum, where he is deprived of the power of doing further mischief; and, in short, as so frequently happens in England, that was done at last which should have been done at first. One or two circumstances came out at the trial, which gave cause to suspect, and perhaps more than suspect, that to the hands of Tommy Hicks was to be attributed the fire in the rick-yard of Farmer Stumps; and with a convenient enlargement of the idea, not unusual in all communities, every one of the numerous fires which had occurred during several preceding years was laid upon the shoulders of him who was known to have been guilty of lighting one.

Jacob Halliday did not altogether escape without suspicion, not of having wilfully prompted the idiot to the act, but of having suggested it by his fierce declamations against the tyranny to which the poor were subject. He had obtained at this time sufficient employment to maintain himself comfortably upon the lands of Lady Fairfax, but Jacob was somewhat of an unsettled disposition; he had heard a great deal of wealth and independence to be obtained in another continent; and having drawn some aid from his cousin Ben, who is now a wealthy and prosperous man, he betook himself to the Land of Liberty and Repudiation. Ben Halliday thrives and prospers; his eldest son gladly quitted the manufacturing districts to regain health, and enjoy tranquillity in rural occupations. The girl Susan hung between life and death, health and sickness, for several months, but of all the medicines that ever were prescribed, the most efficacious for diseases of the stomach, the heart, and the chest, are prosperity and happiness, and on these she recovered. Charley has grown a fine stout boy, and is already able to assist his father in many things.

There are only two other persons, I believe, except Sir Allan and Lady Fairfax, in whom the reader will take any interest. Sir Stephen Grizly was, at the time we have been speaking of, a widower without children. It is an uncomfortable state, for one misses sadly (to say nothing of more weighty things) all the little pleasures and all the little annoyances of married life. In short, existence becomes a stagnant pond that wants stirring. Sir Stephen resolved to bring a stream of fresh water through it, and to marry again. It was wonderful what an interest he began to take in the arrangements of the Mount Cottage after Miss Harding became its possessor. He offered her a great deal of good advice upon many things, much of which she did not take, and then he offered her his hand, which, after a little consideration, she did take. Though she was past forty she still retained traces of beauty. Sir Stephen was fifty-two, and had never been pretty; but he was an excellent and amiable man, and though an original in his way, was easy in his temper and gentlemanly in his habits. It was by no means an ill-assorted union, and proved a very happy one.

Allerdale House and the estate attached to it became the property of Sir Allan Fairfax. He removed some of the improvements of Mr. Hankum, but did little or nothing himself to the building, or the grounds, except restore them both to the state in which they had been left by Mr. Graham. Margaret felt that it was a compliment to her father's memory, and was grateful for it, though not a word was said by either upon the sub-

ject. They both loved the spot, and every year visited it in the early autumn, wandering with love undecayed through scenes where love first began, and with every object around them recalling some happy hope of early years to lend new lustre to fruition.

It was there, in the month of September, and towards nine in the evening, that Fairfax and his fair wife and an old brother officer, who had been major of his regiment, were seated after dinner, on the day that the latter had come down, in somewhat bad health, to pass a week or two with his friend. They had dined at six, so that they had remained chatting together some time after the dessert was put upon the table, calling up old scenes, and going through past campaigns. Margaret sat and listened with interest and love and pride, for assuredly all she heard told to her beloved husband's advantage, and sometimes she would ask for further details of adventures barely referred to by the two officers, and then they would sit for several minutes silent, musing over the past, or enjoying the present, while to the mind of each the shadowy end of the dining-room would become peopled with the images of memory or fancy.

"Do you know, Fairfax," said the old major, at length, "that poor Harrington is dead?"

"No, indeed," replied Fairfax, "I had not heard of it. Where did he die?"

"In Paris," replied the other. "It was put in the papers that he died suddenly; but some people say he committed suicide."

"I hope not," said Sir Allan, "that would be indeed a sad termination to a not very satisfactory career. I met him once after he sold out of ours, and we passed an evening together at an inn. He was then in good spirits, because his purse was full; and you know, Leslie, it was only when his pocket was empty that he was melancholy. Nothing on earth seemed to touch him but that."

"Ah, poor fellow, I am sorry for him," answered the old officer, "he was a wild, thoughtless dog, but a fine, honourable fellow."

Fairfax was silent; but at length he said, "He was generous and kind-hearted, but I think very weak, which often placed him in very unpleasant situations. He was uncommonly clever, too, in almost every thing he undertook; but I do not know a more dangerous combination for a man's own self, or for others, than ability and weakness."

"I believe you are right," answered the major, "and certainly poor Harrington had both."

Here the conversation in regard to this individual ended; and shortly after the party returned to the drawing-room; but even there they did not protract the night long; for Lady Fairfax was in a rather delicate situation, and about half-past nine she retired. She had not been long in her dressing-room when her husband joined her, and sitting down by her as she lay upon the sofa, he said,—

"Leslie has gone to bed, for he is sadly shaken, poor man, and so now, Margaret, I have come up to tell you a story."

"Indeed!" she said. "Is it an oriental tale, or a romance of our own land?"

"A little of both, dear girl," he answered. "You remarked, I dare say, our conversation about Captain Harrington?"

"Yes, I did, and was sorry for him, poor man," replied Margaret.

"Well, my love, upon his life hung the only secret I had from my

Margaret," said Fairfax. "I gave my honour that I would not reveal it as long as he lived, not even with the reservation of the name, for one part of the transaction was so well known, that the other, if told, was sure to be fixed upon him. When I was a very young man, Margaret, I entered into a distinguished regiment of foot, my good uncle having purchased a commission for me, by very strenuous saving, for he was liberal, and a somewhat careless man by habit and disposition, and no income would have been more than sufficient for him. I was in that regiment when I first knew you, and one of my early companions, as a fellow ensign, was this very Harrington. He had exchanged into a cavalry regiment some years before I came hither, but I, having no means of paying the difference, remained where I was. After the sharp dismissal I received from your mother, and the vanishing of all hope of hearing from you or your father, I became so gloomy, that my uncle inquired the cause, and I told him that I was most anxious to see active service, and to obtain some means of distinguishing myself. The only field open was India, and the kind old man found means to raise upon his books and pictures, which were to have formed a little fund for me after his death, the sum required for the purchase of a troop in the very same regiment into which Harrington had previously exchanged. I found him with the regiment, when I joined, and was delighted to do so, for he was a most agreeable man, and none of the bad points of his character had become apparent during our first short acquaintance. I found him very much changed, however. He was fond of gambling and the turf, had a good deal of the braggadocio about him, and though still showing great abilities, and a heart that was generous and noble by fits and starts, I did not feel that a man of such very loose principles was one of whom I could make my friend. I believe he was piqued by a certain degree of reserve which he remarked in my manner; but he took no notice, and we remained upon civil and kindly terms. One night he was boasting that such was his luck, as he called it, at cards, that he could feel sure of dealing himself a certain number of honours upon the average every time the cards were dealt for ten times. The thing struck me as ridiculous, and, excited by the conversation, I exclaimed, 'Nonsense, Harrington. I will bet you a hundred pounds you do not.' He instantly said 'Done.' I could not retract, and the next night the trial took place in his rooms, before a number of brother officers. He won the bet, and I paid my hundred pounds, though it left me poor for the next twelve months. The matter was over, and I thought no more of it but as of a very foolish act on my own part, the punishment for which would cure me, for the rest of life, of using a silly expression to prove my conviction. Harrington, ^{scd} out of the regiment some time after and returned to Europe, and I followed upon leave at the end of six or eight months. By this time my poor uncle was dead. I had nothing but a very small annuity and my pay. My funds were nearly exhausted when I arrived in England; and I had no means of purchasing the papers on which my fortunes, as it turned out, depended—purchasing, I may call it, for although the rascal asserted that he detained them as payment for a charge against my poor father, which the executors had refused to pay, that was all a pretence. However, hearing of your father's disasters, I came down to Cumberland at once. I wrote to you: you answered me, and I set out for London again like a madman, to hurry forward the sale of my com-

mission. It was rendered necessary by the event I am going to tell you. At a small town in Huntingdonshire, the axle of the stage broke about nine o'clock in the evening, and I was forced to betake myself to an inn till the damage could be repaired. I found there in the passage my old fellow soldier Harrington, who seemed, and I believe was, exceedingly glad to see me, invited me to his rooms, and entertained me as well as the place would permit. He saw, however, that I was in low spirits, and very anxious to proceed, and he put many questions in a more delicate manner than I could have expected from what I had before known of his character. I answered him frankly that I was hurrying to London to sell my commission, as I believed that my whole future prospects in life might depend upon the command of a small sum of money which I did not possess. He immediately offered me assistance; but that I at once declined; for he was not one, Margaret, towards whom I would lay myself under any obligation. I told him I did not borrow money, and that reply seemed to throw him into a deeper fit of meditation than I ever saw fall upon him before. He asked, what did it matter accepting the loan of a few hundred pounds from an old friend, when they could be easily repaid at any time by the very step which I was rashly going to take at once without necessity. I told him that one hundred was all I required, but that even that I would not borrow.

"This plunged him in deeper meditation still, and then he sent for wine, and drank a good deal. I had often before remarked, that when affected by wine, a naturally frank and generous character appeared in him which had been terribly obscured by the effects of vices and weaknesses, and as he warmed on the present occasion, he urged me more strongly to accept the money that I required. I still resisted, and told him my resolution was unalterable; and, at length, he became considerably agitated. He rose, paced up and down the room, and, at length, grasping my hand, he said, 'Take it, Fairfax, take it; and relieve my mind of a great load.' I replied, with something like a smile, that I did not see how it would relieve his mind to burden mine; but that such was my firm resolution, that I would not borrow money if my whole fortune in life depended upon it. I cannot tell you all the steps which led to the conclusion. He had recourse again and again to the glass; he seemed to waver and hesitate; and, indeed, his conduct appeared so strange in pressing assistance upon a man unwilling to receive it, that I began to think his intellect was affected, when suddenly he became calm, sat down, and said, "Now, Fairfax, you must take the money, and I will tell you why; but you must promise me, upon your word of honour, never to repeat what I am going to say as long as I am alive." I readily promised, and he went on to say, 'I can bear my feelings no longer, Fairfax. When first I played you a very sorry trick, I tried to pass it off upon myself as a good joke. I thought I could tell you at any time, and would tell you some day. But month after month passed by, and I did not tell you, and then I sold out, and we were separated, and I became ashamed to write to you, but still I resolved to tell you the whole facts, and make restitution as soon as ever I saw you. I should have done it already, but you seemed to give me an opportunity of following a middle course, and not risking your good opinion for ever, while I restored to you what is your own. Do you remember a bet between us, in regard to how many honours I would deal myself so many times running, and that I won a

hundred pounds of you ?' I replied I did perfectly ; and his rejoinder was, " Well then, Fairfax, I tell you that sum was not won fairly. You piqued me by contradicting my assertion regarding my uniform luck, before the whole mess, and I determined, right or wrong, that you should lose your bet. I marked the cards, Fairfax, by running a needle through the corner of every coloured card, I re-enclosed them carefully in their covers to escape all suspicion, and completely deceived you and every one present. I thus dealt myself what I pleased, and won your money most unjustly. Now you can have no scruple at receiving it again.' At first, my love, I would hardly believe him, and thought it was a generous sort of trick he sought to play me ; but he assured me most solemnly, that he had stated the plain facts ; and, as you may easily imagine, I had no further hesitation in taking that which was my own. He eagerly bound me to the promise I had made, however, never to repeat his confession to any one as long as he lived, and I repeated it with the full determination of keeping it inviolate. Nothing on earth would have induced me to relate this story before his death, and probably I should not do so now, but that I feel there should be no subject whatsoever on which I and Margaret should not be able to speak. To you only, dear girl, shall the tale ever be told ; for though I could not agree with Leslie in thinking poor Harrington ' a fine, honourable fellow,' yet I think there was in him, as there is in a great part of the better classes in England, much that is very good, though the better qualities were, in his case, smothered by vices, follies, and affectations."

Such was the tale told by Fairfax to Margaret, and such the incident, which, in a former chapter of this work, I longed to tell at the time, and promised to tell afterwards ; but as he did not think fit to divulge the secret then, how could I ?

THE ENCHANTED PRINCESS.

FROM THE SWEDISH.

1.

WELL do I know where a Castle stands,
Where stands a Castle with mighty walls ;
Rich and bright are its towers old,
With silver ore and with ruddy gold,
Ruddy gold from eastern lands—
And of marble hewn are its giant halls.

2.

And in that Castle a verdant lime,
A lime of exquisite beauty grows,
Thick are its leaves and of emerald green,
And a Nightingale dwelt its boughs between,
Which sang in the olden, olden time,
A song when the evening star arose.

3.

There came a Knight a-riding there,
Riding alone by the marble tower,

And he heard the Nightingale's song arise,
Which fill'd his soul with a strange surprise,
To hear a song so sweetly rare
Pour'd forth in the solemn midnight hour.

4.

"Now hear me, my dear little Nightingale,
Dear little Nightingale listen to me ;
If thou wilt but a roundelay sing,
Thee will I cover from tail to wing
With a rich and gorgeous golden veil,
And girt with pearls thy neck shall be."

5.

"Nought care I for thy veil of gold,
Or necklace of pearl, though starry bright ;
The greenwood wild is the little bird's home,
In the greenwood wild I wildly roam,
Hither and thither in heat and cold,
And ever unseen by mortal sight."

6.

"And art thou a wild little greenwood bird ?
A little wild bird in the greenwood trees ?
And ever by mortal eye unseen ?
Feltst thou not cold or hunger keen,
Or rain when the night of the storm is stirr'd,
Or the snow that drifts on the northern breeze ?"

7.

"I feel not hunger—I feel not snow,
Or winter cold, or torrent of rain ;
I dwell secure in these woodland dells ;
But deep in my breast a secret dwells,
Ah me ! a dark and secret woe,
That pierces me through with undying pain.

"Oft have I torrents of wild sea seen,
Between the mountains and valleys run ;
But the friend sincere, and staunch, and tried,
Never deserts his good friend's side ;
No torrent of hatred rolls between,
But steadfast is each as the changeless sun.

9.

"I too had a loved one in flays of yore,
In days of yore he loved me well ;
A stalwart, stately, brave young knight,
Which kindled my cruel step-dame's spite ;
My brother she changed to a fierce wild boar,
And sent me into the woods to dwell.

10.

"Quickly he fled to the shaggy wood,
To the shaggy forest he fled with haste ;
In these savage haunts condemn'd to range,
Nor ever know rest, or pleasure, or change,
Until he had drunk her heart's best blood ;—
Thus seven good years did my brother waste.

11.

"Merrily once to the wood she went,
 Into the wood went this step-dame vile;
 And down by the grove of roses she hid,
 But my brother his fierce tormentress spied,
 Spied her, and quickly, with fell intent,
 Track'd the sorceress base a-while.

12.

By the left leg, with his hideous claw,
 He seized the witch while she groan'd with pain;
 He tore out her heart—he drank her blood—
 He lick'd—he lapp'd up the ruby flood—
 A minute pass'd, and my brother saw
 In a stream his human form again.

13.

"But still a little wild bird am I,
 A little wild bird of the forest green;
 And sadly and slowly I sing and weep,
 While my midnight vigils, alas! I keep,
 And hither and thither in pain I fly;
 Trembling with cold, and from hunger lean.

14.

"Yet blessed be God in the Heaven above,
 Blessed be God, who hath help'd me now;
 The chain of silence at length He broke,
 'Tis fifteen years since a word I spoke,
 Of grief, or joy, or sorrow, or love,
 With any but thee, Sir Knight, I vow.

15.

"And yet I have sung while the stars shone bright,
 And sung in the rosy morning hour,
 With my nightingale music sweet and low;
 But nothing on this broad earth I trow
 Hath given my soul such pure delight
 As the meadow green and the blooming bower."

16.

"Now hear me, my dear little Nightingale,
 Dear little beautiful Nightingale, hear;
 Come away to my chamber, and thou shalt be
 The sole companion to dwell with me,
 And sing to the stars thy sorrowful tale,
 And thou mayst fly off when the roses appear."

17.

"I thank thee, Sir Knight, for thy offer so kind,
 For thy offer I thank thee, brave young Knight;
 But, alas! I dare not accept the same,
 Forbidden to stir by my cruel step-dame;
 A home elsewhere I dare not find,
 Till the feathers fall off from my breast so white."

18.

The Knight stood awhile, and deeply thought,
 In sage reflection, awhile he stood;
 Nor heeded he much a single word
 Of fear that fell from the fair little bird,
 But her legs in his hand he quickly caught,
 For such was the will of the Lord so good.

19.

And he bore her away to his chamber fair,
To his chamber fair he the little bird bore;
The windows and doors he closed, when lo!
Into many a shape she began to grow,
Shapes that the stoutest heart might scare,
As you shall hear ere my song be o'er.

20.

A lion, and then a bear, she became.
A lion of might, and bear of size,
And then in a cluster of dragons she rose,
And then as a lindworm strong she glows,
With jaws like an all-devouring flame,
And fury fierce in her baleful eyes.

21.

He cut her fair skin with the smallest knife,
With the smallest knife he pierced her through.
The least drop of blood on the snowy floor,
And a maiden of brightness stood before,
Restored again to beautiful life,
And sweet as a flower in the morning dew.

22.

"And now I have freed thee from dire distress,
Thou standst once more in thy virgin pride;
And lovely ladye I fain would know
The sorrowful tale of thy secret woe,
And I would have thee thy race confess,
By thy noble father's and mother's side?"

23.

"My father was monarch of Egypt's land;
In the land of Egypt my mother reign'd;
My brother was found a Werewolf to be,
In the wilderness gloomily wander'd he;
For such was his step-dame's stern command,
Till his former shape he at length regain'd."

24.

"If thy father was monarch of Egypt's land,
And if thy mother in Egypt reign'd,
Then art thou my sister's darling child,
Changed to a little bird, beauteous and wild,
By thy step-dame's stern and strange command;
Oh! blest be this hour for thy shape regain'd."

25.

And great was the joy of the old and young,
And great was the joy that fill'd every breast.
That the Knight caught the dear little Nightingale,
Which often and often her sorrowful tale
In the starry hour had sweetly sung
In the lime-tree green from her lonely nest.

LIFE AND REMINISCENCES OF THOMAS CAMPBELL.

BY CYRUS REDDING, ESQ.

CHAP. XIV.

Campbell's Views respecting the System of Education to be adopted at the London University—Madame de Staël—Letter from Charles Nodier—The Poet on horseback—An Anonymous Epistle.

CAMPBELL was an advocate for the Italian pronunciation of the Latin tongue, after the manner of foreigners, and as recommended by Milton, it being in all probability nearest the original mode, and besides, becoming useful in intercourse with strangers who have no knowledge of the mode set up in England for the purpose, and therefore cannot understand English grammar-school Latin. Of this he cited an instance, which he had himself witnessed. It seemed that a doctor of one of our universities, highly eminent in Latin verse, had called on the schoolmaster of a German village, to decide between himself and a blacksmith, relative to some work done to his carriage. The different manner in which the German and the Englishman spoke Latin, rendered them mutually unintelligible. The negotiations became a perfect pantomime. An English party of travellers chanced to come up, and with them a boarding-school girl, only fifteen, who spoke French, perhaps no better than in the manner Chaucer describes :—

After the mode of Stratforde and Bow,
For French of Paris was to her unknowe.

Whichever, it was, there was a sufficient degree of sound meaning in her knowledge to relieve the worthy doctor's embarrassment. The schoolmaster could understand her, though as deaf to the English professor as he would have been to many other professors of the same profundity in Latin-English learning. "Now," said Campbell, when relating this story, "let the system of education we adopt be more congenial to the spirit of the time, and to the extension of communication by living languages or dead ones, spoken so that they can be understood." This incident he introduced in a somewhat different form into his suggestions, for the purpose of illustrating his views in the system to be adopted in the projected college or university. He was against setting youth too early to the study of metaphysics, but would rather teach them truths that were incontrovertible, that before they indulged in speculation, they might be grounded in fact. He told me, upon his return home, that he had discovered both in Berlin and everywhere that he had visited colleges in metropolitan cities, that he was fully justified in the advantages he had held out as accruing to the public from such establishments in large capitals. He wanted nothing more than he had seen, to show him that the arguments of the opponents of the measure were ill-founded. Justice demands that Campbell should have his due for the pains he took, and the laudable intention with which he promulgated the scheme of the establishment. The opponents of the measure, whose writers had slandered the intended institution, tacitly admitted the fallacy of their own arguments, by afterwards setting up a rival institution, and exhibiting the consciousness of their insincerity as to the reason of their opposition at the same time. This was highly satisfactory to Campbell's feelings, as he could not foresee that his idea would thus work out a double good, in being the cause of two establishments or education, in place of one. To him, as long as the benefit was con-

ferred on the metropolis, the end was gained. King's College would never have existed but for the London University, and that institution thus repeated the sum of public benefit. "I have done a double good," he used to say; "only educate, that is all."

To some mere shareholders in such establishments, who may look upon them like so many railways as places for the investment of money, who began or carried out such undertakings is of little moment. But with individuals of intellect, and with those who watch the tide of human events simultaneously with educational progress, no less than with those who desire to see truth and justice prevail, the case is otherwise. The name of Campbell is consecrated to a long endurance, and might well spare the honour of originating such an establishment, but there is a duty to be paid to truth. Nor is it right to infer that posterity will deal justly in such a question. Posterity is a capricious judge where it judges at all, and its fiat is as often a departure from the principle of justice as it is from that of integrity.

Campbell came back from Germany by way of Bonn, where he remained a day or two with Schlegel, as I well recollect from his bringing one of the professor's remembrances, and saying that he still talked of Madame de Staël, who had been dead eight or nine years, but who had been no great favourite with the poet. She was too smart a talker of a woman to please him. He had met her several times in London, and, it is probable, having a dislike to what are generally called "showing off" people, he was prejudiced against her on that account, for he admitted the merit of her works. It was difficult to remove from his mind a prejudice or an idea once imbibed. He asked me if I liked her manner and conversation. I replied, I did not expect to find her possessed of much personal attraction, as she had been so often characterised to the world. That Madame de Staël was no more a Sappho in my idea previous to seeing her than —

"Miss Benger," said the poet, laughing—an elderly, starch, literary lady of amiable manners and no mean abilities, who used to visit with the poet, and whose writings must be well remembered. The idea of Sappho in Benger was comical enough to those who imagined the one and knew the other. "Did you like her?" said the poet. "Where did you see her?"

I replied, in London, at 30, Argyle-street* (her residence while in England). I had called, to be introduced, with an aunt who knew her in Stockholm, and had come over in the same vessel with her. The first time of calling I saw only Mademoiselle de Staël, who said that though her mother's hour of rising was two o'clock, she was not then up, having that day seemingly made an exception to her common custom. This young lady, afterwards Duchess de Broglie, was most gentle, amiable, and agreeable: she died some years since. Campbell said it was the daughter had struck my fancy, not the mother.

I observed that nobody could listen to Madame de Staël's conversation and not be delighted with it—there might be effort to exhibit to the best advantage, but the straining did not appear.

* Passing the house the other day, I see it is converted into public baths. It was in the drawing-room on the first floor that the celebrated Corinna received her numerous visitors—to what base uses may not localities be applied once consecrated as the habitations or haunts of genius. She was there the Lioness of London Society.

"Ay, that is what Schlegel says," interrupted Campbell. "He won't see it. He is as much enchanted with her as she was with Mirabeau."

"Let her words be taken down by a reporter and judged of apart from the speaker, you will allow they are superior to any that can be cited from common conversational power. As to Mirabeau, we must not credit all the world says about distinguished persons, whom the world, feeling their superiority, always secretly hates."

"Pooh, pooh," said Campbell, "Schlegel was smitten with her; he can never say nor write enough about her. Have you read what he wrote lately in Germany about a Frenchman's picture of her Corinna?"

I replied in the negative: that Schlegel had the merit of constancy, at all events, since the lady had been dead so long.

"You don't know all, I see," said the poet. "A French artist has endeavoured to allegorise this novel in an affected picture. There is Miss Corinna, seated on a rock at Cape Misenum. She is singing, under the inspiration of two or three strapping fellows, some song or another—hardly 'Black-eyed Susan'—(this was in allusion to a ludicrous anachronism in a novel which had appeared just then, the joint composition of a venerable maiden-lady and one in the bloom of youth and beauty. The scene was laid at the court of Queen Elizabeth where Raleigh or Sidney, I forget which, is made to sing 'Black-eyed Susan.') "Miss Corinna has her eyes elevated, the only way painters have to indicate heavenly transport. Schlegel applauds the painter's judgment—as shown in her plump shoulders and rounded arm—the personification of a vigorous Flemish creature in full prime of existence—all sublimity. Now the critic has gone too far. He declares she is elevated above the earth that bore her by her expressions and genius: in his admiration he forgets the Newtonian doctrine of gravitation. This sort of compliment to Madame de Staël's memory was a proof of his regard for the author of Corinna."

I observed that he was pushing his joke too far, there was only a sincere friendship between them. Then what would Rocca have said!

"I only mean," said the poet, "that Schlegel pushes his esteem to a point of weakness. He is a great man, and she was a most extraordinary woman, and would have been one of the first in any age, but I should never like her *quoad* woman; change her to the other sex. I do not like women 'too clever,' when they are so fond of exhibiting themselves. There is Miss —, how she besets every body."

"But she is a downright blue, and has no other merit."

"No matter for colour, were she black and blue," said Campbell, "if she did not think so much of recommending herself through herself."

The poet joked in this mode which, however well telling in conversation may seem insipid in print.

I think Campbell went to Paris from Bonn, as he spoke, on his return, of Albert Montemont, a French literary man of great amenity of manners, and considerable acquirements, who had translated the "Pleasures of Hope" into French, which had gone through two or three editions. At a subsequent period I was to have brought over a copy of the latest edition for the poet, but missed Montemont the morning I left Paris. Campbell thought the translation well executed. Montemont gave me a copy of a Swiss tour in three volumes, requesting me to read to Campbell, as a

memento from him, a quotation from Metastasio, which it bore as a motto—

Addio mio ben addio ;
Conservati fidele ;
E qualche volta almeno
Ricordati di me !

Montemont was author of "*Lettres sur l'Astronomie*," and of a geographical work in six volumes, the title of which I do not remember. He was also one of the contributors to the "*Revue Encyclopedique*."

A letter from the celebrated Charles Nodier, who is not long deceased, and whose literary fame is so widely spread, I cannot avoid giving, though written some dozen years before, when all his hopes seemed blasted for ever. Campbell set no value on letters or papers. They seemed to confuse him, if only small in number, and he would destroy even what was curious, and then he frequently was at a loss. Poor Nodier had his trials it seems. The allied armies were pressing upon France. Nodier had just received an appointment from his government. He wrote from Lons le Saulnier, in the Jura.

"Il y a trois mois que j'avois depuis vingt-quatre heures seize mille francs d'appointemens. L'invasion des Autrichiens est précisément arrivée le même jour que ma fortune. Depuis ce temps là, j'ai fui pendant quarante jours de ville en ville, et de dangers en dangers, achetant à prix d'or quelques minutes de sécurité, qui devoient faire place à des nouvelles inquiétudes et à des nouveaux perils. Le reste du temps, je l'ai employé à mon retour, contrainé par tous les accidens, combattu par tous les orages, poursuivi par tous les démons qui se jouent depuis trent-trois ans de ma misérable vie. J'ai perdu mes meubles, mes habits, mon linge, mes honoraires, mes economies, mes places, mes espérances, mes collections, mes livres, mes manuscrits. J'ai été versé cinq fois entr'autres dans des abîmes, où Dieu m'a permis de ne pas périr, parceque la mesure de mes malheurs n'étoit pas encore comblée. Je suis arrivé dans mon village, avec ma femme estropiée par des chûtes, et condamnée pour longtemps, peut-être, à ne pas marcher sans béquilles. J'ai ramené ma fille saine et sauve, grace au dévouement de sa mère, qui l'a conservée au peril de sa vie dans les precipices de Valais, où nos chevaux nous avoient jétés, mais je l'ai ramenée plus pauvre que jamais, plus dénuée que jamais d'une seule probabilité, heureuse pour l'avenir, et plus à plaindre peut-être (le ciel me pardonne ce cri de découragement), que si une mort commun nous avait enveloppés tous trois dans l'horrible accident auquel nous avons miraculeusement survécu. Ma première pensée est pour vous. Pardonnez moi si elle vous attriste. Je ne cède pas tout à fait à mon sort, mais je ne puis me dissimuler ce qu'il a d'épouvantable.

"Vous sentez bien, mon ami, que tant que vous existerez je ne me croire pas irrémédiablement perdu. Je compte sur votre tendresse ; je ne doute pas que vous ne me fassiez travailler et gagnes quelque chose quand l'occasion s'en présentera. De mon côté, je n'épargnerai rien de ce qui me reste de facultes pour replir vos espérances. L'adversité a considérablement usé mes forces. Je suis miné, abattu, sans ressort, mais l'envie de vous être utile pourra réveiller mon intelligence, et relever mon énergie. La tranquillité de ma retraite est oublié, ce repos

dont j'avois besoin, jouissant peut-être mon imagination et ma cœur. Je me trouve déjà mieux."

The rest is unimportant, but the above extract paints some trials of a distinguished writer not unknown in England. How Campbell first knew this writer I am unaware. The letter was preserved by accident among our common interchange of papers, passing to me as a wrapper of one of them, for which he had used it.

During 1826 the poet complained several times of indisposition. He seemed to labour more than once under some low nervous affection, attended with a degree of irritability which rendered him unfit for mental exertion. It was a year more than usually inactive with him. It was difficult to fix his attention to any subject. He was not absent from town for more than a few days together, as I judge from finding few notes in his handwriting of that year's date. For twelve months he supplied only a few pages to the magazine, most of which consisted of a mere dressing up of his lectures. Calling one morning in Upper Seymour-street, during that year, I found the poet out and Mrs. Campbell alone. She received me with a smile, saying,

"You should have come before, you are one who persuaded my husband to ride for his health. He is the most timid creature in the world on horseback. He would not have mounted a horse from any thing you said, but his doctor was here yesterday, and he also told him he should ride. Then he was off in a hurry about it—not a moment's delay, as usual, when he takes a thing into his head. He went into the mews and got a very quiet horse, which was brought to the door. I stood at the window and saw him mount with great courage. I knew well how he felt! He then walked the horse as far as the Edgeware-road, when he fancied the creature was eager to go on; it threw up its head once or twice, and that was sufficient; he came back to the door, got off, and declared the horse was not quiet enough for him. Depend upon it he will not be seen on horseback again. He has now gone to take a walk."

"Somebody should ride out with him, Mrs. Campbell; I will go some day—we must try what can be done."

"It won't do," she replied; "you have missed the opportunity; you will never see him on horseback."

It was true enough. I never did see him on horseback, though I urged the necessity of the exercise upon him continually. He made many excuses, but not one had any connexion with an avowal of his timidity.

When I saw his "Letters from Algiers" I was surprised to observe how coolly he wrote about his horsemanship, and calling upon him not long afterwards, in the course of conversation I said,

"Well, you enacted wonders in Algiers, the climate of Africa vanquished your fears. I have not forgotten poor Mrs. Campbell telling me what a bad dragoon you were in Seymour-street, which you do not, perhaps, recollect."

"Oh, I have learned to ride since that time—it is seven or eight years ago."

"All things are possible," I replied; "you have reversed the old notion that riding, swimming, and skating are only well acquired in early life. Why, P——," mentioning a mutual friend who he well knew had given

a ludicrous account of his once setting off for Kew, on horseback, with a couple of friends, and actually reaching Hyde Park-corner with uncommon difficulty and in severe agony, but broke down there on the proposal to 'trot on.' You did not equal P—— in those days?"

"Oh," replied Campbell, laughing, "you have no right to remember old grievances."

"But we cannot forget at our volition; there may be wilful forgetfulness, but you should have given me the hint to be mum!"

"True," said the poet, "but in Algiers my fears would not permit me to be afraid."

"How? I don't understand."

"I was more afraid to let them know I was a coward than I was of the horsemanship. They were a fine set of fierce-looking soldiers, and I could not be behind them, so I rode out with them in spite of myself, and I can tell you I learned to ride that way. So you must forget my old exploits, and do me justice for the future."

I said I would if he would go out some day, when we would ride together. He made no promise. I could not help regarding the *good* horsemanship at least as something apocryphal, yet I was not unaware of his peculiar mental disposition. He was jealous of being thought deficient in any thing that might lessen him in the sight of others, since in that sense "all men would be cowards if they durst."

Of his remarkable care about his fame, I recollect a curious incident repeated to me by a friend whose veracity is undoubted. I was not in London when it occurred, and as I had no acquaintance with the party at whose house it took place, I could never have heard of it through any other channel. Campbell used occasionally to call near the Regent's Park to spend an evening. He was once there making himself exceedingly agreeable, as he could do in the society of ladies whenever he felt inclined,—for to the honour of his good taste, as already stated, he was exceedingly fond of female society. He got animated, and some of the party present began to divert themselves by scribbling rhymes and *jeux d'esprit* upon scraps of paper and envelopes of letters. Campbell, who when he entered upon any thing in the way of amusement that chanced to hit his fancy would go as far as any person, soon began to scribble pleasantries and rhymes, too, some of which were described as exceedingly happy. He took leave at rather a late hour, but the next day he either returned or sent, I forget which, and obtained all the nonsense scraps back again that he had thus written, evidently fearful lest they should by any chance go forth to the world as the productions of Thomas Campbell.

In 1826, as before said, he was indisposed—at what time of the year I cannot find out—his notes came to me by private hand, and generally with no more than the day of the week affixed in place of date. A note at that time is to this effect:—

"You know too well the circumstances which have kept me in a state of inability to supply what may be wanted. I am now able to write, and it would distress me more to transfer the supplying a notice of a book to another than to be relieved.* Have the goodness, therefore, I pray you,

* It is impossible to say to what book he refers here. When he got any work from a friend he would make a small print notice of it himself.

my good friend, to keep the press for another day open, and I will send you to-morrow night what I believe will be sufficient."

Again he wrote without even the day of the week :—

"Will you have the goodness to get this publication noticed as favourably as I am certain it deserves in this No. ?

"I have suffered a great deal since I saw you, and I am still very weak."

The printer had left sixteen pages open for him in the number for January, 1826. He only filled up nine and a half. The rest of the number had been printed. This often occurred, and in consequence I got from him a note to the following effect :—

"I have got no scrap of verse beside me. Will you have the goodness to give out one of the bits we looked at last night, to fill up the chasm in this sheet."

He had never calculated how much was required. The difficulty of discovering a piece of poetry of the exact length to dovetail in, at a moment's notice, in a work to be ready at a fixed time, was considerable. The extraordinary length thus required, at the eleventh hour, as was too often apt to be the case, made the matter more difficult. Luckily, a piece of Barry Cornwall's happened to be in the printer's hand unused, six pages and a half in length, which relieved my anxiety about this hiatus, and settled the affair just in time for the printer to save himself with the publisher. The truth was, his indisposition was upon him, he could not work. It has been observed that he went to the sea-side that year, which I gathered from the following note, seeking an interview before his departure.

"I am anxious to get out of town for a week or so to the sea-side, and to set out if I can on Monday. It would greatly oblige me if you could favour me with an interview on Sunday forenoon, and take a family dinner with us.

"If you should happen to be engaged on Sunday, however, may I beg to know if I can have the pleasure of seeing you on Monday, and at what hour. Perhaps you will have the goodness to mention at what hour I may expect you on either of the days that it may be convenient for you to come."

I believe that on this occasion he had only one or two unimportant things to say, but I think that then, I am not sure, I met a Captain, or Colonel Campbell, R.M., a very pleasant man and relation of the poet's, who had been Governor of Ascension Island. He bore no resemblance to the poet in person, and, if I recollect aright, he did not live a great while afterwards. I also dined there before, or shortly afterwards, with Captain Campbell, R.N., somewhat stout in person, but I cannot recall much of his appearance to my recollection, as I never saw him but once; indeed, I am not sure that the naval captain had not been the governor. We made merry just after his return over the following anonymous epistle. It came to him at his residence, with a short article offered for insertion. I took it away with me and kept it to the present hour. Campbell, in jest, drew lively pictures of his supposed innamorata, who, I contended, might, in place of a lady, be after all of the other sex.

"Sir,—I am very much at a loss how to address you, not at all understanding the regular method of arranging such affairs; should the enclosed meet your approbation, you will entitle yourself to the never-

ending gratitude of —, I am afraid to say whether I am man or woman, if you insert it in your magazine. If truth has any claim on your attention, you will neither neglect this simple story, nor deny the *Pleasures of Hope* to one you have enamoured of them, and as *possibly* in your *inexperienced* days you may have been in the same predicament with myself.

“I have all the right in the world to beg your favour for ‘Poor Kate.’ By way of a *bribe* I will tell you that I am a *very* woman, as you may perceive, by not being able to keep my own secret. I know the very name is, to the ears of a *poet*, what they say *abracadabra* is to the *devil*—a word of power at least; I am positive no poet could have imagined a *Gertrude*, without thinking the whole sex very dear creatures.

“As a last resource I promise you, if you consent, to send you a very particular description of myself, for I often thought I should make an admirable heroine, as I am positive, he who could describe the fair maid of Wyoming has exhausted all his inventive powers on such a masterpiece.

“Women offended are said to be vindictive enemies, but should you neglect me, I promise you I shall *only* lose the *great respect* I should have for your taste and judgment *otherwise*. If I dared send you my address, I would request you to favour me with a few lines! Ah, how precious I should think them! more sacred than a bit of the true cross, or than you would regard a jawbone of one of the eleven thousand virgins.

“Your affectionate,
“C.”

Campbell laughed heartily, and then attacked me for my assumption in supposing it could not have come from a female hand. He would not give up the point. Mrs. Campbell thought, as I did, that no female hand had indited the latter. She declared to her husband, jestingly, that he only affected to believe the contrary, to feed his own vanity.

These were some of the poet's agreeable days, and he made all agreeable around him, when in dismissing every thing exciting from his mind, and small things sufficed to excite him and make him silent and thoughtful, even slight business of the moment, he was the pleasantest company that can be conceived in a man of genius. This was by his own fireside and in the domestic comfort of days that were, after a short space of time longer, to pass away from him for ever. He was before long to change the habits of many years, and wander into paths unlike those he formerly trod, amid personal solitude and all kinds of discomfort. He must then have often looked retrospectively, and thought of the past with that regret, which the constantly repeated history, worn threadbare, of human existence, and his own philosophy could not overcome without great poignancy of feeling. But he kept his feelings and sensations to himself more than most other men are able to do. Few were equally sensible how unavailing the exposition of such feelings is sure to be, how little of sympathy they really excite in the bosoms of others. It is difficult to conceive, it must be admitted, of what advantage is the recurrence of recollections that only serve to keep alive painful emotions. In the present instance they drove the poet out into the world, and ultimately into company very different from that which had been previously his habitual selection—but this is anticipating events.

THE PRIEST OF ISIS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AZETH, THE EGYPTIAN."

V.

THE PRIESTLY SLAVE.

WHEN Oëri was forced away by the grand Hierophant,—when she was obliged to listen to his hateful love, which had not the purity nor the truth of the hapless priest's, to win its pardon from the offended conscience,—when she was constrained to suffer the touch of that hand upon her arm, to hear that voice within her ear,—a spirit of bitter hatred, ruthless and undying, took possession of her; and she mentally vowed that this insult of his love should be only atoned for by his death. Would this vow, whether performed or broken, be registered for good or for evil in the Tablets* of the Doom, on that fearful day of the metempsychosis? Would the great and wise Osiris love the maiden's virtue and the woman's constancy; or would he condemn, without mercy, the evil spirit of unforgiveness? It is hard to say whether the sin, which is inevitably bound up with the virtue, may be pardoned for that accompanying good; or whether virtue, to be righteous, must be spotless and alone!

Oëri kept a rigid and sullen silence, whilst her tormentor forced her with him; those of the priests who had not been dismissed with Zimnis to the cells beneath the temple, walking at a short distance from them; and for all reply to his passionate words, she but once pointed to the priestly garments which he wore. Semmuthis understood her.

"The robe of Isis was no garb of sanctity around thy boyish lover," he said, bitterly. "Is thy conscience such thy good slave, Oëri, that it can veil itself before the one, but rise indignant against the other, crime, at thy bidding? I would that thou couldst curb its virtuous upbraidings now, fair saint! I would that Semmuthis might gain some of those immunities lavished on the happy Zimnis! Still silent?—still in wrath? Cruel Oëri!—nay, rather, kind Oëri!—for thou art but enhancing the value of thy love by all this feigned denial!"

"See how sweetly and how nobly the good father counsels yon erring child!" said one of the priests, admiringly; "and she, so sullenly the while, looks upon the ground, and keeps that gloomy silence. Oh! Semmuthis is a true father to his people!"

Oëri heard those words. She turned round and fixed her dark eyes upon the speaker, while a look of contempt and wondering pity came upon her face. The priest who had spoken was a thin, and slightly built man, but supple and active. His countenance was highly expressive, but also betokened great weakness and vacillation. He was formed by nature to be one of that large religious class—the dupes—the slaves—the instru-

* In the day of the soul's judgment, Thoth inscribes the actions and character of the deceased, while Anubis weighs his virtues in the balance of truth, and Osiris Onnofre judges and decrees.

ments in the power, and under the control of others ; guided by aught and by all, but their own mental strength.

" Fool," muttered Oëri, bitterly, " art thou thus blinded by shadows !"

" Sinful daughter," said Semmuthis, in a loud voice, " weak and erring as thou art, what mercy canst thou look for? What punishment, thinkest thou, is meet for her who loves unlawfully—who loves blasphemously—who would stain the white robe of the Mother, and sully the court of the gods with her earthly sins? Can torture and imprisonment, can the sacrifice of that beauty which has led thee into such fearful evil, atone for that evil? Can any sacrifice make good for crime? I would fain say thee thus—I would fain say thee, be comforted, the past can be redeemed by the future; but I am the servant of the gods, and I must not interpret the oracle amiss."

" Wouldst thou drive me mad?" cried Oëri, frantically; " be still, thou base and wicked one ! guilty as thou already art, add not this greater guilt of hypocrisy."

" Dost thou teach the high priest the morals of his faith?" returned Semmuthis in a high voice, and savagely. " Out on thee, thou sinner's child ! must thy tongue be cast before thee, ere thou hast learnt to control it ? Forgive me, beautiful," he then whispered, " I am constrained to chide thee thus publicly—I will repay thee in secret."

" He is right," said the priest who had spoken before ; " he is a holy Hierophant, and one who loves his faith better than the sickly civilities of manhood."

An old man, pale with thought and worn with care, gazed steadily, first on the Hierophant, then on this enthusiastic eulogiser.

" Art thou in jest or in truth, my son?" he asked, quietly.

" Father! thy question is strange! Should a priest of Isis jest?—jest, too, of his Hierophant? Am I a dog, or a tented Israelite, that thou shouldst thus think of me?"

" Thou art true, then?" he said, even more quietly than before; " yes, I see it; thy soul is in thy words. Keep thy faith, Asafor; but with it close thy senses. Hush ! never give out to all the world, boy, the secret advice whispered thee ! When nations have free knowledge, then is our office at an end ! Silence ! silence ! the Hierophant of Isis calls !"

The younger priest rushed forward as Semmuthis pronounced his name, and bending reverently before the high priest, raised his hand to his lips, then lowered it to his knee.

" Thy will, O, most holy priest?" he asked, not daring to raise his eyes.

The high priest smiled, and the smile made his loathsome features yet more hideous, for it was like the shadow of a fiend flitting over his face.

" Take this wretched child of Typhon—accursed be his name—and lead her to the cells which are under the Mystic Cave. Thou knowest what I would mean, Asafor?"

Asafor shuddered, he turned pale, and still keeping his eyes upon the ground, answered—

" Beneath the Mystic Cave lie the dogs of Death,*—the bull is heard to

* In the ceremony of initiation, the mystic cavern,—the place of death or sleep,—was one of the most important stages; and the forms of dogs, and bulls, and wild beasts, and other more horrible shapes were assumed, both by the mystics and the priests, to test the courage of the candidate. But many believed in their reality.

moan, and the tiger and the hyena howl their pain: must the tender woman meet with such?"

"She meets with her chastisement," replied Semmuthis, glancing at Oëri to see what effect these few words had had upon her. "It is needful that she there learns from anguish the magnitude of her guilt. Lead her away, for her shadow sullies the glory of the moonlight, and Heaven disowns the love of nature while her breath is on the air. Lead her away—lead her away. She must make of her tears the mirror which shall show her repentance."

And Asafor, taking the young girl's hand, led her through the pylon, or gateway of the temple; then crossing the court, he opened a door in the wall, and Oëri was entombed in a long, dark, silent passage. The priest had gone; she was alone in this narrow grave of her living heart. A woman, weak, and unaided, and helpless, prisoned in the toils of her enemy; left there, like a captive bird, to break its wings against the bars, and hopelessly to call on the bright forms of nature for release. It might have paled a man's cheek, and he not have blushed for his cowardice,—for the horrors of the place were many, and the mysterious words of the high priest added to these horrors from that very mystery.

It was a low, narrow, stifling passage, in which the poor girl had been thrust. It lead on, without turning, or without place of release, till she almost fainted from fatigue. Yet it was too narrow for her to rest—too low even to allow her to stand upright. Her fair young body bent—her noble head depressed—she felt her gloomy way through this unending darkness, till at last her brain seemed giving way, and shapes and sounds flitted before her eyes, and whispered in her ears, and seemed to mock her as they thus gathered and jibbered round her.

She felt that she was going mad. She called aloud for help—she beat upon the walls, as if she would have torn the heavy masonry asunder, in her wild agony for freedom. But the echoes only answered her cries; and the solid wall gave no opening for escape. This was a horrible moment! one sufficient to whiten each hair of those raven tresses, and grave lines of terror, and sudden on-coming age, indelibly on that smooth brow. With eyes dilated, and lips half-opened—her hands torn and bleeding—her robe flecked with the red drops—and her hair, which had fallen from its bands, smoothed back with such fearful ointment, the poor Oëri stood, while the name of "Zimnis!" echoed through the air.

In vain! in vain! She might cry the raven hoarse with her wild prayers, but the hapless Zimnis lay bound in his lone cell; and for all the balm to his bleeding wounds, had but the thought of his beloved in the power of Semmuthis; and for all aid on her way, had but his prayers to the gods, in whom he believed not.

While Oëri stood there, suddenly she saw a light in the dim distance. It was like torchlight more than the light of day, or of the sun, or of the moon. A yellow heavy spot of flame that flickered in its own little place, but gave no lustre round. Oëri did not pause to consider whether friend or foe should bear that light. It must be the harbinger—if of danger and of death—yet also of deliverance. And the worst of active evils is better than this slow, maddening dread; and the release of death is better than this fearful imprisonment.

As rapidly as she could, the poor maiden went towards the light; when what was her horror and dismay to find that it proceeded from a deep

pit* or abyss of unknown depth, the darkness of which was rendered all the more apparent by the fitful glare of large torches which blazed round the edge. She uttered a cry; and with that strange madness which seizes many, she would have flung herself into the abyss, but an arm was round her—a hand was laid upon her mouth—and without a moment's time for reflection, she was dragged, rather than led, through an opened door into a wider passage.

"Thou shalt not rescue the prisoner of the Hierophant!" cried the voice of Asafor, and the priest stood before the young girl and her deliverer. "What iniquity has seized upon thee, father?—what madness have the gods flung over thee? Loose that pale maiden; she is the sacrifice to the Thmei, of our Holy Father's offering up."

"Out of my path, vain prater!" answered the man who held Oëri. "Dream thy dreams of sick holiness beneath the quiet moon, when nor work is lying to be done, nor human life claims thy care; but blight not the heart of charity—wither not the hand that would save, by such pulling phantasies! Away! This victim shall at the least be spared! Hast thou not worked an evil sufficient for thee, in thy betrayal of the frail ones?"

"May the gods avert the evil!" cried Asafor, devoutly. "But sure the very walls will cry out upon this sin, and ruin will be thy punishment!"

But the old priest did not hear this prophecy; for holding Oëri tightly by the hand, he hurried her still on and onward.

Through darkness and through danger on they went; the old man's feet winged with the divine fleetness of charity to a very antelope's swiftness. On through the gloom—on through the blackness—on!—on!—past that wide opening with its distant flood of light—past those circling steps which led out into the free heavens—on!—on!—away through the passages—down the steep descents—up yon toilsome way—on!—on! Stay not—rest not—thou Priest of Mercy, and thou erring child of clay! On!—on!—the pursuer is behind—he has tasted blood, and he must drink deep. His soul is steeped in crime, and he must lave its scars of sin again and again in fresh vileness. On!—on!—death, and torture, and disgrace are behind ye;—pardon, life, and day are the goal! On!—on!—through the prison paths—out—away—into the world of liberty and love!

And now the waters splash before them.

The passage ends where the Nile† has flooded in; and that pure element, which speaks of regeneration in baptism, does not belie its promise of a better life now. A boat is moored close to the steps in which the way terminates, and the old man threw into it preserved dates, figs, bread, wine, and grapes. He then turned to Oëri, and said in a low voice, looking cautiously round, "Steer this boat into the open river—turn the lotus prow down the stream; and never hold thy hand until thou art safe within thy father's house. He will not chide thee; he will receive thee stilly—ah! in the stillness of death, young girl. Nay, start not—weep

* This was one peculiarity of the Egyptian sub-templar way. Wherever the uninitiated turned, deep pits opened before him. This, then, was an initiatory abyss, which, covered by a trap-door or other contrivance, might suddenly yawn before the candidate.

† The priests could and did turn the Nile through the cells, &c. under the temples. This was very useful in all the initiatory trials and phantasmagoria.

not—thy deed is done. The first fruits of thy unholy lover was the murder of thy father. The end—ay! the end! Think on thy noble lover slain in the midst of life; and weep, Oëri, that thou hast so ill-controlled thy heart!—for such will be the end of thy madness!”

“Father! father! thy blessing!” cried Oëri, broken with sorrow, and almost lifeless at his feet. “Thy pardon—the pardon of Heaven—grant me for my peace!”

“My blessing, and the blessing of the Eternals be thine, fair daughter. Repent thee, and offer to the angry deities the purest sacrifice that thou canst—the sacrifice of self!”

And thus saying, he lifted her into the boat; then cut the rope, and stood watching her, while fainting and alone in the frail bark, the waters bore her into the angry Nile.

“She is safe from *him*!” he then cried, “and perilous as is her way, is not death better than bondage unto him? I should not grieve were I to hear that this lovely life were given up to the destruction of the waves, for this will have saved her from a worse fate. Oh! glad am I, and my day is made joyful, for I have saved from ruin one of the children of men; and be the gods, whose names I wear upon my breast and upon my lips, or false or true, the virtues are eternal and unchanging, and they can neither deceive nor fail.”

And then he turned back, and slowly passed through the passage.

“Traitor!—hoary in thy sins—have I thus met thee!” cried a voice, and Semmuthis, accompanied by Asafor, started before the old man’s way. “Is it thus thou upholdest the authority of thy chiefs, and thus thou preachest the religion of the Mighty Mother?”

“Semmuthis,” answered the old man, “I preach out the doctrines of the forgotten virtues, and I uphold the authority of the laws of right and mercy.”

“This to the Hierophant!” cried Asafor; “darest thou to answer him?”

“Poor weak and blinded child! when wilt thou be able to bear the light?” said the old man, half in pity, half in contempt.

“Thus—and thus—and thus; do I punish sedition, treachery, and blasphemy!” cried Semmuthis, plunging a short curved knife into the old man’s side. “Take that fallen brother,” he then said to the trembling Asafor, “and plunge his sinful body into the holy Nile. The sacred waters will purify him, so that perchance he may pass through the metempsychosis, and be not banned for ever.”

“Gods, be ye merciful!” groaned the dying man. “Eternal judges of the children of men, punish me not too severely! Gods, ye great and awful spirits, receive my soul in Amenti for good and not for ill!” and then he fell back upon the stones of that narrow passage, and as his soul passed from him and fled up to the gods, for the first time it learnt of truth.

Why should death be a thing so dreaded and so feared? It frees us from pain—it delivers us from sin—it grants to us knowledge and a life that shall not end. Why should we alone, of all creation, fear that God whose hand over us has been the shadow of love veiling us from harm? We shall but know our father better; we shall but speak in tenderer accents, more lovingly and more intimately, that adoration which we have uttered in our prayers; we shall but hear more distinctly that Voice, which now we hear only in the Words and the Speech of Nature.

Why should death be dreaded? Let us rather rejoice that, as night was given to the earth, so is death given unto man—that the life, too, has a time of rest and peace!

Oëri allowed the boat to drift at its will; too weak to attempt to guide it, and too delicately nurtured, in any case, to steer even so light a bark. But the current bore it safely out into the open river, by a low arched way, through which a canal had been formed from the Nile, from the one side to the other of the Holy Island.

It was early morning when the boat carried her into the waves of the sacred river. The sun had just risen above the horizon; the birds were singing their first songs of thankfulness and joy; morning, with all her bright, fresh beauty, laughed upon the earth, and the only utterance of nature was delight. And in the midst of all, the pale Oëri lay, motionless and lifeless, beneath the sun; a withered lily on the waters; a blossom broken in its bloom.

And long she lay in this trance; but the visions which gathered over her might be those of peace and bliss. She might dream of some fair spot, where man had never laid his dreadful laws, and never spoken words contrary to the voice of nature; where love might be as nature had framed it, the purifier, the blesser, the consolation of men; where holiness should not be denied, nor crime set up in its stead. These dreams come in the night—they come when the senses have fainted—they come when the stranger power is over us, and we see deep into the supersensual things—they come when the spirit is the sole vision, while the body is in bondage. And they are true; for the soul is truer than the sense, and that which is perceived of higher worth than that which is known.

Oëri awoke from these dreams and visions of pure joy; she woke as her solitary boat struck against a rock, and the waters foamed over her head; she woke from her dreams to the reality of a deathful danger.

A NIGHT PICTURE.

THE night is passing on apace,
A fresh bespangled night of May,
Had but the moon a cloudless face,
The night would be as clear as day.

Sleep is on all, save here and there,
Some lonely lamp is glimmering still;
The fountain serenades the air,
And sparkles in the starlight chill.

In truth it gives me joy to see
Yon ebon cloud drift fast away;
The moon will soon be full and free,
And all the night as clear as day

SECRET HISTORY OF THE COURT, MINISTRY, AND TIMES OF GEORGE IV.

WITH ANECDOTES OF REIGNING DYNASTIES, ARISTOCRACIES, AND PUBLIC
MEN, INCLUDING RUSSIAN CZARS, AUSTRIAN EMPERORS, FRENCH
KINGS, ROYAL DUKES, SECRET SERVICES, &C. &C.

BY AN OLD DIPLOMATIST.

CHAP. IX.

London, August 20, 1816.

NOTHING new, except the bustle and confusion pervading a great house, in consequence of an express received in town on Sunday night with an account of the sudden and alarming disposition of a great personage at the head of the state. The Prince Regent has had another serious relapse. Walker, the surgeon to the household, went down to Hampton Court, and there bled and blistered his R. H. The bulletin of the last evening did not pronounce the prince in a convalescent state.

The Divorce.—The Lords Grey and Holland mean to vote against the question. Here's a change! but their friends say, "Yes! it is very true; those noble lords meant to support the measure, if they had taken office! "The coolness between the Princess Charlotte and her papa continues; the former received an invitation to the Queen's fête. Her Highness refused it.

The Countess of Loudon and Moira arrived in Great Cumberland-place, on Saturday. Lord Moira's Steward (Jacques) was with me on Sunday; he states that when the countess touched at St. Helena, on her way home from the East, Napoleon applied to her to be the bearer of a petition to the Prince Regent. This application she refused, alleging as a reason, that "as she never had, at any period, or under any circumstances, interfered in politics, she must be excused on this occasion." Bonaparte was very much mortified.

You applied to me relative to a seat in Parliament; one certainly can be procured with great ease upon the terms you mentioned. B——, the banker, pays 1000*l.* a year; for S——d, 900*l.* is paid. There are many others disposed of in the same way.

C—— has again disappointed the ministers! They calculated upon the success of their proceedings against him, particularly when they found he meant to plead his own cause. They grounded their opinion upon the old adage. "If a man pleads his own cause, he is sure to have a fool for his client." It is true he is found guilty, but what is the offence?—The law says, "breaking prison is a transportable offence;" but where is the proof? "Escaping from 'prison' is quite another thing. C—— did not convict himself, and the prosecutor had no evidence to bring forward to elucidate the way in which he did escape.

The Royal Sovereign Yacht.—This superb vessel, the most splendid beyond comparison ever launched in England, came out of Deptford Dock-yard on Saturday last, and will sail in a week for Brighton. Of the exterior it is unnecessary to speak. The descent to the state rooms is by an easy winding staircase; the balustrades of which are of mahogany

richly carved and gilded, and the walls are panelled in the same style. The after and centre cabins, and the passage communicating with the lord-in-waiting's cabin beyond, are panelled with crimson damask, bordered with mahogany, enriched with gold. The ceilings and doors are of fine mahogany, the panels beautifully bordered with carvings so richly gilt and highly finished, that they appear as of the solid metal. Chairs and sofas, of crimson damask, in frames of mahogany and gold, surround the rooms; the doors, of which there are four in the centre cabin, are covered with mirrors; all the windows are of plate glass, and both these and the blinds draw up like those of a coach; their deep sides are painted scarlet. From the ceilings are suspended gilt chains, as if for Grecian lamps, but they are to suspend the tables, that they may sway with the vessel when in motion. In the after cabin, the rudder post, which comes down there is inlaid on three sides with mirrors, so that none of the wood appears. Below the stern windows are ottomans of crimson damask. The carpets are in shades of deep green and yellow. The room of the lord-in-waiting is panelled in white and gold, the chairs scarlet leather.

If any one returning from a view of this splendid thing should ask, "Is it altogether admirable?" the answer would be "No—the finery is totally misplaced, and exhibited in contradiction to good taste, not a limb may be moved incautiously—one careless elbow would wound a gilt statue of Prudence, another that of Temperance (I do not recollect that Economy is personified here); an awkward shoulder would demolish a mirror." Few things contribute more to melancholy than finery out of place. The hull of this yacht, covered with carving and gilding, is not fit to be touched by any of the objects amidst which she must move. The quarter windows, which are surrounded by the motto of the order of the garter, would more appropriately have borne that of the thistle; for every one of the gilt Cupids, which in the upper quarter support bundles of laurel, seem to call out, "Don't touch me." So profuse is the gilding, on the outside of this vessel, that even what are called *dead eyes*—the blocks through which the large ropes pass that slacken or tighten the shrouds—are covered with it. Yet a rope could scarcely be moved without defacing them.

London, August 23, 1816.

The Prince Regent's health!—His royal highness has had a narrow escape! The consequence of a banquet given on Saturday last to a party of five *bon vivants*, when the prince swore he would make them drunk, and thus finish them all—it nearly finished him! Repletion brought suppression, which was succeeded by inflammation. Sir Walter Farquhar was the first disciple of Esculapius in attendance; Walker, the apothecary, followed. The faculty were confounded by appearances—at last, Dr. Sangrado's universal specifics were resorted to with success. But it was not long before a relapse took place, which plunged the learned tribe into a state of horrible confusion—a spasmodic affection nearly finished the hope of the state. Ultimately his highness got a little better. Since Sunday he has loathed all kinds of food—barley-water and water-gruel are the grand *desiderata*. The following note is a copy, *verbatim et literatim*, of one sent by Sir Thomas Tyrwhit to the Lord Chancellor, at a late hour last night, viz.:

"A little better, and sustenance has been received—still great oppression on the chest."

The first attack was a pleurisy! Expresses are sent off to Windsor every six hours. The Hertfords are said to have arrived in the neighbourhood of Hampton Court. Lord Yarmouth has returned from Brighton. The ministers—amid all this, you may suppose, are not tranquil! Dreary and dark are their presentiments! They are now actually begging of the Whigs to interfere with the Grenvilles—they offer to resign upon any terms, and where they find an individual of a wavering turn, they beset him continually. To the independent country gentlemen, Castlereagh and Liverpool admit, in the most unqualified language, their total inability to meet Parliament.—By-the-by, this admission is made only to those in whom they think they can place confidence. Yesterday, Castlereagh, Liverpool, Canning, and Sidmouth, were closeted together, at the Foreign Office, for several hours; at the close of the conference, messengers were sent off to various parts of the continent. Leach says, that all the crown-lawyers are greatly alarmed for themselves personally. The public meetings upon the state of the country have developed so many lame tricks, that they fear the popular fury which is ready to burst out all over the kingdom against sinecurists and placemen.

The Divorce.—A pamphlet is getting ready for the press upon this subject, which I will send you—ere publication. It treats upon the persecution which the Princess of Wales has undergone, and enters largely into the objects of the promoters of the legal steps now in a progressive state.

The Princess Charlotte has wholly withdrawn herself from her royal father's connexions. She says it is her intention to appeal to the public. The forthcoming pamphlet accuses L—— with being the prime adviser of the Prince Regent in these proceedings. L—— denies this, and adds, "that he received his instructions from the prince, and he is bound to obey them."

Three o'clock, p. m.—A bulletin from Hampton Court. "The Prince Regent, being relieved from spasm, had passed another favourable night." There are some apprehensions of another attack of the gout. Ministerial men feel indignant at the Princess Charlotte's not having been once down to see her royal father.

The topic of conversation in every circle is the illness of the Regent. General Barton said this morning, "If the Prince Regent's indisposition continues, the Duke of York will have the management of public affairs." He spoke this with an earnestness, as if some such measure was then under discussion. 'Sir R. W—— is either gone or going immediately, to Howick, on a visit to Earl Grey.

Mr. Edward Walpole has just said, "Ministers are perfectly satisfied with the situation of the continent; it is the internal concerns of this country that alarm and distract them." This E. Walpole is a relative of the Westmorlands'; he sees the earl almost every day, and dines often at Liverpool's.

No change will take place in the administration—Wellesley holds out!

The sinecures, it is supposed, will be given up, but not without a hard struggle!

To our astonishment, we have witnessed two whole days without rain. At this moment, five o'clock, a tremendous storm is brewing in the air.

London, August 27, 1816.

Nothing new, except that the Regent is recovering, and his wife is coming here! The latter is only a report.

L—— contradicts most vehemently the assertions made by the anonymous writer of the forthcoming pamphlets, viz. :—that he (L——) is the sole adviser of the Regent in the intended proceedings against the Princess. L—— says, and he says truly, that he has opposed, instead of proposed, the intended measures. The fact is, that my Lord Erskine is the man!—He heads the confederacy, and receives his instructions from the Queen. Talking of queens, it would be a curious coincidence of events, not improbable ones, which should produce a trio—three queens, I believe, England never yet saw!

Ministers are still most positive as to the continuance of the peace—they assured the Earl of Lauderdale, on Sunday evening, at the Duke of Cumberland's, that every unfavourable report was false. Even with America we are upon the best possible terms. Nothing can be more satisfactory than the assurances we daily receive from all parts of the continent. Our sole fears are at home, and these, we hope, will be speedily dispelled by the favourable change in the weather, and the flattering prospects held out of the revival of our continental relations." So convinced was Lauderdale of the sincerity of Liverpool, that he implicitly believed all that the latter thought proper to utter. "Lord Grey's correspondents may have the best intentions, but they may also be deceived;" added his lordship. I suppose he alluded to Sir R. W——.

The Opposition are again crest-fallen! The ministers are resorting to the Pitt system of rousing the energies of the country—that is—alarming the independents; namely, the land and fund-holders, by the cry of 1793! "You must support us or the country will inevitably sink under the horrors of a revolution." "By taking these steps, they will identify themselves with the country. As to the Grenvilles and Whigs, they have not the character of being favourably disposed to the adoption of strong measures—they will, therefore, not do for the lives and fortune-men." Thus spoke B. K—— yesterday.

A political meeting, *au secret*, takes place, this evening, at the Wilderness, in Kent—by-the-by, an unhappy term that for a deliberative council! I suppose you know that is the name of the Marquis of Camden's seat. Lord Chatham is gone down this day, and Castle-reagh is in the neighbourhood—speaking of Camden, it would not be amiss to mention that the noble lord begins to betray a certain portion of fear, as the following anecdote will portray. I regularly pass his mansion every night in 'going home. What think you of the iron gates leading into the court-yard being locked last evening, for the first time, and that at the early hour of eight o'clock? Surely the patriotic subscriber of 100*l.* to the fund for the relief of the labouring poor does not think that he is marked out as an intended victim to popular fury! "Kerby! I am going out of town, on a tour, therefore send my newspapers as I directed, but, on no account, allow any one connected with a newspaper to know whither I go," said Lord Westmorland, on Saturday last. The foregoing address was to the bookseller.

Governor Maitland stays until he takes unto himself a wife!—He is of opinion that ministers had better abandon the Ionian Islands.

Letters were received yesterday from Lords Grey and Holland, dated

from Howick, and addressed to Lord Lauderdale. They give but a melancholy picture of the state of agriculture—in the corn lands there will be a deficiency of at least a third of the average, even provided the fine weather continues. They express an anxious wish to know how things are going on in the political world. Lauderdale, in his reply, details what you have already seen; and gives an outline of the proceedings of Erskine—he has completely rattled.

Four o'clock.—Information is just received—the Regent cannot live—he is dying!—A relapse!—The spasms have returned. “The first attack was so alarming, that not only from sixty to sixty-five ounces of blood were drawn by leeches, but, at the same time, laudanum was poured down his throat sufficient to kill a horse!”—I quote the medical man’s words. “The first remedies were applied to remove the inflammation in the peritoneum, the last to remove the spasms—together they produced a paralytic affection, which still continues. The ministers are assembled to deliberate!—The Queen is expected in town!—Whigs and Tories were equally dismayed—all in confusion! L——, who knew nothing of the state of the Prince’s health, left town (at ten o’clock, A. M., with a proof of the pamphlet I announced in my last letter), with an intention of seeing his Royal Highness the Regent. The publication creates the greatest possible alarm in the mind of L——; he swears it is written by a member of the privy council. It is ably done. R—— intrusted the proof sheets to Lauderdale, who was to have returned them immediately, and then I was to have had a sight of them—but, what does he do?—Lord L—— sends them to L——, and the latter posts off to Hampton Court. Here it is necessary to mention that the Prince is cut up, as well as L——; and the favourable parts evidently have a tendency to support the Princess Charlotte in her opposition to her father. The author of this pamphlet is evidently playing a double game. R—— dropped a few sentences—viz.—that he is a peer; has not been in town for some days; that I know him—that he is in the habit of coming to R——’s house. All these things justify the conclusion that E—— is the author—jealousy, it is supposed, generated this deadly blow—for deadly it will be if the book ever does see the light.

The Lord Chancellor lately waited upon the Queen, by desire of the Regent, to state to her Majesty the consequences which may result from neglect of the Duchess of Cumberland. The Queen replied, “If your lordship will bring me back the letter which I wrote to the Princess of Wales under your directions, I will then receive the Duchess of Cumberland at court; but having refused to admit to my presence the king’s niece, I cannot see how I can consistently receive the Duchess, both labouring under the same imputation.” The Lord Chancellor made his bow, and retired, after observing, “Your Majesty’s observations are unanswerable.”

CHAP. X.

August 25, 1816.

BEGONE dull care! Every one must have observed what a nuisance the present melancholy of the nation is making itself. Nothing but complaint is to be heard. One tells us about the dulness of trade, another of the unemployed manufacturers, another of depreciated pro-

duce ; but I must give my ideas in high-sounding terms,—for, as George Colman says, “the fates are pompous.”

. . . . crudelis ubique
Luctus, ubique pavor.

More royal grief and popular excitement one perhaps should not have met with, if one had been aide-de-camp to Æneas during the destruction of Troy. Who can supply John Bull with one gay topic? Who can point out a scene exempt from the bore of sadness? I wish I had the power to give every melancholy man a ticket to see the yacht which has just been launched at Deptford. In that splendid naval vehicle, “old age and evil foreboding” themselves would change their dispositions, doff their cares, and absolutely cease to know themselves.

The Prince Regent.—One of his medical attendants said, in the early stage of the disease, that his illustrious patient, whenever he went, “would go off like a shot.”

Retrenchment! retrenchment! is the order of the day, everywhere but in the Cabinet and at Carlton House. The Prince has had another “forty thousand” from the droits of the Admiralty; this is not known to John Bull! I had the information from Mr. S——, who has all the documents connected with Lord Arden’s sinecure to adjust.

Sir John Sinclair has just given Ministers a dose—a bitter pill! He has been employed to make a tour to examine the state of the agricultural districts, as far as respects corn particularly, and yesterday he made his report, that “the blight has taken full possession of the wheat in all the best lands.”

So! the Marquis of Wellesley has had another attack; my Lord Erskine has been with him to try his luck! Even his influence has failed. The marquis said that he would qualify his second proposition, “The British troops should remain in France, on one condition; that is, provided the constitutional charter should be rigidly adhered to by the King of France.”

Three o’clock.—The circular from Carlton House, inserted in the papers, is the production of Colonel M’Mahon; it is not to be depended upon. One of the best proofs of the indisposition of the Regent is, that he refuses to see his tailor, who has been in waiting the whole of the week.

August 30, 1816.

A letter has been written by Sir — N——, in consequence of an application from that gentleman to purchase Sir — N——’s estate from the Duke of Wellington; and it has been published in an evening paper, to inform the public of his having refused to sell. That a gentleman should wish to make his refusal known, when an uninvited application has been made to him upon such a subject, is not wonderful; Mr. —, before making this, was probably misled by some erroneous information. The letter contains much more matter than was necessary to the contradiction. Sir — says, in his letter, “Application has been made by a saucy advertisement from the house of Messrs. D——, N——, T——, and Co. This same advertisement was a circular-letter, sent round by Messrs. D., N., T., and Co. to their customers, informing them that, on account of the ill-health of some of the partners, they had declined the banking business, and deposited their funds in the hands of Messrs. Coutts and

Co., where they might continue their accounts, if they pleased, or receive their balances, if they chose to have them.

London, September 3, 1816.

You ask me, "Will Parliament be dissolved or not?" Certainly not! that is, provided the Prince Regent's health does not put on a more favourable appearance. If he recovers, Parliament will be dissolved.

Actual State of the Regent.—I have more than once told you that the circular-article, called Court News, is manufactured at the Red House in Pall Mall, by the state secretary, M'Mahon. By the by, Mac. has been led away by an "ignis fatuus"—a false, or rather foolish, light held out to him by the Duke of W——. Certainly, without a joke, the most immediate cure performed by the Cheltenham waters has been that of the illustrious duke, who went there (according to report) for the recovery of his health, drank two glasses, and was cured! The Ministry could give a better account of his recovery, and of his visit. But I am wandering from the subject. You have been told, and who has not, that the Prince Regent daily rode out in the neighbourhood of Hampton Court. I asked one of the King's chaplains for information on this point yesterday. He smiled, but said nothing—it was a significant smile! "Pray," said a gentleman present, "has any one seen him abroad during the preceding week?" the fact is, that his Royal Highness relapsed on Friday—was rather better on Saturday, and was tolerably well again on Sunday. The bleeding and the laudanum have been again resorted to!

Amid all these fluctuating indications of approaching dissolution, the Queen and the Ministers are not unmindful of their "little interests!" They are tremblingly alive to the consequences which may result to them, they are busily at work! The Queen, in the event of the Prince's demise, will seize the helm—the regency. The Duke of York occupies a post of too much importance to the family-interests to be relinquished; and as to the Princess Charlotte, they consider her as a "dead letter." Speaking of that Princess, a lady said yesterday, "All that has been said of her Royal Highness being willing to cede to the court party her claims, is false; she will, whenever the moment arrives, display her teeth, and then she will bite."

Three o'clock.—I have been waiting some time in expectation of hearing something official from Hampton Court. It appears, then, that the Regent actually has departed for Ragley, the seat of the Hertfords; his Highness means to take the journey by easy stages. This tour, it should be remembered, is decidedly against the advice of the faculty; but the Prince was obstinately bent upon it.

R—— tells me that he is in expectation of receiving a very extraordinary work for publication—no less than the "*MEMOIRS OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE*," written by his dictation, in the form of an interesting journal; Sir R. W—— says, that he has dined with the editor, who is a man of strict honour and veracity. Napoleon, it is said, has, in a letter written with his own hand, desired that the book may not be delayed on any pretence whatever. I will send you a copy when it is ready. The confidential person alluded to is an Englishman, not long returned from St. Helena.

The motion in the House of Commons, relative to the placing the executive in the hands of the Princess Charlotte, in the event of the

Prince Regent's incapacity, was made by Sir Francis Burdett, two sessions since, and negatived. The baronet mustered upwards of seventy votes. The expedition to Algiers will end in smoke!

London, September 6, 1816.

Castlereagh, Liverpool, Bathurst, &c. are returned to town, to bewilder themselves and the country. They are in possession of something relative to the intentions of Russia against India, which perhaps may be developed through the medium of Leach. The latter continues in a fever! "The prospect is a dismal one," said he, the other day, to B—— K——.

The meeting of Parliament will depend upon contingencies, they certainly mean to dissolve it, if the Prince Regent recovers, that is if any thing like an appearance of stability results. This is the opinion of those very likely to know—but the fact is that no one can calculate—the ministers themselves know not what to do;—they are vacillating every moment, a prey to the most torturing anxiety. All this they admit, but they boldly assert that foreign politics make no part of their distress of mind—"If things put on as favourable an aspect at home as they do abroad, we should have nothing to apprehend." Observe, this was said previously to the communication respecting the designs of Alexander upon our eastern possessions.

In the meantime Castlereagh is following up the Pitt system of alarming the country with the threat of revolution! it is likely to succeed; and the Opposition are sinking in consequence.

The pamphlet is already out of print, another edition comes out to-day. There is a kind of demi-official paragraph in the Morning Herald relative to it, which is detailed in the following words:

"A certain state process is attempted to be stopped by a plea of recrimination. This is a manœuvre which will never be out of date. As invaded nations sometimes get rid of their assailants, by risking part of their force in an attack upon the territory of their invaders, so the accused are tempted to try an incursion upon the character of their accusers. Any person who has been at Carthage may be particularly impressed by a memorable instance of this policy in war. But the manœuvre is more hazardous in civil than in military contests, because in the former the adventure begins with a sort of confession of weakness, but in the latter it has at least an air of superfluous strength. In this instance the threat, which is said to be true, is more likely to provoke than intimidate." The Regent has read the pamphlet, and suspects the Duke of Sussex of having a hand in it.

All the members of the Royal Family resort to laudanum. The Duke of York, the other day, was seized with a spasm before dinner, he immediately took twenty grains of opium. Dr. Black tells me that a grain of opium is equal to twenty drops of laudanum.

The preparations for an extensive establishment at Chatham have commenced—quarters are to be provided for three thousand men immediately. It is to be a dépôt for the British army in France.

Lord Eldon (the chancellor) has sent for all his papers—a waggon load is gone off. The learned lord astonished John Bull. "What a wonderful man!" The fact is, that his lordship does not mean to look at one of them, he has engaged a rough reader at a moderate stipend.

Sir George Cockburn says he was much disappointed in his conferences

with Napoleon ! he says, that so far from finding him in possession of great vigour of intellect, he found him very deficient—he could not discover any traits of a great man.

“God forbid,” said a friend of Castlereagh’s yesterday, “that a dissolution of Parliament should take place at present ! What, would you dissolve the House, and the Prince Regent perhaps die before another could be assembled?”

London, September 10, 1816.

The town is quite deserted ! At R—’s, the club-houses, the public offices, and other gossiping shops, not a single individual connected either with the court or the political world can be found.

The Prince Regent’s departure has upset every thing. By-the-by, I hear that rumours rather unfavourable are in circulation ! that his royal highness’s appetite and strength are by no means re-established, is certainly true. If I could see Walker, the apothecary, I might probably pick up something, but he is not in London.

Amongst ministers there is nothing new except the report of a misunderstanding between Wellington and Sir Charles Stuart. The Morning Herald contains the following remarks—“It is generally understood that the D. of W. strongly supported the part of the ministry, which is likely to be removed ; it is even said that his grace left Paris much displeased with the failure of his efforts, and that a dispute took place on the same subject between him and Sir C. Stuart. The ambassador is said to have written to Lord Castlereagh on the subject. That Lord C— in his answer intimates that the interference of the D. of W. in the formation of the ministry of Louis XVIII. is not strictly proper. The duke is said to have threatened his resignation.”

The Prince Regent has been in the greatest possible danger. His highness lost sixty-four ounces of blood in twelve hours. All the residents of the palace at Hampton Court were alarmed by the sufferer’s agonised sensations. It was scarcely possible for him to be in a worse state and be alive ! B. K. pledged himself in the most solemn manner as to the truth of the statement. Under the impression I wrote what I did ! Was I to blame ? I send you this day a proportion of F——’s work (one-third), on the subsequent days I will get the residue. I desired K— to send you three copies of the pamphlet relative to the divorce. The Champion shall be discontinued. I shall write from Margate next week. My last letter from town will be on Friday. I shall be stationary for three weeks.

The whole town is convulsed by the report of the dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies. Certainly it cannot be true ! You say nothing about it !

The General Election.—I allude to the subject under an impression, considerably strengthened, that we are at no great distance from it. The provincial papers contain a canvass more or less avowed in every part of the country. Even in Scotland—where representation is only the shadow of a shade, and which is in itself one of the most strange anomalies in our political system—even in Scotland, we understand, that there is something like a movement, not among the people, for they (the people) are nothing in the scale, but among the sheriffs, deputies, and the Scotch county burgesses. In Ireland the same symptoms of dissolution, instead of having decreased, appear to be considerably augmented. The adverse

interests of Mayo are already beginning to rally their forces. The note of preparation has already gone forth in Galway, and the Martins, Dalys, and Eyres menace mighty things. The fight will be between the latter, the return of the first being considered certain. In the town of Galway there will be a contest, and of a curious nature! It has been hinted that the proprietors of that town, Mr. Bowes and Mr. James Daly, admit they mean to set up a popular candidate upon the popular interest—that is, Freemen (the Fisherman, for instance, of the Clodugh or the 28th regiment of foot), will be made for the purpose, even upon his own ground of controlling the present representation. Should they have recourse to this stratagem, no doubt can be entertained of their success. Mr. Valentine Blake is the present representative of that town.

Five o'clock.—Nothing new! No news from Ragley Hall, except that the Prince has abandoned late hours and drinking! Sir R. W. is gone.

London, September 13, 1816.

Still no news! “The Prince Regent will remain at Ragley until the first week in October, when he returns to the Pavilion at Brighton; let us hope, with recruited health and spirits.” Thus spoke Mr. Nash the architect. Talking of this projector, it will not be amiss to tell you that he is in a terrible quandary! You probably recollect, when you were last in town, the vast preparations for the Regent’s sewer. What think you of tunnelling?

You will understand this query better, when I tell you that at Charing-cross they have dug below the bed of the Thames. The consequences are, that the subterraneous apartments in the houses around are under water. At Drummonds, the bankers, the scene is said to have been an extraordinary one, no less, I assure you, than the setting afloat all the rent rolls and other deeds of trust placed under their care. These parchments and their books were deposited in an arched cellar built of stone, and secured by many iron doors. What must have been the astonishment of the cashier, when he entered the legal dormitory and found titles, rolls, and post-obits, all “dancing reels together.”

Various are the rumours afloat relative to the abandonment of the proceedings in the royal divorce. Count Munster will generalise the whole. The States of Hanover are to be assembled, and from them will emanate a protest. I gave you a list upon the subject some months ago.

The people at Lloyd’s say that ministers now assert that no change in continental politics shall induce them to plunge the country into another war. Certainly they have “irons enough in the fire” at home. What they are to do to relieve the distressed population I know not. The poor-rates are becoming enormous in every part of the kingdom. You would be shocked to see the amount of penury which is beginning to pervade all ranks of society.

The government are resorting to coercive measures for the collection of the last year’s imposts. The defalcation, I am told, upon the last quarter will be enormous. What a winter have we in perspective!

Margate, September 11, 1816.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have reckoned without my host. I calculated upon receiving a letter from you ere this! Perhaps I may flatter myself that you are now on your way to pay me a visit, you must be sensible that I shall

be most happy to see you. I left town on Saturday morning by the *Regent* steam-packet, and arrived here at five o'clock in the evening. Previously to my departure I made every necessary arrangement with R—, Lord L—, and B— K—. Sir R. W— does not return to town until the middle of October; he said that when he had had a conversation with Lord G— he would write more fully than he did in his last note. I did not say a word to him that I was acquainted with you. It would not have been at all judicious. It was not until this morning that I received a line from London. I enclose a copy of the despatch.

St. James's Street, Wednesday.

DEAR SIR,—I write, because I promised I would, and you wished it, but I have not one word of information upon any point. The intercourse with Lord Harrowby is becoming more active. Of that mission, I told you long ago what I thought, and I still continue to think the same. The Regent has not yet appeared in town, but has been these two days at the Stud House at Hampton Court. The Hertfords are on a tour, at least the Marchioness is ! my only source of information has now left town (—), but he will be up again in October. Sir Henry Parnell said yesterday, that the intention of going on with the divorce was now entirely abandoned. This is very likely to be the case. It is said, also, that Parliament will not meet before Christmas, but this I do not believe; Leach says it will not. In my next I will send you an accurate account of the Regent's health ; there is still great irritability of nerve, his appetite decreases, and his colour fades, notwithstanding the use of brandy, which he again takes very freely. You will perceive that Lord G— has got an earldom through the purse of —.

P.S. I hope you have received O—'s publication, and the two pamphlets respecting the divorce. R— will send you Napoleon's memoirs as soon as they are ready. Let me know as soon as possible what I can do further. In the interim believe to be—

Yours unalterably.

Cecil Square, Margate, September 25, 1816.

"Your letter, which was particularly grateful, arrived safe on Monday last. I was much gratified with its contents ; and did not fail to write to B— that evening. I have received two letters from my correspondent. They are as follows.

Portman Square, Friday.

DEAR SIR,—Having a frank I am less scrupulous in writing without saying any thing. The Regent never was in such high feather ; he says that he never felt so well. The Hertfords are in town, but the divorce is *certainly abandoned*. The distresses in the country increase rapidly, I may add hourly, this I have from the very best authority. Nothing can equal the state of the manufacturing counties. As to the other questions I cannot answer them from authority, but shall most likely write again on Monday.

Portman Square, Tuesday.

I wrote to you on Tuesday and Friday last, but there was nothing in either letter, nor will there be in this. A council has been *held every night* since the Regent has been in town at Carlton House. This is certain. I suspect it concerns the mission of Lord Harrowby, the most im-

portant of any now on foot. We shall certainly have a rupture with America! The Princess Charlotte has neither been at Windsor nor at Carlton House. The Regent has been with her once since he has been in town.

I have been hourly in expectation of a letter from Henry Baring, the merchant, relative to the proposed measures to avert the destruction of British commerce. Some curious particulars, respecting the intended operations in the East and West Indies, you will probably receive in my next.

Margate, October 2, 1816.

DEAR M.—I have not one syllable to communicate worthy of your consideration, the following is the only letter received since I last wrote, viz.—

DEAR SIR,—The Regent is still detained in town, and the councils continue to be held as usual at Carlton House. He gives out that he is waiting for the arrival of Lord Exmouth. Of course I need not tell you there is nothing in that.

London, October 22, 1816.

DEAR M.—You would have received a letter from me ere this, had I not been confined to my bed for the last week in consequence of an accident. Agreeably to my promise communicated in my last, we left Margate on board the *Majestic* yacht (a steamboat) at eight o'clock, A.M., and arrived at Billingsgate in thirteen hours against wind and tide. The night was dark, and in crossing the decks of the various vessels in the harbour, I fell between two of them, my right side pitched upon the ground, and, by the concussion, I was much hurt. Leeches have been applied, and, in other respects, I have been treated *secundem artem*. In a few days I hope I shall be enabled to go out. I wrote to R—— on Saturday, to collect all the news he could, and send me on Monday. In his reply, he says, "I have nothing to send you but my best wishes. Still no one in town. Your friend K—— is at South End, where he will remain until Thursday." Before the end of the week, I trust that the particulars of the great —— will be committed to paper. At present I am wholly ignorant myself. Your instructions relative to the papers will not be neglected. It must be a work of time. Believe me, that I feel the most perfect disposition to pay you all possible attention: indeed you know not how much I am,

Yours, &c.

London, October 29, 1816.

By the by, you must have seen in the Chronicle a paragraph intimating that the Prince does not feel himself very secure within the precincts even of his own palace. I allude to the mounting of a "guard of corporals" nightly, almost in the "sanctum sanctorum" itself: it goes on duty at ten, is relieved at two, and dismissed at six. As a proof of the state of the Prince's nerves, I need only mention to you, that on Sunday last, when he returned to town from Hampton Court on horseback, instead of riding to Pall Mall, as the papers stated, he got off his horse at Lord William Gordon's, in Piccadilly (the ranger of the Green Park), and entered the house, wherein he waited till one of the royal carriages arrived to take him up.

The Lord Chancellor still continues indisposed. What a glorious prospect for Leach.

London, November 1, 1816.

Nothing possessing the smallest interest, but what the papers afford, has occurred since my last, except that the Regent is said to be not so well as has been represented.

To supply the exigencies of the state, ministers intend to take five millions from the sinking fund, and about the latter end of February to raise a loan of eight or ten millions, which the Bank will take, advance, and hold for twelve months, without interest, which it is supposed will be a balance-compensation for two hundred thousand which they are allowed for managing the public business.

"The state of land" is no better than it was; it is worse—it cannot be let at all! A letter from Mr. Norman, brother-in-law of the Duke of Rutland, was read yesterday at White's Chocolate House—he is a magistrate in Leicestershire. In it he says, "Land may now be had, in almost every district, if the tenant will undertake to pay rates, taxes, and keep the buildings in repair."

The town continues to exhibit a frightful vacuum! Trade and commerce do not improve. A ship-owner told me yesterday, that vessels may now be hired in the river for an East India voyage, upon the same terms as were formerly charged to Falmouth. The approaching crisis (Christmas-day) will develop a pretty history—another convulsion in this "shop-keeping nation!"

A *bon-vivant*, one of the Duke of Sussex's companions, says that our Prince — is a secret ally of Russia, and that an active correspondence is carried on between him and the Grand Duke Constantine. If that is the case, he is playing booty at Carlton House.

Among the gossiping stories at Windsor, the people there state that the Princess Elizabeth carries on a regular correspondence with the Emperor Alexander.

In a conversation last night with one of the clerks of the police at Bow-street, he told me that the magistrates had received several copies of a hand-bill, which had been distributed in various public-houses, at the east end of the town, and particularly about Spitalfields, and those parts wherein the labouring poor reside. It is a highly inflammatory address, commencing with, "To the People of England—Arise! Arise! or be for ever fallen." It goes into a brief review of the state of things, alludes to a prodigal waste of the finances, and concludes with "it is time that the people should seize the reins of government, and act for themselves." A Privy Council has been assembled upon the subject.

I met with a friend of —'s yesterday, and from whom I learnt that the cause of a coolness between him and Christophe arose from his making such continual inroads into the black emperor's purse.

"His necessitous situation is his only excuse," said his friend.

"His necessitous situation!" I reiterated. "Do you mean to say that P. is a needy man?"

"Certainly," he replied. "And if he had a principality he would squander all away on his ladies and other luxuries."

"Is he better pleased with the Bourbons than formerly?"

"Quite the reverse. He throws out against them torrents of abuse."

"If that is the case he will probably follow ———— that is, veer in his politics."

“Not at all! he is wise enough to know that the change would be fatal to the *Ambigu*.”

Three o'clock.—The Times of this day has given the *coup de grace* to the Lotteries. As to the *Saving Banks* they have been done up about a month; the receiving-houses are all shut. A great speculator, called Lottery Philips, told Mr. Lucas, that government lost 50s. on every ticket in the last lottery. Theatrical property is going fast. The first night of “*Timon of Athens*” produced to Drury 250*l*. The latter, report states, will not long continue open. What will become of the pompous gentleman at the head of the committee of management? The theatres are greatly injured by a new institution, called a *hop*, which commenced its operations on Monday night, at the great room in Spring Gardens.

There is great reason to suppose that the fire at Belvoir Castle was not accidental. The populace, before the arrival of the yeomanry, carried off all they could.

London, November 5, 1816.

The ministers mean to stand or fall with the system! The only change in the administration will be in the law department. The chancellor is strongly urged to resign, and, as he is under petticoat influence, it is expected that the learned lord will abdicate ere the commencement of the New Year. In that case Leach will be emancipated from the trammels under which he now labours, and succeed to office, to the great joy, *entre nous*, of the Whigs. They calculate upon his espousing their cause with zeal, whenever a favourable moment shall occur.

While the two parties are intriguing with different branches of the royal family, the Jacobins, with Cobbett at their head, are not idle! they are at work, producing disgust in the minds of the people against the contending interests. The cabinet, lately so crest-fallen, in consequence of the triumph in the city, are now again raising their heads. They exult amazingly at the line of politics adopted by the Lord Mayor, and say “his opposition gives us strength.” They are right. The fact of the Lord Mayor being professedly a disciple of Burdett and Cobbett, renders him more formidable to the Whigs than to the Tories. Indeed, on all occasions, he speaks of the former with absolute contempt, and the great body of the citizens renew their taunts and reflections, accusing them of a want of openness and good faith, which renders their cause hopeless indeed.

The Whigs, notwithstanding, are determined to make a great noise in parliament at its next meeting, and to court popular favour by a more decided assumption of the public voice. They thus hope to retrieve their good name, but the king is impracticable! Calm observers of passing events do not scruple to say that the party will sink altogether in consequence of the incurable distrust sown among themselves.

With respect to Leach, he has a vast deal to contend with; Castlereagh and Liverpool hate him for his influence over the Regent, and Eldon humbugs him! His visit to Paris the other day, I am told, related to the communication from the Prince to Sir Charles Stuart; this a friend of Leach’s avers to be false, declaring that his journey related to pleasure, and not to politics.

The crown lawyers met on Saturday to investigate Cobbett’s “Address to the Labouring Poor.” They were, however, completely discomfited. This powerful journalist, artfully enough turned the bearings of the

strongest part, *i. e.* the asperity, upon the Bourbon government. An able lawyer said yesterday, that he considered the production as Cobbett's master-piece; in ingenuity and finesse it excels the productions of Tom Paine.

Every attempt is making by the ministers to produce something like an ebullition of popular feeling—this *ruse de guerre* has hitherto failed.

The Military Establishment—To this alone the Regent and his ministers now look up. In fact they must be worse than blind who do not see that an undeviating regularity of system will be pursued to uphold the monarchy. It is manifestly the intention of government to pursue their scheme for the utter destruction of every kind of independent power in the people.

Wheat is expected to be 40*l.* the load, the quartern loaf will then be two shillings.

London, November 8, 1816.

Ministers actually are afraid to meet Parliament, notwithstanding the confidence assumed by Lord Castlereagh in his fine speeches at the convivial meeting the other day at Belfast. They are temporising with all parties. Meantime the national distress increases—the poor rates in many districts are now 15*s.* 9*d.* in the pound.

The Regent's stay at Sudburne Hall is unaccountably protracted, and when he does return, instead of going to Brighton or Carlton House, he takes possession of the Stud House at Hampton Court. The ministers knowing how shockingly unpopular his absence from town makes him, are most anxious in their exertions to prevail on him to pass the winter in Pall Mall. But he has taken such a disgust to John Bull, that no argument will prevail. The funds of the Treasury are inadequate to support the prodigious expense of the Pavilion establishment for so long a period as is required, namely fourteen weeks, until the meeting of Parliament on the 15th of February. The expense at Brighton last season exceeded a thousand per diem, but of this I apprised you before. Since that period new buildings have been erected, and a vast quantity of new furniture introduced by the royal upholders. These now, by-the-by, are about to be hauled over the coals, in consequence of their excessive charges—the bills are said to exceed 300,000*l.*

You will perceive that the Lord Mayor means to introduce a new feature in his procession to-morrow. Instead of returning from Westminster by water, he proposes to go by land, along Parliament-street, Charing-cross, and the Strand. This measure has created a jealousy in the breast of the government, and the high bailiff has received orders to call out the *posse comitatus*, to preserve the peace of Westminster. Morris has written to the City Remembrancer on the subject.

Amidst all these distractions of public affairs, our sovereign lives the life of a recluse, and ingurgitates as usual—talks of being young again; exalts the Père Elisée to the skies, and praises his “Elixir of Life,” as a nectar fit for the gods.

It was not without reason that — went to Paris, exertions the most gigantic, will be necessary to prevent the Courier from sinking altogether—they have supported the system of expenditure too long! The Times stands much higher in sale, and is a more popular paper. *Entre nous*—I still cannot give you any information relative to the correspondents of the daily papers.

Yarmouth is reconciled to the Regent. The fact, I believe, will turn

out to be that the quarrel was a pretended one—done to humbug the Whigs, and suck their brains ! This is the age of hoaxing.

London, November 11, 1816.

Colonel Warren, of the Guards, one of the Staff, laughs at the idea of popular commotions. "Stop a little," he said, yesterday, "and then you will see how every thing is carried." At the point of the bayonet he meant.

There is a rumour in circulation, not very favourable to the happiness of a Royal pair—mutual discontent—I cannot trace it to any respectable channels—probably, as I told R—— just now, it arises from the obscure paragraph which appeared in the Post, which has excited a curiosity almost insurmountable. I told Sir Joseph Banks the name of the party, he having assured me that it was purely to oblige the queen.

Four o'clock, p.m.—A stockbroker of the name of Padmore has this week sold stock to the amount of a million sterling ! This man is connected with government. A letter from New York, received by a commercial house this day, states that English goods were sold at the last market at forty-five per cent. loss.

London, November 19, 1816.

There is a wonderful degree of industry exercised by ministerial men to discountenance the idea of the intended resignation of Lord Liverpool, and hence arises the contradiction of the journals of the day. But the fact is unquestionable. Lord L—— has made up his mind on the subject, and the health of his wife will be the pretext for abdication—Lady Liverpool is sinking fast!—a consumption rapidly increasing. All the influence of the Queen is now exerted to dissuade him, but I am positively assured nothing will induce him to swerve. Indeed, when I call to your recollection, the great exertions used to prevent his lordship from resigning at the close of the last session of parliament, we need not wonder at his present resolve, as long as he or the Queen lives a communication will be kept up, of course, for the former cannot exist without the advice of her privy counsellor.

The Queen is the least alarmed at the appearance of public affairs. She is confident that the distress of the country is only temporary, and talks of the revival of trade and commerce. As to the Regent, you will scarcely credit me when I assure you that the meeting of the mobility in Spadfields, on Friday last, overwhelmed him with the most fearful apprehensions. He despatched avant couriers at an early hour in the morning to report progress ; and had others to collect the speeches made. All his brother York's staff were sent on similar expeditions. *Ad interim*, his Highness walked, or rather stalked through the rooms of state, with his arms one moment folded, the next behind his back, then on his head, &c., all this accompanied with vehement gesture ! At five o'clock, the fever was at its height. Human nature could not long endure such complicated suffering ! Happily the news at last arrived that the meeting was dissolved without any acts of outrage. However, in the evening, the attacks on the bakers and butchers created a fresh clamour which did not quickly subside.

The Opposition insist upon it that the Orator Hunt is in the pay of government. Certainly the appearance of a person in the hackney coach with him, and bearing the flag, gives evidence to the report. This man is said to be well known as a person formerly employed by government in the honourable office of a spy. The outrageous violence of Hunt, and

his marked censure of the Whigs, have, together, thrown additional strength into the hands of government, so much so, that ministers already exult at the prospect.

I see Sir Robert Wilson every day. He complains that government are eternally watching every movement made by him. He was at the Spafields meeting, but was not among the orators. He says, in questioning the prudence of his appearing there, that he accompanied a French gentleman, who was anxious to go there !

Two o'clock.—I hear from Major Cartwright that he refuses to accompany Hunt to Carlton House with the petition.

The Marquis of A—— is alarmed at the steps taking by Lord M—— to dispossess him of the mines in the Island from which he takes his title. The present Lord M—— claims the title of the Earl of A——, which his grandfather possessed, and estates exceeding 22,000*l.* per annum. I do not think he will succeed, for in addition to the interest of the marquis at Court, Lord M—— holds a part of the property. Lord M—— has 18,000*l.* per annum, and he bids fair to kick down at least half of it !

Four o'clock.—The town furnishes nothing new except the revived report, that Sir Charles Stuart will be shortly removed from his official situation. I am told that he is no favourite at Carlton House. Is this true? The topic of conversation at the Cocoa Tree to-day is upon the subject of the Regent's alarm on Friday. John Bull has been amused with the eclipse to-day ; the atmosphere being totally clear it afforded a good view. The light-fingered gentry did not neglect so fair an occasion for exercising their ingenuity.

Something of importance is certainly transacting in the Cabinet, but what it is I cannot tell you ; when the arrangements which this discussion will lead to are completed, I shall, perhaps, know further. Leach dines with me in a day or two ; when I know, you shall. Thus spoke a friend of L.'s not five minutes since. It is now almost five o'clock, I therefore close this. I have not heard from you since the 3rd instant.

Since the Spafields meeting the prince has not been "himself again." He is heartless and dispirited, and the impudence of Hunt, the orator, in applying *solus* to Carlton House for the purpose of presenting the petition has not tended to lessen his anxiety. The application created an alarm throughout the whole household, which time only can remove ! The next application to M'Mahon was like a stroke of electricity, but it produced no good effect on the state secretary. Mac entrenched himself among four persons, whom he had summoned to support him, which they did with a degree of cohesion, firmness, and fidelity highly creditable.

Previously to the meeting of the rabble the other day, the head of the state talked, danced, and sang. He was thus elated at the unbounded prospect which lay before him—enjoying superlative felicity out of the vulgar gaze at his Pavilion at Brighton. He was charmed with the description of the new revolution in the interior and exterior, and particularly delighted with the account of the new steam kitchen, which, as the Morning Post says, is forty-eight yards square, and will dress twenty dishes in an hour. Every thing was packed up and packed off, when lo ! that accursed meeting took place which upset all his theoretical speculations "in pleasure's sportive train." His highness is now fixed like a bad shilling to the counter, for he cannot leave town until the next assembly is over. He says, "This life is made up of doubts and fears,

sanguine expectations and mortifying disappointments." By-the-by, if he continues this train of reasoning we shall see him become a philosopher or a professor at the least!

I saw a letter yesterday, written by Burdett to Mr. Nicholls, in which he says: "I take the hints you have given me kindly, but I had previously made up my mind! Believe me, when I assure you that I mean to steer clear of all blackguards, high and low!" Sir Francis dates his letter from Colonel Hulse's marine villa, at Hastings, where he is attending on his eldest son, who lately met with an accident by a fall.

Sir Robert Wilson in reply to an observation on a paragraph, relative to Carnot's being sent to Magdeburg, which appeared a few days since in the journals, said yesterday, "There is not a word of truth in it. Here is a letter (producing it) from Carnot just come." He declined showing its contents. It was not directed to him, but to Dupin (Sir R. Wilson's late advocate), who is now in London.

Peltier, says the *Courier* newspaper, is to receive a courier from Paris, instead of money, in return for its supporting the interests of the court.

In the foregoing I omitted to mention that a train of artillery was brought on Friday last from Woolwich, and deposited in the Gardens of Carlton House.

You will perceive from the papers that Lord Cochrane is remanded to the King's Bench. He still refuses to pay the fine of 100*l*. This evening his friends will meet to form a committee for the express purpose of petitioning the Regent against the decision of the court. If it is refused, he means to apply to Parliament.

A pamphlet is out this morning, entitled "A Remedy for the present Distress of the Country," which represents the deteriorated value of property to have originated in the diminution of the currency, and recommending an immediate issue of 20,000,000*l*. on government security, without interest, in loans to distressed agriculturists and manufacturers. The pamphlet depreciates economy as mere drivelling, and more likely to increase than diminish existing difficulties. The entire tendency of the work induces a suspicion that it is written by some person in office, which is corroborated by a report in circulation some days, that government has it in contemplation to lend to the classes of persons described in the pamphlet a large sum at a reduced interest of three or four per cent. If such a plan be in contemplation, and if the distribution remain in the hands of ministers, it will be attended with a proportionate increase of influence. In the selection of objects, they will, of course, incline to their friends, and will become the mortgagees of the landed property in the country to the extent of the loan.

London, November 26, 1816.

Town is still a "dreary void." It is absolutely deserted by all those whom business does not chain to the metropolis. The rumours in circulation are wholly without interest, except the hoax upon the *Chronicle* yesterday. The paper was a circular. It was signed Arbuthnot. Byrne, at the Post, well knowing Charles's hand, and the communication not bearing the smallest resemblance to it, he was induced, immediately on its receipt, to go down to the Treasury, and there discovered the imposition. The general tenor of the note convulsed the town, and nothing was talked of but the suspension of the *habeas corpus*, and the revival of gagging bills, &c.

FOUR-AND-TWENTY HOURS AT BOULOGNE.

BY THE HONOURABLE PERCY FITZ HOWARD.

What's sport to you, is death to us — *Fable of the Frogs.*

THE Spaniards have a proverbial expression, to the effect that "No man ever saw to-morrow," which is but another way of saying, that it is impossible to foretell the events of the coming day, to

Look into the womb of time,
And say which grain will grow, and which will not.

There is little doubt of this, even if poets and philosophers had neglected to tell us so, our every-day experience assures us of its truth, and what I have to relate is corroborative of the fact.

A twelvemonth ago I little anticipated what would be my occupation at the present moment, and, on this day twelvemonths, the events which then occurred, were certainly a surprise to the parties chiefly affected by them.

Before I commence my narrative, it is, perhaps, desirable that I should say a few words concerning my actual position in society.

Without entering too minutely into family affairs, or boring my readers with dull details, as to who my parents were, how they lived, where they dwelt, and what was the course of education adopted to make me what I am, it may be sufficient for me to say, that the name I *at present* bear is a highly aristocratic and honourable one, and was never disgraced by me, though circumstances may have thrown a temporary cloud over my actual position. An extreme sensitiveness on this point has been my prevailing characteristic through life ; to preserve an unsullied name and an unimpeachable reputation, I have invariably changed the former once a month since I was first launched into that vortex of dissipation called "Life in London." It is, perhaps, on this account, combined with a certain amount of personal *agrémens* which rather distinguish me from the herd, that in the polite female circles where I visit, I am generally known under the denomination of "The Agreeable Mystery."

In personal appearance I am, of course, tall and slight, with a profusion of dark hair, which falls in heavy masses on my shoulders from a lofty and intellectual brow ; my eyes are large, and full of intelligence and expression ; my nose boldly formed ; my mouth firmly yet delicately cut ; my chin dimpled and roundly chiselled ; my whiskers curling and abundant ; and my complexion of that fine olive or cream-coloured tint which, denoting a constant heart,

Has its attractions too.

I am not sitting before the glass as I write this description ; unfortunately, in the place where I am at present residing, that luxury is not permitted. No ! I paint from memory ; and if what I have read of others should happen to interfere with what I remember of myself, the reader will be pleased indulgently to consider that the general features of heroes have an uniform resemblance to each other, and that the portrait which I have sketched is intended to typify those of the "Order" to which I belong.

My costume varies according to circumstances. I generally dress as well as I can, without regard to time or place. For instance, if on a rainy day I should happen to be seated in a coffee-house, and a stranger entering, were to throw off a fashionable cloak or paletot, sufficiently near to where I was seated, I should have no hesitation, on the first favourable opportunity, to take that cloak or paletot, to walk out of the coffee-house, and deliberately to put it on, even in the wet and at the risk of spoiling it, so indifferent am I as to weather or expense. I would treat a new hat in precisely the same way, and the newer it was the greater would be my contempt for those petty observances of carefulness which destroy all that is bold or manly within us. From this slight illustration may be gathered the mode which I adopt, in preference, in forming a wardrobe, when tailors and others, who suffered, cease to send home "to my hotel" the articles of raiment which I may have ordered. It may be thought that this means of supply is precarious, and might expose the wearer to certain accidents of recognition likely to prove unpleasant; but the manner in which an act is performed is every thing, and whenever I undertake an affair of this nature, I always conduct it in such a way as to render myself perfectly easy with regard to the consequences. To mix in society with the man whose newest coat you are wearing, while you are whirling his wife or sister through the mazes of the polka, may be considered an act of boldness, especially if you are not an invited guest, and have merely *chanced the party*, announcing yourself in the midst of an uncontrollable fit of coughing, which you cannot subdue. Yet this I have done, and I need not add, successfully.

From this revelation of my views and habits, some idea may be formed of the class with which I am identified. It was necessary that I should be thus particular, as it furnishes a key to the adventure which I am about to describe.

On the morning of Easter Sunday last year, a great number of persons were assembled on one of the wharfs immediately below London-bridge, preparatory to the departure of a large steamer for Boulogne. The "spirited" proprietors of the "Public Accommodation Cheap Steam Navigation Company," inspired by the truly British resolve of ruining all competitors, had announced, by placard and advertisement, that their fine boat, the *Leviathan*, would make a trip to the coast of France, sailing on Easter Sunday, landing passengers at Boulogne, and remaining till the tide served for returning on the evening of the following day; and all this, it was said, was to be accomplished at the moderate charge of five shillings a head, exclusive of provisions and wines.

I stop not to inquire how far the company sought a remuneration in the perspective consumption of the last-mentioned items, proportionately rated to cover the cheapness of the fare; I have only here to observe, that their experiment, so far as numbers were concerned, answered completely. The boat contained as many as it could by any possibility accommodate, and amongst the number were myself and a party of twelve friends, who were thus lured to throw away their money upon the enemies of our country, as in the true spirit of an Englishman, I cannot but consider all who speak a different language from ourselves.

The account of what particularly befel during our voyage down the river, need not now be detailed. Before the close of the day many of

the admirers of fine prospects lounged over the taffrail, and gazers upon the glad waters,—green as themselves,—and some even of those whom the turbulence of the waves affected differently, leaving their hind and side-pockets as open as their hearts or mouths, found themselves something poorer than when they first set out. The *clique* to which I belonged were not in this predicament; they might, indeed, be said to have already derived advantage from the excursion; certainly, when they came in sight of Boulogne, they had not fewer gloves and handkerchiefs, nor less coin in their possession than they were lords and masters of while on the wharf in London; neither had they been unobservant of what might be useful to them on their return. These, however, were minor considerations at the moment. The object of myself and friends was to give a *good account of France*, and to this we bent our best energies.

I have observed that it is the distinguishing feature of “us youth,” to be remarkable for our manner and style; we exhibit on all occasions a fine air of high gentlemanly feeling, reserved, yet free from pride, stately, yet not without condescension and affability. These qualities were brought out in striking relief during our voyage, and were so forcibly contrasted with the common, I will not say vulgar air of the rest of the passengers, that many on board shrewdly suspected we were noblemen in disguise; Lord Arthur Fitz-Mizen, the Earl of Spritsail, the Hon. Mr. Binnacle, &c., &c., on a cruise *incognito*, to enjoy a little of a new kind of life. We did not discountenance the idea, and were, at any rate, inwardly sustained by the consciousness of being quite as “gentlemanly” in our appearance and behaviour as the foremost of them all. On landing, therefore, on the pier at Boulogne, we were none of us astonished at being addressed as “Milors,” while the energetic *commissionaires* thrust their cards into our hands, recommending every hotel as the best. Uninfluenced by national predilections, we selected that which sounded most French in our ears, and whose *commissionaires* spoke the worst English. We were accordingly marshalled to the “*Hôtel des Bangs*,” as one of our party facetiously yet unpremeditatedly termed it.

The frequency of these “trips” to the French coast has caused their nature to be well understood at Calais, Dunquerque, and Boulogne, which are the ports chiefly visited; no surprise was, therefore, manifested at our not being provided with any superfluous quantity of baggage,—though a modest equipment is looked upon in a very different way in Belgium. A few carpet-bags, a good many cloaks, two or three umbrellas, and one or two hat-boxes, made a tolerable show for those who merely came to pay a flying visit. Our appearance, moreover, contributed much to the general impression, not a man among us who did not sport more or less of (môsaic) jewellery about his person.

When we arrived at our hotel, and the *commissionaire* had loudly rung and as loudly exclaimed, “*Ces sont des Milors Anglais*,” a host of garçons, headed by *monsieur et madame*, came forth to greet us, and great was the turmoil that ensued at the sight of our numerous party. As I happened to be a little more conversant with the language of the Gaul than the rest of the party, upon me devolved the office of interpreter and director-general, and, as had been previously arranged, I took upon myself the ordering of affairs. The master bowed, and the lady curtsied with the inimitable grace of their country and profession, and our recog-

nition of their politeness was as lordly as could be desired. The majority, with their hands thrust into the side-pockets of their Chesterfields, and cigars in their mouths, ogled the *femmes de chambres*, who, impelled by duty or curiosity, soon joined the crowd; a few said "*Wee, wee*," to every thing that was addressed to them; some, whose curls were not sewn into their hats, raised the latter "*à la Prince Albert*;" and I, assuming the air of a magnifico, ordered beds for thirteen, and a "*dîner superbe*."

"*A la bonne heure, milor!*" exclaimed the host, leading the way into an extensive saloon, with twelve windows on each side, decked with scarlet and white curtains, and looking-glasses between each,—"*à la bonne heure, mais c'est un peu tard pour le dîner; si ces messieurs voudraient bien s'amuser un peu, nous aurions le temps de leur donner un excellent souper*."

"Comment!" returned I (but as I am in England I shall leave off speaking French, except where an expletive may require it). "What! must we wait any time?"

"I am afraid so," said our host; "it will take some time to get a dinner ready for so many."

"Well, then," I replied, "you talk of amusement; what can we do to amuse ourselves between this and supper? I dare say we can wait till then, as some of us have scarcely got over the effect of the voyage."

"How to find amusement at Boulogne, le Dimanche de Pâques! there is a superb ball at the theatre!"

"A ball is there? But it will be so late."

"*Au contraire, monsieur*, it begins very early, and will be over by eleven, by which time—*attendez, monsieur, le chef*,"—and he spoke for a few moments with a stout gentleman in a white nightcap and apron, who favoured him in reply with a few shrugs and a number of nods; then, turning to me (who had in the meantime given the office to my friend), he resumed: "*Oui, milor, vous aurez un souper magnifique. Voilà, monsieur le chef qui en répond*."

The stout gentleman then appealed to raised his cap with one hand, and placed the other gracefully on the "*petite rotondité*" which he called his stomach.

"*Soyez tranquilles, messieurs*," he gently murmured, "*il y aura de quoi faire un souper pour des princes*."

"But about this ball," said I to the host, "where can we get tickets? They must be purchased at once," and I pulled forth my pocket-book and took out a roll of bank (of elegance) notes: "Let me see, how many of us are there going? what's the damage? but, *diable!* I have no French money. Have you any *gold*, Fitzherbert?"

A particularly tall and graceful friend, who understood my signal, drew a purse full of (very excellent imitation) gold markers from his waistcoat pocket, and tossing it to me with a very languid air, said,

"Take what you want, my dear fellow."

"Nonsense," I exclaimed, as if suddenly recollecting myself,—"*stuff*—I had forgotten,—you are all to settle with me afterwards. This will only confuse our accounts. Here, take your purse again," and I handed it back to him; "I can do without it; I shall change at the banker's to-morrow. Meantime," turning to the landlord, "you can get us the

tickets, and put them down in the bill; we will pay the whole together."

"*Mais, certainement, milor; allez-donc, Charles,—achetez—combien de billets, milor?*"

"Oh!" said I, "we shan't all go. Say for six—we don't all dance. I suppose those who do not can have a game at billiards, though it is Sunday."

"*Mais, oui, milor.*"

"Let us have half-a-dozen of your best champagne in the mean time, and then we will get ready."

The wine was soon brought and as speedily discussed, the corks flying about us as if we were dealing with a much more accustomed beverage—ginger-beer; and so much did we find it to our taste that, instead of limiting ourselves to the half-dozen originally ordered, we contrived to despatch double that quantity before we availed ourselves of the tickets which had by this time arrived.

There were several reasons why we decided upon dividing our party for the occupations of the evening. In the first place, we were not all dancing-men; that is to say, every one *had not brought* the costume necessary; and several, indeed, manifested such decided predilections in favour of frock-coats closely buttoned up in front (which, though very military in appearance, were not quite the thing for the ball-room), that it was agreed they should try their fortune elsewhere.

In the next place, the irruption of so large a body as thirteen strangers might have attracted more attention than was desirable; and again, it was not every man whose face would make up well enough in a room, which most likely would be crowded with English, some of whom we might have seen before.

As our desire, therefore, was to preserve a strict *incognito*, we determined not to throw away a chance, and prepared for the ball accordingly, while the rest of the party directed their steps towards one of the *cafés*, where the rattling of dominoes and the click of billiard balls promised pleasure, if not profit.

As evening had set in when the steamer arrived, no time was to be lost in proceeding to the *Salle du Spectacle*, which we found brilliantly lighted up, and already thronged with company. I think I may, without vanity, say that we were a distinguished-looking set, and every way qualified to figure among the English residents at Boulogne, who enjoy a reputation which insures them the most marked attention from the authorities during the period of their sojourn. The gayer portion of this community are a race of beings much to be envied and admired; they seem to have discovered the golden secret of life; with them the long-sought "*Καλον*" is found; they have proved a happiness beyond what gold can give; their manners are fascinating; their morals *above* reproach; they are rich in the practice of every domestic virtue, and lead a life of the strictest economy—for they literally live upon nothing—and still enjoy every pleasure that money can procure. Whenever I permanently establish myself—as, thanks to Lord Grey, there is now no chance of being obliged to settle in the colonies—I mean to take a *château* at Capécure, and give dinners and balls to the *Boulonnais* for the rest of my days. The reader will, I trust, pardon this digression, wrung from me by the exalted merits of those with whom I was now about to mix.

It is not to be supposed that the Honourable Percy Fitz Howard could long remain unnoticed in such society, and many minutes had not elapsed before I found myself rapidly circling round the room to the strains of a soul-stirring *valse à deux temps*, with a lovely and accomplished and ingenuous girl who, in the intervals of the dance, kindly enlightened me respecting the private history of most of the amiable beings who honoured the festival with their presence.

This is a trait, perhaps, not peculiar to Boulogne, but certainly characteristic of that place; by some it is termed a propensity for scandal, but I rather ascribe it to an excess of feeling, an anxiety that no one's light should be hid. I was equally communicative to my fair partner, and dilated much on that all women listen to with attention, and the Boulognaise ladies in particular. I spoke of my own immense possessions, and of the solitary void in a heart only too prone to susceptibility; I described my baronial hall in the west of Ireland—my extensive deer-park—and my mountains whereon I shot my grouse. I told her that every thing there which my eye surveyed was mine—I expatiated on my noble hunters—detailed at length the history of my wolf-dogs, the only race now existing in Ireland, and hinted my intention of returning to Boulogne in the summer in my own yacht, *The Adventurer*, when I would bring her a fine specimen of the Fitz-Howard breed. To make all this available, I summed up by quoting Byron on the desolation of a crushed heart and blighted hopes, and, fixing her attention upon my words, removed a fine bracelet from her arm, and deposited it unobserved in my coat-pocket. It turned out to be an ornament of value, for—it had not been paid for.

While I was thus engaged my friends were not idle either, some, occupied like myself, others, looking on at the *écarté* tables. The latter were far too knowing to play with Frenchmen. No “gentleman,” let his profession be what it may, has any chance with them at *écarté*; and next to them in skill may be ranked the accomplished English of Boulogne. It was easier, therefore, to *appear* to bet, and seize a certain proportion of five-franc-pieces every now and then at the end of a game. As there is always a row about those who “*actually* put down,” and, of course, a certain number of fools amongst the punters, one may generally contrive to make something in this way.

It was altogether a most agreeable evening, and when the ball broke up, we returned to our hotel, having gained *golden* opinions from all sorts of people; having sworn unalterable attachments to a great many *very* young ladies, and having made an infinity of valuable Boulogne friendships, with pigeon-shooting fathers, dog-fighting sons, and steeple chasing brothers; with all of whom we had agreed to affiliate and fraternise, as the case might be. It would have been well enough to have carried out this design, but, for the present, we had other fish to fry.

It is a pleasant thing to take in any one—even a countryman in a strange land—but there is something excessively picturesque in doing a Frenchman! The periphrasis which we employ to describe the act is “impaling a frog,” an expression which, I trust, will remain on record. It is not an easy thing to accomplish, but we managed it.

On reaching the hotel, we found the rest of our party already assembled. They had not effected much, as the domino players seldom venture for higher stakes than a glass of *eau sucré*, and are, moreover, uncommonly expert at that stupidest of all stupid games, which must have naturalised

itself in France by accident, for, except the noise made in playing, there is nothing French about it; at billiards also, with a French marker in the room, *not in the secret*, it is a hard matter to make much at the winning game, with French officers for antagonists. To use an expressive phrase, they seemed rather "down on their luck," but the prospect of a capital supper, and the chances of the following day, soon revived them, and we set to work with joyous and gentlemanlike hilarity.

It would be a difficult task, for one accustomed chiefly to the roast and boiled of Great Britain, and that very frequently enjoyed without much regard to form, being eaten hastily, and, as it were, at *stolen* moments, to describe the intricacies of a good French supper. I know that we did full justice to it, and that if there were "*blanquettes de veau*,"—"salade de homard,"—"poulet aux cressons,"—"filets de turbot,"—"Charlotte russe,"—and such like delicacies, they were despatched, *plat* after *plat*, as rapidly as they were brought to table. Neither did we stint the "*Laffitte*," the "*Clos Vougeot*," nor the vintages of Champagne, either still or sparkling. In short, we made it out superlatively well—drank numberless toasts—finished several flaming "*bols de ponche*," sang many sporting and patriotic songs—"God save the queen" of course included—and then wound up the whole with brandy-and-water and a reel of twelve, which would have been performed on the table if it could have stood the weight, only it was a French one, nothing but boards and props, no substance, no solidity. Our merriment, which was somewhat boisterous, might, perhaps, have been checked, had it not been evident to all the household that we were such rich young Englishmen, who did not know how to spend our money in any other way. The host, therefore, tacitly acquiesced in our vagaries, and one of the waiters, a very knowing little fellow (as he thought himself), who spoke "a few English," participated in our enjoyment, and having been *generously* supplied with frequent bumpers of Champagne, unlocked the flood-gates of his eloquence, and put us greatly in the way of finding amusement for the following day.

• When we retired to our apartments, we were, I am "free to confess," it may be something elated with our potations, but, as no gentleman gets drunk now-a-days, it could not have been *that* which caused several of the party to sleep in their clothes.

When I woke in the morning the first thing I heard was a knocking at my door, and a strange voice apostrophising something in a strange tongue. I then remembered, what at first I had forgotten, that I was in France, and recollecting, also, *for what purpose I was there*, I roused my faculties at once.

"*Levez-vous, monsieur ! Il est bien huit heures ! Est-ce-que vous allez prendre un bain ?*"

"*Oui, oui, oui, mon ami*—we shall all take baths."

"*Quels bains desirez vous, monsieur ? Bains de mariés à l'eau de Cologne ?*"

"*Mais oui, dépêchez-vous, treize bains de mariés.*"*

With this he disappeared, and the echoes of "*Treize bains de mariés pour les milors !*" "*Treize bouteilles d'Eau de Cologne !*" reverberated through the passages and court-yards, and as soon as my companions were

* The "*bains de mariés*" are the *most expensive* baths that can be ordered.

fully roused, we descended to that side of the hotel where the baths are situated, and I must say this for them, they gave us perfect satisfaction.

Refreshed from our unwonted ablutions—for it must be confessed that our usual mode of bathing (in the Serpentine) was unaccompanied by the luxury of perfumes and fragrant waters—we found ourselves in tolerable cue for beginning a new day. A sumptuous breakfast was accordingly ordered, and ample justice done to the *café au lait*, the *cotelettes de mouton*, the *pain de gruau*, the *vin de Bordeaux*, and to a great many *petits verres* of most unexceptionable liqueur.

Que faire? was now the question. Our communicative friend, the little waiter, had informed us that in the course of the morning there would be a pigeon-match at Capécure, a sweepstakes on the sands at low water in the afternoon, and during the day an Easter fair under the walls of the upper town. These things seemed to promise well; so after giving directions for a first-rate dinner to be served at five in a *salon particulier*, and having carefully inquired the way to the bankers, we sallied forth in *that direction*, to reconnoitre the town.

Nocturnal dissipation is no preventive, at Boulogne, to tolerably early rising, and already we found a great many people abroad, amongst whom were several of our enchanting partners of the previous evening, determined to lose as little time by day as by night, and giving evidence, by the meaning glances of their lustrous eyes, that admiration was not unsought for nor thrown away upon them. With these fair damsels we loitered away an agreeable half hour, laughing and talking, of course, in the very loudest key, such being the way in which fashion manifests itself at Boulogne as elsewhere. Afterwards separating into friendly knots of two or three, we joined the *very* gentlemanlike loungers who always stand by the library, at the end of the street opposite the market-place, and amuse themselves by betting on forthcoming pigeon-matches, backing favourite bull-dogs, watching the arrival of the *estafette*, discussing the number of English occupants of the Hotel d'Angleterre (the prison), and other similarly intellectual and praiseworthy occupations.

If any one should be curious to ascertain how the sporting men of England have apparelled themselves for the last five-and-twenty years, he need only take up his position at the corner of the Rue Neuve Chaussée at Boulogne, and he will learn the whole history of their costume at a glance. The conclusion he would arrive at would be, either that sportsmen never give away their old clothes, or that the English *Boulonnais* have been peculiarly fortunate in obtaining the reversion of those garments. Three men out of every four wear shooting-jackets—white, green, or black velvet; white hats are in equal demand; high-lows (now called Oxford shoes) are plentiful; and washable trousers of dingy hue contest the palm with sunburnt gaiters and corduroy breeches.

These worthies we found, for the most part, particularly civil; they invited us to go and see a pigeon-match, thinking, no doubt, to make pigeons of us—a calculation which, I need not say, was very erroneously made. As this was a part of our own plan, we had no hesitation in accepting the offer; so linking myself arm in arm with a distinguished nobleman who had long patronised the sport, and was a crack shot, I suffered myself to be conducted to the ground, the rest of the gentlemen (including my friends), following promiscuously, and discoursing of long shots, winged pigeons, outside birds, and other terms of art, applied by them literally, but understood by us in a figurative sense. *En route*, as

we passed the end of the Rue de l'Ecu, we encountered the master of our hotel, whose salutation, when he perceived me walking with the noble lord, deepened to the most profound humility.

"*Appropos*," said I, beckoning to him, "*Appropos, Monsieur — chose* — there are to be races on the sands this afternoon ; let us have three carriages ready to convey myself and friends ; and good horses, do you hear ? For, as we shall remain several days at your hotel, and most probably require them again, I should like them to be strong and serviceable."

"*Vous n'avez qu'à commander, milor*," was the obsequious answer ; "*les voitures seront prêtes*."

"*Et bien, bonjour monsieur — chose !*"

"*A votre service, milor !*" And off went his hat with a flourishing sweep to all the noble youths around. We then continued our promenade.

The general character of the pigeon-match at Capécure differed in nothing from similar exhibitions at the Red House at Battersea and other classical spots near London. There was precisely the same earnest desire to do the neophytes by all the trickery of the sport, an equal amount of betting, quite as much expletive conversation, and rather more cold brandy-and-water and cigars. One feature was, however, peculiar to the spot ; this was the appearance of a lady amateur, who rode up to the ground soon after we were assembled, and shot a match with my friend the noble lord, in which she came off victorious. Although his lordship bestowed numberless *petits soins* on the lady, I think he fairly lost the match, and that the fair one gained it more from her own skill than his gallantry. It was not our cue to appear very eager to bet, for, indeed, we did not know our men, and, deep as we were, some of the Boulonnais might have fathomed us. We, therefore, discoursed in a large and florid style, talked of a few noted shots, made a few sporting bets *amongst each other*, backing the lady's gun against his lordship's, and then, to give the thing an air, and make up for leaving no money on the ground, proposed a match for *the following day*, myself and five of my friends against Lord — and five of his, our party stipulating for the use of their guns, as our "*Nocks*," "*Purdays*," &c., were left behind ; this being accepted, and the terms of the match settled, we crossed the bridge and returned to the town. I shall here limit my observations to what befel myself and a chosen companion, remarking merely that the rest of the party had their instructions, and were perfectly wide awake.

Fitzherbert and myself accordingly strolled up the Grande Rue, occasionally pausing to admire the pretty faces and large gold earrings of the *matelottes*, as they hurried along in crowds to mass at the large church of St. Nicholas. The ornaments of these fisherwomen appeared particularly tasteful *and massive*, and thinking it right in a Catholic country to witness the ceremonies of a strange church (*all church ceremonies, by the way, being strange to us*), we followed in their train, mingling with the crowd, and paying great attention to their devotions. Nor could we, as we came into close contact with some of these devotees, refrain from thinking how unbefitting to the place were the numerous ornaments which they wore, when influenced by a feeling which I trust will be attributed to piety, we were unable to avoid the occasional abstraction of some few pendent hearts and crosses, leaving their wearers in a state of much more perfect simplicity than we found them.

Having satisfied our *curiosity*, we quitted the church, rambled through the fair, and were amused at its display, though we *made nothing by it*. A jeweller's shop, however, situated in the Grand Rue, into which we lounged

admiring all, but *purchasing* none of its contents, was a more advantageous amusement, as in all probability he discovered when he made up his books for the evening. If people will expose large bowls full of sovereigns and chuckle over the premium which they think to screw out of unfortunate travellers in exchange, why they must take the consequences.

I must not, however, linger over the occurrences of the day; they succeeded each other, in fact, with only too much rapidity; I hurry on, therefore, to narrate the progress and conclusion of our Easter Monday.

After a simple luncheon on a few baskets of *huîtres d'Ostende*, *fromage de Neufchatel*, a few bottles of Chablis, and a succedaneum of Curaçoa and Parfaite Amour, our carriages made their appearance and we drove off to the sands, amidst the admiring gaze of a host of frogs—fishermen, peasants, commissionaires, and grisettes. As a reward for his obliging communicativeness, we kindly took little Joseph the waiter on the box of the carriage in which I sat, that he might witness the sport. We obtained a very good position on the course—saw at a glance who would *not* be the winners (though the active Gauls were not so quick-sighted), recognised many of our sporting friends, whom we reminded of the engagement on the morrow, and after witnessing the race became firmly impressed with the conviction that a good deal of business was to be done on the sands at Boulogne. It was necessary, however, to effect a *coup* to cover our intended operations, and I laid myself out for the accomplishment of a slight object which suggested itself for its attainment. My carriage was posted near a knot of betting men, one of whom Colonel Bullet (he was in reality a half-pay Ensign of a West India regiment), a very fierce-looking fellow, was evidently a loser.

"We'll have a scramble," I cried, and mounting on the box beside the little waiter, I said to him, "*Tiens, Joseph, as-tu de la monnaie? J'ai dépensé toute la mienne!*"

"*En voilà dix-neuf francs, monsieur!—mais c'est en petite monnaie.*"

"*Tant mieux,*" I replied. "Here, hand it over, it's for a scramble; you shall have twenty for it this evening."

So saying I received a handful of his casual coin, and began to scatter it among the crowd of boys and men, who were assembled near, to their infinite amusement. In jerking the last coin, a piece of thirty sous, it struck the colonel on the hat, who, prone to take offence at any thing just then, conceived that the act was intentional. He assumed a very haughty air, and striding towards the carriage, desired me to get down and make an apology. I declined doing so, beyond explaining the affair as a mere accident, and his language becoming more violent, I pulled out a card, which I threw contemptuously towards him, pointed significantly to the column of Napoleon on the height above, and desiring him to send his friend to the hotel that evening to meet mine, began to smoke a cigar with the nonchalance of a perfect hero.

This incident created a momentary sensation, the mob cried "*Vive le Milor Anglais,*" but the hostile colonel withdrawing, the affair passed off without further notice. I contented myself, as we drove back, with saying to Joseph,

"Tell your master, when we arrive, to make out our bill *after dinner*. I always settle my accounts every evening; and as some accident might happen to me to-morrow morning, I am particularly desirous of arranging every thing on *this* occasion. But, above all, *say nothing about this duel*, and you shall have a Napoleon, besides the twenty francs I owe you."

He promised to be obedient, but I felt certain he would not keep his word, and I was satisfied.

It would be tedious to describe the dinner we ate that day, or to say how very copiously we poured forth our libations of *the very best wine* in the cellars of our host. On as close a calculation as I could make, I think we must have consumed in all about the following quantity :

Champagne, 78 bottles ; Chambertin, 13 ; Clos Vougeot, 6 ; Bordeaux ; Laffitte, 18 ; Château Margaux, 11 ; Chablis, 7 ; Vin de Madère sec, 2 ; and Œil de Perdrix, 5 ; besides cognac and liqueurs to a very large figure. The bill, in fact, amounted to something very little short of 1500 francs. It was presented after dinner in due form, and "Ordered to lie on the table."

Before we paid it—as the *affiche* of the day had announced a *feu d'artifice*, I told our little friend Joseph, that we should stroll up the town to see the preparations for it in the fair, and return to coffee in half-an-hour. He had not kept my secret ; of that I felt perfectly certain ; he fully anticipated the duel of the next day, and so did his master. Not the slightest doubt, therefore, was entertained respecting our movements.

We turned out immediately into the Rue de l'Ecu, and directed our steps apparently towards the upper town ; but as we had carefully noticed where to make a *détour* at the corner of that curiously-named street, "La Rue Ecoute s'il pleut," we had no difficulty, as it was dark, in gaining the quay without observation. We had not been ourselves unobservant of the chalk on the black board which stood against the chimney of the *Leviathan*, as we drove along the quay before dinner. "To sail at eight" was quite sufficient intimation. Having no baggage worth caring for, and passports not being required for those who come on "trips" to the coast of France, we experienced no obstacle in getting on board, and were soon stowed away in the cabins and with the crowd on deck. The last man of our party had just leapt from the plank when the boat cast off, and we found ourselves steaming out of the harbour, the bill for 1500 francs still lying on the dinner-table, and our *valuable* carpet-bags and umbrellas remaining as a pledge for the honesty of our intentions. Something or other must, however, have occurred to excite suspicion shortly after our departure ; probably the arrival of the colonel's friend to fix the time and place for the duel, for just as we were clearing the two wooden piers which form the entrance of the port, my ears, which are uncommonly quick, distinctly heard an outcry as of pursuit ; and, standing at the taffrail I plainly saw three or four gendarmes running as hard as they could pelt, headed by a little fellow, whom by the light of the rising moon, I distinctly recognised as Joseph the waiter.

"Steamers never stop for passengers who may be late ?" I observed to the captain, pointing to this active little personage.

"Never puts back for nobody," grunted the commander, and we crossed the bar at the moment when the little waiter had gained the absolute extremity of the pier, and I saw him waving his arms aloft in the agony of despair. He shouted with all the energy of a frantic Frenchman, and I, at any rate, was able to hear his words ; they were compressed into a malediction and a lament, and were thus shaped :—" *Sacré nom de Dieu ! Voilà mes dix-neuf francs qui s'en vont ! Voilà le SWELL MOB qui part !*"

We reached England in safety. I have abjured duelling, *on principle* ; but unfortunately other circumstances have introduced me to the treadmill.

"The wheel has come full circle—I am *here*."

Brixton, June 12, 1847.

A GRAYBEARD'S GOSSIP ABOUT HIS LITERARY ACQUAINTANCE.

No. VI.

Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

Theodore Hook—His Hilarity different from that of Charles Mathews—His unrivalled Talent as an Extemporiser—His Sanctum in Charlotte-street—The 'Thunder-storm'—The Sadler's Wells' Burletta—How he sometimes escaped from his Pranks—Returns from the Mauritius—Edits the *John Bull*—Dinner at Lady Stepney's—Contrast of Hook, "Abroad and at Home."—His Death—Subscription for his Children—Notices of Lady Stepney and Parson Cannon.

I HAVE said that Charles Mathews, with his unrivalled powers of mimicry, his inexhaustible fund of anecdote, and his mirth-provoking comic songs, was a constant source of amusement at our Sydenham merry meetings; but, perhaps, Theodore Hook might have been crowned by the laughter-lovers as the more genuine and natural Momus of the party. The former had a decided genius for a particular species of pleasantry, and he loved to display it in congenial society, partly, because every one likes to show off the talent in which he knows himself to excel, partly, because he received pleasure in giving it to his companions; but his exhibitions, so far from appearing to be the spontaneous overflow of a joyous temperament, sometimes gave you the impression that they were rather efforts to enliven a disposition not naturally gay. Even to his pleasant sallies his irritability imparted an occasional petulance that tended to confirm such a belief; they were often, however, rendered more piquant by this peevishness of manner, which was, perhaps, after all, rather apparent than real, and people willingly make allowance for the occasional bad temper of a good-natured man.

Far different was the effect produced by the unvaried and irrepressible ebullience of Theodore Hook's vivacity, which was a manifest exuberance from the conjunction of rampant animal spirits, a superabundance of corporeal vitality, a vivid sense of the ludicrous, a consciousness of his own unparalleled readiness, and a self-possession, not to say an effrontery, that nothing could daunt. Indulging his natural frolicsomeness rather to amuse himself than others, he was not fastidious about the quality of his audience, whom he would startle by some outrageous horse-play, or practical joke, if he found them too stupid for puns, jests, and songs. Thus you were always sure of him; he required no preparation, no excitement, he was never out of sorts, never out of spirits, never unprepared for a sally however hazardous, a prank however mad. If the writer of these notices confesses that he sometimes participated in these questionable freaks, he begs permission to state, in extenuation for both parties, that he is now speaking of Hook in the *earlier* portion of his career.

The century must have been young when I first met him at the house of the late Nat. Middleton, the banker, then living in Charles-street, St. James's-square. A large dinner-party was assembled, and before the ladies had withdrawn, the improvisatore was requested to favour the company with a song; his compliance was immediate and unembarrassed, as if it were an affair of no difficulty; and the verses, turning chiefly upon the names of the guests, only once varied by an allusion to some occurrence of the moment, were so pointed and sparkling, that I hesitated not to express my total disbelief in the possibility of their being extempora-

neous, an opinion which some "goodnatured friend" repeated to the singer. "Oh, the unbelieving dog!" exclaimed the vocalist. "Tell him if I am called upon again, he himself shall dictate the subject and the tune, which of course involves the metre; but it must be some common popular air." All this took place; and the second song proving still more brilliant than the first, I made a very humble palinode for my mistrust, and expressed the astonishment and delight with which his truly wonderful performance had electrified me. Not without difficulty, however, had I been enabled to believe my own ears, and several days elapsed before I had completely recovered from my bewilderment, for, as an occasional rhymester, I could well appreciate the difficulty of the achievement.

Some months after this encounter, while on my way to call upon a friend in Bedford-square, I was overtaken by so sudden a storm of thunder, lightning, and rain, that I took shelter in the door-way of a house in Charlotte-street, where I had hardly ensconced myself, when a figure ran helter skelter to my side, seeking, as I imagined, the same protection as myself. It proved, however, to be Theodore Hook, who, after expressing his pleasure at our unexpected meeting, told me that the house was his father's, and opening the door with a latch-key, asked me to put into the paternal port until the storm was over; an invitation which I readily accepted, and was ushered into a small back drawing-room, his own peculiar sanctum. A sketch of this apartment, from the reminiscences of an associate, is thus given in the *Quarterly Review* (vol. lxxvii., p. 56). "The tables, chairs, mantelpiece, piano, were all covered with a litter of letters, MS. music, French plays, notes, tickets, rhyming dictionaries; and not a seat to be had." Such was its plight at the time of my induction, with the addition of a half-finished bottle of wine, of which, after offering me a glass, he tossed off a large bumper, so early were sown the seeds of that propensity which gained upon him so lamentably in after-life! The day was sultry, the windows had been left open, so had the piano, at which Hook seated himself, and looking up at the sky, while he accompanied himself on the instrument, he sang in rhyme an extemporaneous defiance of the still-raging storm, in terms so daring and unmeasured, that while I was surprised by his cleverness, I was infinitely more astounded by his outrageous audacity. We all know that a thunder-storm, the merely fortuitous strife of the elements, is produced by the collision of air-driven clouds; but the certain destructiveness and uncertain direction of the death-fraught electric spark, and the lingering delusion—not unassociated, perhaps, with our boyish recollections of the Jupiter Tonans, that these terrific fulminations are the voice of an offended deity, are calculated to awaken a feeling of vague solemnity, even in the minds of the most reckless. Not such, however, was its effect upon Hook, who, as the storm died away, a result which he attributed to his own menaces, began to imitate the retiring thunder on his instrument.

"Are you not afraid of the fate of Salmoneus?" I inquired.

"No; but the storm is afraid of me," he replied; and, at the same time, throwing down one of his gloves as a gauntlet, he sang a challenge to the clouds, inviting them to return and renew the contest, if they were not satisfied with the defeat they had already sustained.

Let not any one accuse him of intentional profaneness; it was the mere out-burst of boisterous temerity, proceeding from intoxication of animal spirits, and a desire to astonish his auditor, in which latter object he certainly succeeded.

Retaining his seat at the piano, after the conclusion of this strange escapade, he asked me whether he should give me an extempore Opera scene, with imitations of the principal performers, or a Sadler's Wells' burletta, such as was then currently performed in that suburban theatre. The latter won my preference, and most complete, as well as entertaining, was the performance. The morning song of Patty the dairy-maid, as she sallied forth to milk her cows, the meeting, and the duet with her rustic lover, Hodge, the scolding of the cross old mother at her staying away so long from the cottage, her vindication by the good-tempered father, all given, music as well as words, in an unpremeditated trio—the advent of the squire—his jovial hunting-song—his dishonourable proposals to Patty, and their indignant rejection—his quarrel with Hodge, who upbraids him with his base attempt—his ignominious retreat, and the marriage of the happy pair, announced by a merry peal from the village bells, were all presented with such a perfect imitation of the Sadler's Wells' libretto, as well as of the characters introduced, that his promptitude and versatility filled me with an indescribable amazement.

A rollicking buffoonery, and puns, and jests, and extemporaneous songs, and practical jokes of the most matchless impudence, were Hook's predominant characteristics, but he occasionally indulged a quiet drollery, not less laughable than his witty flashes. I once met him at a dinner-party, where his spirit seemed to be rebuked by the presence of two solemn-looking elderly noblemen, until the subject having turned upon Shakespeare, one of the company observed that the only individual of all his acquaintance who thought that illustrious poet over-rated, was Perry, of the *Morning Chronicle*.

"This excites no surprise in me," said Hook, very gravely; "you must recollect that the bard has gone out of his way, and substituted one beverage for another, for the express purpose of passing him by, and showing him a slight."

"Beverage! Slight! What *can* you mean?" demanded two or three voices.

"Why, in that well-known line—'To suckle fools and chronicle small-beer'—is it not manifest that he *ought* to have written—'Chronicle PERRY'?"

Sheer as was its absurdity, the oddness of the remark, and the dry seriousness with which it was propounded, shook the commoners with laughter, and even elicited a smile from the peers.

Often have I sate upon tenterhooks, for fear of the consequences, while Hook has been playing off his pranks with an impertinence that could hardly fail to be detected and resented; and more than once have I known him to be indebted to his legs for his escape. When supping with him one night at the Hummums, he made such a point-blank attack, by mimicry and every species of annoyance, upon a corpulent, respectable-looking, country gentleman, sitting in the same box, that at length he turned fiercely round upon his tormentor, exclaiming,

"What the devil do you mean by this impertinence?"

"My dear sir," replied Theodore, blandly, "my meaning can be explained to your entire satisfaction, if you will allow me to say one word to you at the door of the coffee-room."

"Well, sir, well," growled the stranger, "I do expect entire satisfaction, and am ready to hear what you have got to say."

With which words he stalked to the door, which he had no sooner reached, than Hook resumed,

"You are to understand, sir, I have laid a wager with my friend that I can run to the pit entrance of Drury Lane theatre faster than you can. Mind, we are to start when I clap my hands," which signal he instantly gave, and took to his heels with a speed that soon carried him out of sight of his fat and fuming victim.

By the same safe, but not very dignified expedient, did he extricate himself from a still more perilous dilemma at Sydenham. One Sunday afternoon a party of us were strolling through the village, just as the inhabitants were returning from church, when Hook, having suddenly turned down his shirt-collar, pushed back his curly hair, and assumed a puritanical look, jumped into an empty cart by the road-side, and began to hold forth in the whining tones of a field preacher. Gathering ourselves in front to listen to him, we formed the nucleus of a congregation, which presently included a score or two of open-mouthed labourers and country crones. So enthusiastic and so devout were the sham preacher's manner and matter, that he commanded the deep attention of his auditors, until, with a startling change of voice and look, he poured forth a volley of loud and abusive vulgarities, jumped from the cart, and ran across the fields, pursued by a couple of incensed rustics, who soon, however, abandoned a chase which they found to be hopeless. That we might not be suspected of any participation in this gross and inexcusable outrage, of which, indeed, all of us were really innocent, and many of us completely ashamed, we joined in the fierce indignation of the bystanders, fully assenting to their prediction that the perpetrator would inevitably come to be hanged in this world, and be provided with particularly warm quarters in the next.

At our Sydenham festivities, where an almost Saturnalian licence was allowed, it may well be supposed that Hook, under the excitement of wine, added to a temperament naturally half wild with spirits, did not always restrain his merriment "within the limits of becoming mirth." Sooth to say, his transgressions in this respect were apt to be inordinate. On one such occasion, when a cluster of villagers were seen listening at the window which abutted upon the road, it was proposed that the servant should be sent to disperse them; but the good-natured host refused his assent, exclaiming, "Pooh, pooh! let them alone; they like to be shocked; I happen to know it. Besides, they may never have another opportunity of hearing the wags of London." A precious opinion they must have formed of these same wags!

Again let me remind the reader that all these, and many similar outbreaks, together with the thousand and one minor acts of tomfoolery of which no record has been made, were perpetrated by Hook in his earlier days, some time before he received his ill-fated appointment to the treasuryship of the Mauritius. Every one knows the painful and humiliating circumstances that occasioned him to be sent home from that colony as a prisoner. After a long investigation, the Audit Board declared him a defaulter to the amount of 12,000*l.*, though he himself never admitted a deficiency of more than 9000*l.* Great doubts were entertained as to his reception in society; and he himself, as if anxious to avoid publicity, was stated to be residing, for his father was then dead, in some humble suburban lodging. At this juncture I was no longer a Londoner; and thus I lost sight of him, and rarely even heard of him, until he made himself notorious as a sort of literary gladiator for the Tory party, writing scurrilous lampoons upon the persecuted and cruelly-used Queen

Caroline, and editing the newly-established *John Bull* newspaper, the leading features of which were a zealous advocacy of the slave-trade, occasional licentiousness of language, with an unsparing malignity, rancour, and personality, in its attacks upon the queen's defenders, the Whigs and the Liberals. We have a clue to the good taste of the aristocracy and clergy of that day, by which classes it was principally supported, when we state, on the authority of Hook's own diary, that at one period his receipts from the paper were as high as 2000*l.* a year ! To any delicate or chivalrous refinement in his onslaughts, Hook had never made pretension ; nor were the political sentiments of the *John Bull*, however extreme, inconsistent with his own. He was rabidly loyal ; the idol of his idolatry being the immaculate George IV. ! His gratitude for the appointment to the Mauritius involved, moreover, a lively sense of benefits to come, for he was firmly persuaded that the sovereign would make good his defalcation by a grant from the privy purse.

An absence of several years from England, and my subsequent residence in a provincial town, so completely separated me from Hook, that though I often heard of his "Sayings and Doings" I only caught infrequent personal glimpses of him. Rumour had apprised me that he had been living too fast in a financial sense ; and his bloated, unhealthy appearance gave me painful assurance, at every fresh interview, that the remark was equally applicable to his social habits. The last time I had the pleasure of dining in his company was in the year 1840. at the London residence of the late Lady Stepney. At this period his customary beverage was brandy and champagne in equal portions, with an infusion of some stimulating powder, which he generally carried about with him. Appetite for food seemed to have nearly failed him, but he sought compensation in champagne, and I could perceive little or no diminution of his customary vivacity and his witty sallies. Willingly taking his place at the piano in the drawing-room, he commenced, "by particular desire of several persons of distinction," with the favourite mock cathedral chant of "The Little Birds do sing ;" after which he was prevailed upon to treat us with an extempore song, which proved as prompt, sparkling, and felicitous, as the best effusion of his best days. In the midst of it, Sir David Wilkie stole into the room, making his salutations in a whisper, lest he should disturb the singer, who was so far from being disconcerted, that he immediately introduced him to the company as

"His worthy friend, dounce Davy Wilkie,
Who needn't speak so soft and silky,"

since his entrance, instead of interrupting him, had supplied him with another verse. A minute or two afterwards a particle of candlewick fell upon the arm of Miss B —, an incident which the vocalist instantly seized, by addressing the lady, and declaring that it excited no surprise in him whatever—

"Since he knew very well, by his former remarks,
That wherever she went she attracted the sparks."

In this impromptu style, his tumbler being duly replenished, he continued to delight and astonish his auditors until, at the warning of the tell-tale clock, striking the little hours, they tore themselves reluctantly away.

Poor, dear, fascinating, mirth-dispensing, body and mind afflicted

Theodore Hook! From such scenes, from courtly bowers, and festive halls, and lordly saloons, where flattery, homage, worship, a living apotheosis, were lavished upon him by starred and gartered grandees, jewelled peeresses, bright-eyed belles, and the *élite* of the *beau-monde*, the miserable Merry-andrew dragged himself to his unblest home, utterly exhausted both in frame and mind, to bewail, in bitter compunction, his ruined prospects, his ever-increasing embarrassments, his waning health, his wasted life, and the felt approaches of that death which would leave his creditors unpaid, his children and their mother utterly destitute! The firework had been played off; it had flashed, and sparkled, and scattered light and cheerfulness around, delighting all by its ever-changing and ever-charming forms and hues; and nothing now was left but the darkened, unsightly framework of the wheel, worn, wasted, and shattered by its own brilliant gyrations, under an artificial and self-consuming impulse. A few weeks before the dinner-party at which I had seen him *lionising* in all his glory, and apparently sharing the happiness that he conferred, he had made the following entry in his diary:—

“*Jan. 1st, 1840.*—To-day another year opens upon me with a vast load of debt and many incumbrances. I am suffering under constant anxiety and depression of spirits, which nobody who sees me in society dreams of; but why should I suffer my own private worries to annoy my friends?”

He died next year, and was buried in Fulham churchyard, but few mourners, and none of any rank or fame following him to the grave. Not they! More deeply would they have regretted the loss of a favourite living dog than of their dead lion! The popular player, mountebank, and buffoon had taken his benefit in the shape of invitations, banquets, jollifications, metropolitan revels, and the run of rural castles, when a man of genius and pleasantry was wanted to enliven the dulness of the guests; and the sacrificers had now nothing further to do with or for their victim. No, nor for *his* victims! the produce of his books and other effects, about 2500*l.*, having been surrendered to the crown as the privileged creditor, and his children and their mother being thus left penniless, a subscription was opened for their assistance, to which the King of Hanover generously transmitted 500*l.*, probably in grateful remembrance of the able assistance he had received from Hook's pen, when a malignant and groundless outcry was raised on account of the suicide of Sellis, his majesty's German servant. Some of the friends of the deceased in middle life came forward with liberal donations, “but few, very few of those who had either profited as politicians by Theodore Hook's zeal and ability, or courted him in their lofty circles for the fascination of his wit, have as yet been found to show any feeling for his unfortunate offspring.”* Amusing enough, considering the quarters whence it emanated, was the excuse offered for this sordid shabbiness. Feelings of propriety, and decorum, and morality arrested their contributions; they could not patronise natural children, so that the additional misfortune and need of these poor innocents was made a pretext for not relieving them! This may be a good conventional and social plea, though I doubt whether it be in accordance with the charity enjoined in the Scriptures. But we are a virtuous and a religious people, and there is no morality so strict and straitlaced, nor any so economical withal, as that which takes the pocket for its Bible!

* *Quarterly Review*, vol. lxxii., p. 103.

It has been objected to the interesting biographical notice of Hook in the *Quarterly Review*, that it lets the reader too much behind the scenes of his private life, and does not evince the kindly and defensive spirit which might have been expected from the writer, who was understood to have been the intimate associate of the deceased. For this charge I cannot see any tenable foundation. "Plato is my friend, but Truth is more my friend," is still a sound critical canon, and *de mortuis nil nisi verum* is an improvement on the original quotation. The editor of an influential periodical has contracted moral responsibilities to the public which forbid the indulgence of prepossessions in favour of an individual, however manifest his genius, whose life and conduct present but equivocal claims to the sympathy of the world. A cursory but honest biography, not an apology was the critic's object, and if he have exhibited any leaning at all, it is on the extenuating rather than the inculpatory side. The early errors of the deceased are attributed to a neglected education, and the mistakes of a kind but weak father; mitigating pleas are urged for his malversation at the Mauritius; but no attempt has been made to conceal or palliate the fatal and repeated imprudences which debarred him from that station in society to which he was so fully entitled by his talents, and led him to throw away those golden opportunities which ought to have secured his happiness by placing him in a position of honour and independence. As one of the friends of Theodore Hook, I give my cordial assent to the concluding sentence of the *Review*:—"We are not afraid that any of his real friends will suspect us of regarding his memory without tenderness, because we have discharged our duty by telling what we believed to be the truth."

Let me be indulged with a passing reminiscence of Lady Stepney, of whom mention has been made in this article. Gentle, amiable, friendly, in every respect a lady, and utterly incapable of saying or doing an unkind thing, she mistook her vocation when she claimed to be a literary character and a poetess. Yet the ambition was an honourable one, and if she failed, it might at least be said of her, as of Phaeton—"magnis tamen excidit ausis." Nor was she altogether free from the foible of imagining herself to be quite as attractive, if not quite as young, as she had been; but this delusion she shared with so many mediæval companions, that it may be deemed a general, rather than an individual, weakness. Proud of her small literature, as well as her small foot, which she took good care to display, she was equally well pleased whether you perused and admired the one or the other. With two such hobbies to ride she could not be otherwise than happy, except when puzzled as to the choice; a predicament in which I once beheld her. Pretending to be much offended, she sidled up to one friend after another, exclaiming,—

"Have you heard what Lady M—— says of me? She declares that people only read my books because I am so pretty. How *very* ill-natured!" but the smile lurking under the assumed look of displeasure, contradicted the exclamation.

Such was her self-deception, touching her position as a writer, that she never suspected the persiflage of which she was sometimes made the object. The conversation once turning upon the advantages of being known as an author, Theodore Hook, ever ready for a grave hoax, observed—

"Why, it is all very well in some cases, such as mine for instance, where you do not attempt to rise beyond mediocrity, and could not if you would. Nobody is then jealous of you, and, therefore, nobody cares to malign you; but the moment you obtain pre-eminence and fame, and

surpass all your competitors, they hate you, and envy you, and make you the butt of the most venomous attacks. Look at Sir Walter Scott. Few men have attained so exalted a position, few have borne their faculties so meekly in their high office; and yet, how unsparingly has he been attacked by Hazlitt! No one, however, is so competent to give an opinion upon this subject as our distinguished hostess. Do not *you* find, Lady Stepney, that your similar position exposes you to the same sort of petty and spiteful detraction?"

As he spoke, he looked earnestly at her ladyship, as if anxious to hear her reply, while he thrust his tongue into his cheek, and winked at his companions, as soon as he turned his head.

"Now, really," said the duped authoress, quietly assuming the seat beneath the *summa biverticis umbra Parnassi*, thus ironically assigned to her, "I cannot say that *I* have much to complain of in that respect. To be sure, I do read now and then very unhandsome criticisms upon my works, but as I know that they proceed from nothing but malice and envy of my superior success, I consider them to be compliments rather than any thing else. No, I have never regretted my becoming an authoress."

Such ridicule, even though undetected by its object, was a very unfair return for her ladyship's hospitality; but it was more kind, perhaps, to confirm her in this *gratissimus error*, than to disabuse her of it. No one who knew her could have the heart to give her pain; and I need not, therefore, add, that these anecdotes would never have been committed to paper in her lifetime.

Before I quit the subject of Theodore Hook, I may state that the original of the "Godfrey Moss," introduced into his novel of "Gilbert Gurney," as incumbent of the very appropriate rectory of "Fuddley-cum-pipes," was an unbeneficed clergyman, named Cannon, one of the priests of the household, an eccentric humorist, and one of the novelist's most congenial compotators. Many, many years ago, I met "Parson Cannon," as he was familiarly called, at the table of Mr. Croker, when that gentleman lived at Fulham, and also when he had apartments in Kensington Palace; but whatever might have been his quaint drollery, or his convivial qualities when stimulated by a pipe and spirit castor, with two or three cronies, they were not conspicuous in a mixed company. He was a good singer, however, of English ballads, and when performing on the piano or the organ, he really seemed to be inspired. The last time I encountered him was at the extremity of the pier at Ryde, waiting for a sailing-boat, for he almost lived upon the sea. Enveloped in a shaggy Dreadnought coat, he appeared utterly unconscious of the pelting rain, so busily was he employed in preparing an apparatus for boiling the kettle which always went afloat with him, that he might be constantly supplied with his favourite beverage—hot gin and water. By a *crescendo* process in the former, and a *diminuendo* in the latter of these ingredients, his potations eventually became too strong for the health, either of his body or his mind. Always elected president of the punch-bowl, when that beverage crowned the jovial night, he used jocosely to remark that few people had *mixed* more in society than himself; but, in after years, as we learn from the recently published Memoir of his friend, the Rev. R. H. Barham, author of the "Ingoldsby Legends," he sank into a toping and voluntary exile at Twickenham, and, under the influence of the slow poison to which he had become a slave, finally expired—"deep sunk in childhood's night."

THE ANTARCTIC VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

I.—NORTH AND SOUTH ATLANTIC OCEANS.

THE expedition under Sir James Clark Ross to the Southern and Antarctic regions, was sent out by her majesty's government, at the instigation of a Committee of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, seconded by the Council of the Royal Society.

Its immediate objects were the improvement of knowledge in Terrestrial Magnetism in the Southern Hemisphere. But sufficient important geographical discoveries, and sufficient openings to commerce have been elicited by the exploratory voyages thus performed, to satisfy all thinking persons that a great maritime country like our own should ever be without expeditions of discovery and research at work, both by land and by sea.

As the discovery of the great rivers Darling and Murray by Captain Sturt, and Dr. Leichhardt's exploratory journey of 1800 miles, at once opened to the settler in Australia new and extensive fields of enterprise, and connected settlements, heretofore remote, with one another, so Sir James Ross's expedition gave length, breadth, and height to the great Antarctic Continent, enlivened its icy solitudes with an active volcano loftier than Etna, and, what is of more practical importance, opened to commercial enterprise seas in which, hitherto beyond the reach of their persecutors, whales of the common black, the large hunch-back and sperm species, congregate in innumerable hosts. On the 29th December, 1840, south of latitude 63 deg. 20 min., Sir James narrates that they might have killed any number of whales they pleased. They were of an unusually large size, and so tame that the ships, sailing close past, did not seem to disturb them. Again, on the 14th January, 1841, being in latitude 71 deg. 50 min. and longitude 172 deg. 20 min., during the whole day, wherever the eyes were turned, the blasts of whales were to be seen. Truly may Sir James remark, that "a fresh source of national and individual wealth is thus opened to commercial enterprise, and if pursued with boldness and perseverance, it cannot fail to be abundantly productive."

The expedition was composed of the *Erebus*, a bomb of 370 tons, of strong build, with a capacious hold, commanded by Sir James C. Ross; and the *Terror*, a vessel of 340 tons, originally strengthened for contending with the ice of the Arctic seas, and commissioned by Commander Francis R. M. Crozier. With a chosen body of officers and efficient crews, the vessels sailed from Margate Roads on the evening of the 30th September, 1839. "It is not easy," says Sir James, "to describe the joy and light-heartedness we all felt as we passed the entrance of the Channel, bounding before a favourable breeze over the blue waves of the ocean, fairly embarked in the enterprise we had all so long desired to commence, and freed from the anxious and tedious operations of our protracted, but requisite, preparation."

The expedition anchored, on the 20th October, in Funchal Roads. While at Madeira, in addition to the magnetic and astronomical observations, the altitude of Pico Ruivo, the highest mountain of the island, was determined to be 6097·08 or 6102·90 English feet, according as Gay,

Lussac's, or Rudberg's measure be taken for the expansion of heat. Colonel Sabine's observations made the same peak about a hundred feet less, while Lieutenant Wilkes, United States Service, made it nearly 140 feet higher.

On the 13th of November the tents and instruments were landed on Quail Island (Cape Verd Islands), but the expedition had already learned, and all further experience corroborated the important fact, that with Mr. Fox's improvements, more reliance could always be placed on magnetic determinations made on board ship than on any made on shore, where the nature of the soil presents so many sources of disturbance, even under the most favourable circumstances.

As the expedition crossed the intertropical ocean a variety of important and curious observations were made. On the 27th of November the planet Venus was seen near the zenith, notwithstanding the brightness of the meridian sun, and they were also enabled to observe a higher stratum of clouds moving exactly in an opposite direction to the trade winds.

Those remarkable islets, called St. Paul's Rocks, were ascertained to be composed of hornstone, resting on kaolin, veined with serpentine; and although Mr. Darwin considers the rocks not to be of igneous origin, as hornstone forms the basis of the older porphyries, and is associated in such forms with feldspar often passing into kaolin, as in the Pentland Hills, near Edinburgh, although not volcanic, still there can be little doubt as to their igneous origin. "The whole group," says Mr. M'Cormick (who, by the by, is very loose and unscientific in his expressions, when he speaks of a calcareous-looking substance, which does not effervesce with acids), "presents, at a single glance, the most striking effects of the agency by which they have been forced upwards."

While at St. Paul's, one of the party, in attempting to wade across a narrow channel, was taken off his feet by a heavy wave, and was for some time in imminent peril. Frequently he regained the margin of the shore, and struggled to maintain his hold, but he was as frequently carried back by the retiring wave. He at length succeeded in crawling up the rocks, greatly weakened by his long-continued exertions.

At length, with the southern cross in view, they passed the magnetic equator in lat. 13 deg. 45 min. south, and long. 30 deg. 41 min. west, and fetched Trinidad on the 17th of December. Being a volcanic island the station here was utterly valueless for magnetic determinations. Horsburgh mentions that the island abounds with wild pigs and goats; but only one of the latter was seen.

On the 3rd January, 1840, being in lat. 27 deg. 26 min. south, and long. 17 deg. 29 min. west, the weather and all other circumstances propitious, soundings were obtained with 2425 fathoms of line, a depression of the bed of the ocean beneath its surface very little short of the elevation of Mont Blanc above it.

On the 31st January, the expedition anchored in St. Helena Roads, and here Lieutenant Lefroy, R.A., was landed to establish a permanent magnetic observatory, although, as was invariably the case on all volcanic islands, it was found quite impossible to obtain correct measures of the magnetic elements by reason of the large amount of disturbing influences.

On the 22nd February, being again at sea, a number of cuttle fish sprang on board over the weather bulwark, fifteen or sixteen feet high.

Several of them passed entirely across the ship, and altogether not less than fifty were found upon the decks. The water was at the time quite smooth.

At length, on the 17th March, the expedition arrived in St. Simon's Bay, and it remained at the Cape making the necessary observations until the 6th April.

II.—THE GREAT SOUTHERN OCEAN AND ITS ISLANDS.

FROM the Cape, the expedition sailed towards Prince Edward's Island, the first southerly land met with upon the verge of the great Southern Ocean; but not only was extremely severe weather encountered on the passage, but it continued to blow so hard during the time that the *Erebus* lay off and on in sight of land, and all hopes of effecting a landing were obliged to be abandoned. Thus it still remains matter of doubt whether Captain Cook was in the right or not, when he says that he could distinguish trees and shrubs on the island. Sir James thinks that the great circumnavigator was mistaken; but as Lord Auckland's and Campbell's Islands, in a lower parallel and another hemisphere, have a tree and shrub vegetation, there is no reason, except the exceeding distance from main land, why Prince Edward's Island should not also be similarly provided with timber.

Penguin, or Inaccessible Island, with its ledges covered with birds, was next passed. Beyond this it was with great difficulty that a landing was effected on Possession Island. Sir James Ross had undertaken to convey provisions from Cape Town to a party of seamen, who were employed on this island in capturing the sea elephant. When the party was found, Sir James says they looked more like Esquimaux than civilised beings, but filthier far in dress and person. Their clothes were literally soaked in oil, and smelt most offensively. They wore boots of penguins' skins, with the feathers turned inwards. Yet these poor fellows did not dislike either their island prison or their occupation. They lived upon portions of their prizes, rock fish, which were abundant, and eggs of sea birds, which could be collected by boat loads, those of the albatross weighing a pound each. Wild ducks are so numerous in a lake on the island, that dogs got any number whenever they were wanted, and the neighbouring island appropriately—at least for the present—called "Pig Island," was so overrun with these animals, the breed of which was left by Captain Distance in 1834, that, to use the islanders' own words, "you can hardly land for them."

Leaving the south end of Possession Island, which is of volcanic origin, and about twenty miles long by ten broad, the *Erebus* steered along the southern coast of East Island, also of volcanic origin, and with pinnacles at least four thousand feet high. Beyond this, on the morning of the 3rd May, when in lat. 47 deg. 17 min. south, and long. 58 deg. 50 min. east, the first piece of antarctic ice was seen. The great albatross, the large dark petrel, the speckled Cape pigeon, and two or three different kinds of stormy petrel now added a degree of cheerfulness to the navigation, which contrasted strongly with the dreary and unvarying stillness of the tropical region, where not a sea-bird is to be seen, except only in the vicinity of its few scattered islets. Whales, seals, and shoals of porpoises were seen at the same time, and beds of floating sea-weed furnished harvests of living things for the naturalists.

On the 14th May both ships were snugly anchored at the head of that most beautiful natural harbour, called Christmas Harbour, in Kerquelen Island. This island, like most others in the great Southern Ocean, is of volcanic origin. Basalt, often prismatic, and trap rocks prevail, and form bold headlands, with columns, isolated masses, as pictured by Cook, and hills with oval-shaped craters, the highest of which, called Table Mount, is 1350 feet in elevation. There are also singular isolated hills, of what Mr. M'Cormick, the geologist of the expedition, calls "an igneous kind of arenaceous rock," no doubt Tephriues or Perperinos. A still more interesting feature in the geology of the island is the numerous seams of coal, varying in thickness from a few inches to four feet, and found imbedded in the trap rock.

The whole island appears deeply indented by bays and inlets, and the surface is intersected by numerous small lakes and water-courses. The forests, which evidently at one period clothed the land, having been destroyed by successive overflowings of volcanic matter, the island has since remained in a state of almost vegetable desolation. A narrow belt of green grass ran along the quiet shores of the harbour, succeeded by large rounded masses of a dirty green or rusty brown colour, due, according to Dr. Hooker, the able botanist of the expedition, to the predominance of a curious umbelliferous plant, allied to the *Bolax* or "Balsam Bog" of the Falkland Islands. On the weather side of the island was also a carpet of vegetation, and bogs in which the party sank knee deep at every step. Higher on the hills vegetation only existed in scattered tufts. There were no shrubs but among the few phœnogamic plants (of which there were only eighteen altogether) was the famous cabbage plant (*Pringlea antiscorbutica*). This valuable vegetable, which possesses all the good qualities of its English namesake, abounds upon the island, and constitutes a most important resource to a crew long confined to salt provisions. For one hundred and thirty days the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror* required no fresh vegetable but this esculent.

There is also abundant food for cattle. The sheep landed from the ships thrived wonderfully, and soon got into condition. They also became so shy that they were obliged to be shot when wanted.

No land animals were seen on the island, but the footsteps of a pony or ass were observed on the snow. The sea elephants and seals are now few in number, but whales are still numerous. Many varieties of fish, some of which were acceptable to the table, were taken, and fifteen different species of water-fowl were shot, among which were some delicious ducks. Only three or four insects were observed.

The weather was exceedingly tempestuous during the stay of the expedition at this little known island; so much so as to prevent any extensive surveys being effected, but the other observations were carried on as usual.

On the 20th July the vessels stood out to sea, passing close along Terror Reef and on the 27th the two ships were parted in a gale of wind. On the 30th Mr. Robertson the boatswain fell overboard and was drowned. On the 16th August after beating up into Storm Bay, the *Erebus* anchored at the entrance of the Derwent in Tasmania, and the next day was off Fort Mulgrave where the *Terror* had arrived the day before.

A permanent observatory was established at Hobart Town, or as it is

now locally written, for the sake of brevity, Hobarton, and the expedition received great assistance from the Governor, Sir John Franklin. Here Sir James Ross was naturally somewhat mortified to learn that two expeditions—a French one under Captain D'Urville, and another from the United States under Lieutenant Charles Wilkes—had, to a certain extent, anticipated his objects by selecting the very place for penetrating to the southward, for the exploration of which, he says, they were well aware at the time that the expedition under his command was expressly preparing. While we cannot help observing that it is to be hoped that inter-national rivalry may always manifest itself in such a harmless manner, still it is impossible not to feel that there is something very childish and undignified in such proceedings. It reflects no great credit on the national pride or honour of the two nations thus concerned in struggling to deprive Sir James Ross of the gratification of first discovering a few ice-bound and useless lands.

The result, however, of this rivalry was productive of unanticipated success to the British, for it led the commander of the expedition to select a different meridian in which to make his attempt to penetrate southward, and there is no doubt but it was owing to this circumstance that he discovered "Victoria" land.

III.—AUCKLAND AND CAMPBELL ISLANDS AND THE SOUTHERN WHALE FISHERY.

The expedition upon quitting Tasmania shaped its course in the first place for Auckland Islands, which they came in sight of on the 20th of November, or eight days from Hobart Town. Enderby Island afforded a well-sheltered anchorage, from whence the instruments were landed. Here they found two boards put up, one by the French, the other by the American expedition. The first recorded "*Du 19 Janvier au 1 Février, 1840, découverte de la Terre Adélie et détermination du pôle magnétique Austral!*"

The Auckland Islands, which were discovered, in 1806, by a whaler belonging to Messrs. Enderby, of Greenwich, are destined to become of high importance, since the exclusive possession has been ceded to those enterprising merchants, who have undertaken to form a company, for the purpose of carrying on from thence the southern whale fishery.

"In a national point of view," says Sir James Ross, "whether as regards our maritime or commercial ascendancy, an undertaking of this nature cannot fail to be of very great importance. Its successful accomplishment would prove the means of effectually restoring a profitable but decayed branch of our maritime trade, and of diverting a large number of our most efficient seamen from the vessels of the United States of America, in which they are now employed. In the whole range of the vast Southern Ocean, no spot could be found combining so completely the essential requisites for a fixed whaling station."

The group, which consists of one large and several smaller islands, possesses, it appears, the great natural advantages of commodious harbours, and of a plentiful supply of good water and wood. The largest island is about thirty miles long, and its extreme breadth is about fifteen miles. The foundation of the island is volcanic. The loftiest hill, Mount Eden, attains an elevation of 1300 feet, and is clothed with grass to its summit. Indeed the whole land is covered with vegetation. A low forest skirts the shores, succeeded by a broad belt of brushwood, above which

grassy slopes extend to the summit of the hills. The woods consist of only four or five species of trees of very peculiar habits, and so gnarled and stunted by the violence of the gales, as to afford an excellent shelter for a luxuriant undergrowth of bright green feathery ferns, and several gay-flowered herbs.

There are no land animals, with the exception of the domestic pig, introduced several years ago, and now in a wild state. There are seven or eight land birds, all New Zealand species. Insects are abundant, and sand flies troublesome. In order to increase the resources of the islands, Sir James Ross landed two rams and four ewes, besides pigs, poultry, and rabbits, for all of which there is abundant food. The hens had formed nests in well-concealed situations, and had laid several eggs before the expedition left. Besides these, gooseberry and currant bushes, and raspberry and strawberry plants were planted, and a variety of vegetable seeds were sown.

Standing out to sea on the 12th December, the next day the expedition fetched Campbell Island, which is of nearly the same size as Enderby Island, having also two good harbours and hills 1500 feet in height. Being, however, 120 miles further to the south, the hills are less wooded, and have a more desolate appearance than those of the Auckland Islands, but the botanist found nearly the same number of native plants. There are, however, no longer any land birds, but water birds are proportionally more numerous. The albatross had formed their nests on the tops of the north-western cliffs of the island, and a great many of their eggs were obtained. The remains of some huts were found on each side of a cove to the north of the Erebus anchorage, as also the graves of several seamen who had evidently been employed in the seal-fishing, and amongst them that of a French woman who had been accidentally drowned by the upsetting of a boat in the harbour.

IV.—THE ICE-PACK.

Quitting Campbell Island, the interest of the narrative assumes a more definite character. Captain Sir James Ross shaped his course thence directly south, that being the meridian upon which he had determined to attempt to penetrate into the antarctic ocean. The wind freshened to a strong gale almost as soon as they had cleared land on the 17th of December, but still joy and hope are described as beaming on every face, for they knew themselves to be possessed of the best of human means to accomplish their purposes.

We may also observe here that nothing can be more absurd than the statements to which currency has been given by international rivalry, that Sir James Ross selected this meridian, because he was apprehensive of an equally signal failure with that which happened to the Americans and to the French, if he made the attempt in the same meridian that they did, and as was originally intended. The fact is, Sir James knew well that in his fortified ships, he could confidently run into and push his way through the outer pack or broad belt of ice which it would have been immediate destruction to the American *Vincennes*, or the French *Zélée* and *Astrolabe* to have encountered; and as it turned out, would have caused them to fail as signally on the meridian of Campbell Island as they did upon that of Hobarton.

Stormy weather, with only a few intervals of calm, attended their pro-

gress as they neared the region of drift-ice and icebergs, or bergs as Sir James designates them for simplicity's sake, begot also by long familiarity. The ships sailed through the first chain of bergs on the 27th of December. Sir James remarks that, unlike the icebergs of the Arctic Seas, they presented very little variety of form, but were generally of large size and very solid appearance, bounded by perpendicular cliffs on all sides. Their tabular summit varied from 120 to 180 feet in height, and several of them were more than two miles in circumference. As they got further south they varied from one to ten miles in circumference. A great many whales were seen, and they fed, as in the Arctic Seas, upon the *Clio borealis* and the beautiful little *Argonauta arctica*.

The expedition crossed the Antarctic circle on the 1st of January, 1840, and came at the same time to the edge of the main pack. The white petrel (*Procellaria nivea*) was flying about in great numbers. A large mass of volcanic rock, many tons in weight, was seen upon a berg, a fact of great interest to geologists, as illustrative of the manner in which rocks may be transported from one place to another. Selecting the most favourable point to break through the outer edge of the pack, the ships, after about an hour's hard thumping, forced their way into some small holes of water, connected by narrow lanes. They pursued their way through the pack by these channels, at times sustaining shocks which nothing but ships strengthened purposely for the service could have withstood. Many seals were seen basking on the ice as they sailed along, and the penguins scrambled over the ice and followed the ships at the call of the sailors. Several new species of these birds were caught, as also a new kind of seal, remarkable for the total absence of ears.

At length, on the 10th, they had a most cheering and extensive view from the mast-head of a clear open sea which lay beyond the pack. The course of the ships was now directed, full of confidence, towards the south magnetic pole, when suddenly an unexpected and insuperable obstacle presented itself between them and their wishes, in the shape of land, which on the 11th became plainly discernible, rising in lofty peaks, entirely covered with perpetual snow.

V.—VICTORIA LAND AND EREBUS VOLCANO.

The highest mountain of the range first perceived was called Mount Sabine, after Lieut.-Colonel Sabine, and towards this point the expedition first directed its movements, closing the land about six P.M., when they found the shore lined with heavy pack-ice. They accordingly steered along this, past Capes Downshire and Adare, the last of which forms a remarkable projection of dark cliffs, apparently volcanic.

It was a beautifully clear evening, and we had a most enchanting view of the two magnificent ranges of mountains whose lofty peaks, perfectly covered with eternal snow, rose to elevations varying from seven to ten thousand feet above the level of the ocean. The glaciers that filled their intervening valleys, and which descended from near the mountain summits, projected in many places several miles into the sea, and terminated in lofty perpendicular cliffs. In a few places the rocks broke through their icy covering, by which alone we could be assured that land formed the nucleus of this, to appearance, enormous iceberg.

Then came the naming of the newly-discovered mountains, an operation which, according to the system at present adopted by our navigators,

is attended with a certain unavoidable feeling of the ridiculous, even to those who are least open to such. First came the Admiralty Range, in which each of the lords—senior and junior—had their names attached to respective peaks. The two secretaries, Charles Wood and Sir John Barrow, had only a cape assigned to each. Mount Sabine was at the same time ascertained to be rather less than 10,000 feet in elevation, and about thirty miles from the coast.

Favoured by very fine weather during the night, the ships succeeded in approaching so closely to some outlying small islands, as to effect a landing the next morning, when the ceremony of taking possession of these ice-bound and snow-clad lands, in the name of our most gracious sovereign, Queen Victoria, was immediately proceeded with, and the flag of the country was planted amidst hearty cheers upon what was designated as Possession Island, in latitude 71 deg. 56 min. and longitude 171 deg. 7 min. The proceeding did not, however, go off entirely without opposition. The myriads of penguins which covered the whole surface of the island attacked the intruders vigorously as they waded through their ranks, pecking at them with their sharp beaks, and, to the last moment, disputing possession.

On January 15th, having, after much stormy weather, fetched a more southerly latitude, they obtained a fine view of another magnificent chain of mountains, of which they had caught a glimpse a few days previously. "With a moderate southerly wind," says Sir James, "we had beautifully clear weather, and we saw them to great advantage; and as we stood towards them, we gazed with feelings of indescribable delight upon a scene of grandeur and magnificence far beyond any thing we had before seen or could have conceived."

These mountains were completely covered to their sharply-pointed summits with snow, and the elevations that were measured roughly varied from twelve to upwards of 14,000 feet. The names of the philosophers of England were now in request. The most eminent men of the Royal Society and of the British Association had each a separate peak assigned to them. A snow and ice-clad immortality was conferred upon Sir John Herschel; and Peacock, Whewell, and Lloyd had their own inaccessible points of refuge in the Antarctic seas. Christie, Roget, and Wheatstone had only capes. This system of nomenclature reminds us of an anecdote which the zoologist, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, used to relate as a specimen of very bad taste, and of a total want of appreciation of natural historical honours, on the part of a friend of his, who had indignantly rejected the high compliment of having his name attached to a newly-discovered baboon! The discoverer of the electric telegraph will leave behind him a monument of practical good done to his fellow-creatures of a very different character to that conferred by Sir James's well-meant compliment. There is also, both intellectually and physically, an inevitably incongruous association of ideas suggested by such a nomenclature. Physically, we can imagine a Mount Murchison, but who can idealise a Mount Phillips? Intellectually we can assume a Mount Herschell, it is more difficult to associate the idea of a mountain intellect with some others of the chosen few.

Two more lofty mountains, one with a crater-like summit, were named Monteagle and Melbourne. They are said to form two of the most remarkable objects of this most wonderful and magnificent mass of vol-

canic land. Proceeding with variable winds, and amidst many difficulties, into still more southerly latitudes, a little island, named after Sir John Franklin, was visited in the open sea, beyond which, on the 27th January, and being in latitude 76 deg. 6 min. south, longitude 168 deg. 11 min. east, a mountain was discovered elevated 12,400 feet above the level of the sea, emitting flame and smoke in great profusion.

This was the climax to the interest possessed by these great Antarctic Alps. It imparts the idea of life and activity to their vast snowy solitudes. As Sir James Ross truly remarks, "the discovery of an active volcano in so high a southern latitude, cannot but be esteemed a circumstance of high geological importance and interest, and must contribute to throw some further light on the physical construction of our globe. The great volcano of the southern seas was not unappropriately named Erebus, and an extinct volcano to the eastward, inferior in height, but still higher than Mount Etna, was called Mount Terror.

A great range of mountains, which lay some fifty leagues in the interior of Victoria land, stretching from beyond Mount Erebus, to the Admiralty Mountains, and which were the seat of the unapproachable magnetic pole, the position of which D'Urville claimed to himself the honour of having determined, were named after Prince Albert, and the most southerly mountains perceived, were named after Sir W. G. Parry.

V.—THE SUPPOSED "ANTARCTIC CONTINENT."

A great perpendicular cliff of ice, between 150 and 200 feet above the level of the sea, perfectly flat and level at the top, and without any fissures or promontories on its seaward face, much higher, indeed, than the mast, formed an insuperable obstacle to any further discoveries to the southward. "We might," says the commander of the expedition, "have tried, with equal chance of success, to sail through the cliffs of Dover, as to have attempted to penetrate such a mass as this."

When within a few miles of this most remarkable object, the course of the ships was altered to the eastward, and, favoured by a fresh north-westerly breeze, the ships made good progress to the east-south-east, close along the lofty perpendicular cliffs of the icy barrier. "It is impossible," says Sir James, "to conceive a more solid-looking mass of ice; not the smallest appearance of any rent or fissure could we discover throughout its whole extent, and the intensely bright sky beyond it, but too plainly indicated the great distance to which it reached to the southward. Many small fragments lay at the foot of the cliffs, broken away by the force of the waves, which dashed their spray high up the face of them."

After sailing along this curious wall of ice, in perfectly clear water, a distance of upwards of one hundred miles, it was still found stretching to an indefinite extent in an east-south-east direction. The water was so deep, that it was not supposed that the outer edge of this icy barrier was resting on land.

Squally weather and snow at length obliged the ships to steer away from the barrier, nor had they long pursued a north-easterly direction before they got into the midst of many large bergs, which had evidently at one time formed part of the barrier, and which had now grounded upon a bank. Being most anxious to examine as great an extent of the barrier to the eastward as possible, Sir James, however, persevered in his explorations for a period of nearly three weeks, and amid a variety of

difficulties and dangers, till the approach of winter rendered any further continuation in such southerly latitudes a matter of extreme peril. The barrier was, however, traced for a distance of four hundred and fifty miles, "A mighty and wonderful object," Sir James remarks, "far beyond any thing that we could have thought or conceived."

At length, on the 13th February, the ships bore westward, with the view to make another attempt to reach the magnetic pole, and of seeking a harbour in its vicinity in which they might pass the winter. The attempt, however, to find a place of security in Victoria Land, was quite unsuccessful, and Sir James was obliged to forego the cherished hope of planting the British flag on both magnetic poles of the globe.

Steering then to the north-west, the edge of the main peak was soon reached, and it was found to present already, such an unbroken mass of ice, that they were obliged to wear round and run along its edge, the ships sustaining many heavy blows, by one of which the *Terror's* bobstay was broken.

At 5 P. M. of the 2nd March land was discovered, apparently a portion or rather a continuation of the group discovered by Balleny in February, 1839, and the tops of mountains of more extensive lands. The most remarkable feature in these new lands was called Russell Peak, and the southernmost island was named after Captain W. H. Smyth.

Continuing their arduous course to the north-east, the ships were at noon of the 16th March, in lat. 64 deg. 51 min. south, long. 16½ deg. 45 min. east, or very nearly in the centre of a mountainous patch of land laid down in Lieutenant Wilkes's chart as forming part of the Antarctic continent. As Lieutenant Wilkes appears to have withdrawn his claim to discovery of land in this neighbourhood, and it further appears that the rough chart forwarded to Sir James Ross was a kind of sweeping absorption of Balleny lands into the supposed "Antarctic Continent," with an imaginary northerly extent given to them upon the authority of Lieutenant Ringgold; the less now said about this discussion the better. Sir James Ross has published Lieutenant Wilkes's chart as communicated to him, and no amount of explanations will ever do away with the impression that the commander of the *Vincennes* put down, in his haste and anxiety to anticipate others, lands, the existence of which had not been determined with that accuracy which is indispensable to all geographical discoveries. We are here conceding even the possibility of Balleny Lands or Russell Peak having been seen by the officers of the *Vincennes* in the extreme distance.

Sir James Ross thinks that Balleny Land will probably prove to be a continuation of D'Urville's "Terre Adelie" discovered by him on the 19th January, and seen by the United States Exploring Expedition a week afterwards. There certainly does appear some probability, more especially from Lieutenant Wilkes's discoveries,* that Balleny lands, Terre Adelie, and Sa-

* Lieutenant Wilkes having stated that he has in his chart not only laid down the land where they had determined it to exist, but in those places also in which every appearance denoted its existence, Sir James Ross has felt himself obliged, and very properly so, to exclude the American discoveries altogether from his general South Polar chart. It is obvious that to introduce into a chart of positive discovery another chart in which the lands actually determined to exist cannot be distinguished from such as were only "guessed at," would have exposed Sir James Ross's chart to the chance of similar future misfortune with that which befel Lieu-

binia land discovered by Balleny in 1839, have some relation to one another as parts of one great land. But there does not appear even a remote probability of Kemp Island or Enderby land being included in the same category. Or even if they were so, the discovery of portions of land intervening between the two, and ultimately establishing their connexion could never now confer the title of first discoverers to the explorers. Upon the subject of the contest now going on between the French and the Americans as to priority of discovery of an "Antarctic Continent" Sir James Ross remarks that should this land eventually prove to be a continent extending to Kemp and Enderby land, *as they suppose*, it follows that neither of them has the smallest claim whatever to their discovery, and he also adds the following just and sensible observations upon the subject.

There do not appear to me sufficient grounds to justify the assertion, that the various patches of land recently discovered by the American, French, and English navigators on the verge of the Antarctic Circle, unite to form a great southern continent. The continuity of the largest of these, "Terre Adelie" of M. D'Urville has not been traced more than 500 miles, Enderby's Land not exceeding 200 miles: the others being mostly of inconsiderable extent, of somewhat uncertain determination, and with wide channels between them, would lead rather to the conclusion that they form a chain of islands. Let each nation, therefore, be contented with its due share, and lay claim only to the discovery of those portions which they were the first to behold. But if future navigators should prove those conjectures about a continent to be correct, then the discoveries of Briseoe in the brig *Tula*, in 1839, to which I have so fully referred, will set at rest all dispute as to which nation the honours justly belongs, of the priority of discovery of any such continent between the meridians of 47 deg. and 163 deg. of east longitude, and those of our immortal Cook, in the meridian of 107 deg. north, in January, 1774; for I confidently believe, with M. D'Urville, that the enormous mass of ice which bounded his view, when at his extreme south latitude was a range of mountainous land covered with snow.

On the afternoon of the 7th of March, the ships found themselves fast closing upon a chain of icebergs, so closely packed together, that they could distinguish no opening through which the ships could pass, the waves breaking violently against them, dashing huge masses of pack ice against the precipitous faces of the bergs; now lifting them nearly to their summit, then forcing them again far beneath their water-line, and sometimes rending them into a multitude of brilliant fragments against their projecting points.

"Sublime and magnificent," says Sir James, "as such a scene must have appeared under different circumstances, to us it was awful, if not appalling. For eight hours we had been gradually drifting towards what to human eyes appeared inevitable destruction: the high waves and deep rolling of our ships rendered towing with the boats impossible, and our situation the more painful and embarrassing from our inability to make any effort* to avoid the dreadful calamity that seemed to await us."

* * * *

We were now within half-a-mile of the range of bergs. The roar of the surf, which extended each way as far as we could see, and the crashing of the ice, fell upon the ear with fearful distinctness, while the frequently averted

tenant Wilkes when a portion of his Antarctic Continent was sailed over by the *Erebus* and *Terror*, and thus undeserved doubts might have been thrown upon every other portion of the chart. It was impossible to pursue any other course than to omit the whole.

eye as immediately returned to contemplate the awful destruction that threatened in one short hour to close the world and all its hopes and joys and sorrows upon us for ever. In this our deep distress "we called upon the Lord, and He heard our voices out of His temple, and our cry came before Him."

A gentle air suddenly filled the sails; hope once more revived, and the greatest activity prevailed to make the best use of the feeble breeze. As it gradually freshened, the heavy ships began to feel its influence, slowly at first, but more rapidly afterwards; and before dark they found themselves far removed from such imminent danger.

Sir James Ross remained some time longer in the Antarctic seas, before seeking a milder and more congenial climate, determining the position of the line of no variation, and ascertaining the focus of maximum total intensity, which was found to be more southerly than expected. After which the expedition steered directly for Van Diemen's Land, and the vessels were moored in their former berths off the government gardens on the 6th of April, 1841, after an absence and an adventurous navigation of the Antarctic seas of five months.

VI.—NAVIGATION OF THE ANTARCTIC OCEAN.

As the expedition was almost solely occupied with magnetic and other observations during its stay in Van Diemen's Land, in New South Wales, and in New Zealand, it will be unnecessary to advert at length to what possesses more of particular, than general, interest. The zeal of the observers is beyond all praise; it became a contagion which communicated itself even to the untrained, who volunteered their services as assistants. It is recorded by Sir James, that one of the more zealous of these volunteer observers, who had not been so fortunate as to see any "falling stars" during the first half-hour, did not wish to leave his post when relieved, "as he was sure two or three would fall in a few minutes; he had been watching them, and could see they were shaking!"

There is one remark, however, which is made in regard to those great colonies, which is of too much importance to be passed over unnoticed; more especially at a moment when the spiritual interests of these colonies has been so liberally provided for by the appointment of an archbishop to superintend the separate dioceses of Adelaide, Newcastle, Melbourne, Tasmania, and New Zealand. It is to the following effect:—

The want of a sufficient naval force for the protection of the numerous colonies that Great Britain has recently established in this quarter of the world, has occasioned pressing representations on the subject to the home government by the successive governors, but without any effect. Indeed, it is difficult, almost impossible, to keep the colonies regularly visited by ships from the East India station, to which they at present belong, and which is too remote to admit of provision being made for the many contingencies that arise. It is therefore desirable that a distinct naval command should be formed, and consist of several ships. Sydney should be the head-quarters of the commodore of the squadron, and the vessels belonging to it might be sent to each of the other colonies in turn, and by maintaining a zealous and cordial co-operation between the naval force and the respective governments, inspire a feeling of security and confidence amongst settlers, and prevent hostile attacks from the natives.

Disputes are constantly occurring between the masters and crews of whaling and other merchant ships in these remote regions, and it is well known, that a reference to the Admiralty Court in New South Wales is

as ruinous as it is often unsatisfactory. Mutinies, piracies, and other disgraceful proceedings are also but of too frequent occurrence in the various groups of the Pacific. There is neither encouragement nor protection given to British subjects engaged in commercial pursuits; many of the natives are in hostility to the colonists and traders. The New Zealanders—removed thither, by the by, by ourselves—have even lately overrun and eaten up one-half of the inhabitants of the new convict depôt, Chatham Islands; international interests have become involved in questions connected with the islands of the eastern seas; and the Pacific gives very strong intimations of being, in a moral point of view, about very soon to forfeit its name. It is sincerely to be hoped, that the numerous episcopal establishments, above mentioned, and their attached missions, will, by improving the character of the colonists, avert evils so common to young communities; but till that improvement is effected among natives and Europeans, Sir James Ross's proposed means of ensuring peace and progressive improvement appears to possess the advantages of presenting more certain, more practical, and more immediate results. The most desirable of all things would, however, be the combined action of both plans.

While the expedition was at New Zealand, an excursion was made to Waimati, to Lake Mapere, the mountain of Puki Nui, and to the volcanic district and hot springs. Puki Nui was ascended, and ascertained to be 1240 feet above the level of the sea. The mountain, itself, is a volcanic vent, towering high above all the others, and commanding from its top a view of the sea on each side of the island.

On the 23rd November, 1841, the expedition sailed from New Zealand once more for the Antarctic seas. On crossing the 180th degree and entering upon west longitude, the expedition had two Thursdays and two twenty-fifth days of November in succession, in order that their time might correspond with that of England. The first icebergs were seen on the 16th December. This was in latitude 58 deg. 36 min. south, and longitude 146 deg. 43 min. west, and this was the meridian upon which Sir James had resolved to penetrate upon this occasion to the Antarctic Seas. Good way was at first made through the pack, the ice being light and open, but as they proceeded it became more close. By the 1st January, 1842, they had advanced 250 miles through the pack, which last season had been found to be only 200 miles in breadth. Otherwise it was a repetition of the favourable and unfavourable circumstances of last year. Whales and seals were numerous, and remarkably tame. Enormous penguins were caught weighing from sixty to seventy-five pounds. These poor creatures if knocked off the ice into the water would immediately leap back again. In the stomachs of some of these birds were frequently found from two to ten pounds' weight of pebbles and stones.

On the 19th January the expedition found itself still in the pack, in the midst of a fearful storm. The rudders of both vessels were soon destroyed by the ice, and some idea of the extreme danger to which the ships were exposed can be obtained from the fact, that as each ship descended into the hollow between the waves, although close to the other, the main-top-sail-yard of each could be just seen level with the crest of the intervening wave. This was at the same time that the mountainous ocean was dashing heavy fragments of ice against the ships, throwing huge masses one upon another, and then again burying them deep beneath

its foaming water, dashing and grinding them together with fearful violence. "The awful grandeur of such a scene," says Sir James, "can neither be imagined nor described, far less can the feelings of those who witnessed it be understood."

It pleased God, however, to carry our brave countrymen safe through this great danger. Towards evening they were enabled to moor the crippled ships to a large piece of ice, for they were no longer in a condition even to seek the open sea; and all hands were set to work to repair damages. By the 28th January they had passed through not less than 800 miles of belt of ice, and on the 1st February they pushed through a fearful line of foaming breakers into a clear sea, after being fifty-six days involved in the pack. They now had chains of long barrier-like bergs, and isolated bergs of vast dimensions, to encounter, with heavy seas and snow-storms. So intense was the frost that a small fish was found frozen fast to the bows of the *Erebus*. It had been dashed against the ship and instantly congealed.

On the 22nd February they came in sight of the great ice barrier, and the next day they saw the same barrier gradually rising to the southward, and presenting the appearance of mountains of great height, and Sir James, and all his companions, felt assured of the presence of land, but they were prevented carrying on their researches any further southwards by the rapid formation of young ice, and the setting in of winter.

It was resolved, therefore, to run to the northwards, along the pack of ice, which was here upwards of 1000 miles in thickness. This carried them further to the westward than they intended, and they even got occasionally involved, against their wishes, in its indentations. At length, on the 1st March, they came in sight of a magnificent range of stupendous bergs, extending in an unbroken chain to the northward, as far as the eye could discern from the mast-head. On the 12th, in endeavouring to avoid a large berg, the *Terror* ran into the *Erebus*, and both ships were exposed to the most imminent peril. The *Erebus* was completely disabled, and had to have recourse to a stern board to free itself. But the ensuing morning showed that this collision, which was so nearly fatal to both ships, and which at the time appeared to be so untoward an event, had in reality been the means of preservation of both ships, by forcing them backwards to the only practicable channel, instead of permitting them, as they were endeavouring to do, to run eastward, and become entangled in a labyrinth of heavy bergs, from which escape might have been impossible.

A most remarkable phenomenon was witnessed among these bergs. It was the Auroral light, forming a range of vertical beams along the top of the icy cliff close to them.

Impelled by strong westerly gales, the ships, after being righted, generally ran from 120 to 160 miles daily, which rapid progress was, however, several times interrupted by heavy gales and severe storms. In longitude 67 deg. 36 min. west, James Angelly, quarter-master, fell from the main-yard overboard, and was unfortunately drowned. April 3rd and 4th the ships were rounding Cape Horn, and on the 6th, they came to anchor in Port Louis, Falkland Islands.

VII.—NEW SOUTHERN LANDS.

So much has been made public of late concerning the Falkland Island, its Tussock grass, which appears like a forest of miniature palms, and its hummocks of living vegetable matter, or balsam-bog, its gigantic and exuberant marine vegetation, and its herds of wild horses and cattle, which now find subsistence in a long-unknown and long-neglected, yet most peculiar vegetation, that we shall not dwell upon details now familiar to most readers.

The usual observations having been accomplished, the expedition sailed on the 8th September, and by the 19th of the same month, was off Cape Horn. The weather being fine, this celebrated and dreaded promontory was shorn of half its horrors, and a cape of terror and tempests was converted into a low cliff, clothed with a brownish-coloured vegetation, with some snow on the summit. But the numerous islands and lofty peaks of Bay St. Francis, struck the travellers with the wildness and beauty of their scenery. Like Auckland and Campbell Islands, Tierra del Fuego exhibits a luxuriance of vegetation, which its rigorous climate and low annual temperature would scarcely lead to be expected, but which is the result of the same causes, a certain mild humidity of climate, and an absence of sudden changes. Snug harbours, and abundant anti-scorbutic plants, offer shelter and means of recruiting health in this once much-condemned land. The natives, however, are described as being much inferior in intelligence and civilisation even to the Esquimaux; in fact, as the most abject and miserable race of human beings.

The expedition sailed from St. Martin's Cove on the 7th November, and rounded Cape Horn. Upon this occasion the Cape re-established its credit to a certain extent. The surf on the rocks is described as being grand, and the white foam along the whole extent of the coast line, caused by the heavy southerly swell, was rendered more remarkable by the black cliffs against which it was beating.

On the 12th the expedition was again at Port Louis, at which place they landed a great number of deciduous and evergreen trees, chiefly beech, besides a variety of shrubs, and as nearly all of them put forth fresh buds soon after they were planted, they gave good promise of eventually furnishing these islands with trees which they greatly require.

On the 17th December the expedition sailed on its third visit to the Antarctic regions, selecting this time the meridian of 55 deg. west, where it was expected to meet a continuation of Louis Philippe's Land. On the morning of the 24th they saw the first iceberg, in latitude 61 deg., and on the 25th they sailed through streams of loose ice, and soon afterwards came up with the main pack. On the 27th, sailing westward along the edge of the latter, they came among bergs that were breaking up and rolling over with loud reports and crashes. This was the first time they witnessed any appearance of thaw or of breaking up of bergs.

Land was discovered on the 28th, at six p. m. This appears to have been part of the land called Terre Joinville by D'Urville. The officers of the *Terror* thought they saw smoke issuing from the top of a mountain. A high islet of extraordinary figure was named Etna Islet from its resemblance to that volcano. An enormous glacier, of several miles in breadth, descended from an elevation of about 1200 feet into the ocean,

to which it presented a vertical cliff of about 100 feet high. Such is very likely also to be the origin of the great southern barrier of 78 deg. 15 min. south.

Numerous low rocky islets, to the southwards, were called Danger Islets, and the most southerly of these Darwin Island. In these parallels Sir James Ross remarks—

We observed a very great number of the largest sized black whales, so tame that they allowed the ship sometimes, almost to touch them before they would get out of the way, so that any number of ships might procure a cargo of oil in a short time. Thus, within ten days after leaving the Falkland Islands, we had discovered not only new land, but a valuable whale fishery, well worthy the attention of our enterprising merchants, less than six hundred miles from one of our own possessions.

On the 30th, the mainland was seen bearing from W.N.W. to S.S.W., and with the assistance of a fine breeze from the south they succeeded in forcing their way through the loose ice into an extensive sheet of clear water, between the land and the main pack. A mountain which attained an elevation of 7050 feet, and which formed the most striking feature of the newly-discovered land, was named Mount Haddington. A mountain with two peaks, to the northward, 3700 feet above the sea, was called Mount Percy. Various islands and capes also received their proper names, and the great gulf which separated these lands from Joinville land, was called after the *Erebus* and *Terror*. In other respects Mount Haddington land evidently constitutes the southerly continuation of Louis Philippe's land, which is itself again but a portion of Trinity and Graham's lands.

A landing was effected, and formal possession taken of these lands at a spot designated as Cockburn Island. Nineteen plants, but all mosses, algæ or lichens, were still found in these southerly latitudes. The mosses only grew in the soil which is harboured in the fissures of rocks, and they were so exceedingly minute that the closest scrutiny was requisite to detect them. On the other hand whole cliffs were belted with yellow pulverulent lichens (*Lecanora minuta*). The rocks were all of volcanic origin. This island was in latitude 64 deg. 12 min. south, and longitude 59 deg. 49 min. west.

While examining these lands, the ships were for some days closely beset in the ice, and exposed to much danger. A whole week was subsequently spent in endeavouring to force the ships through the ice, but at length all attempts to penetrate further southwards were given up, and on the 4th February, 1843, the ships were got clear of the ice altogether, and they bounded away with a high easterly swell, still, however, with the intention of tracing the pack edge to the eastward, in the hope of penetrating to the southward on the same meridian that Weddell had found so much clear sea.

VIII.—RETURN OF THE EXPEDITION.

The expedition continued accordingly to beat to the eastward along the pack edge, making about thirty miles daily, frequently entering the outer edge as far as they could without getting beset, without perceiving any opening in it by which they could penetrate to the south. On the 14th February they crossed Weddell's track in latitude 64 deg. 37 min., but where he found an open sea was now a dense impenetrable pack.

On the 22nd they crossed the line of no variation in latitude 61 deg. 30 min., and about longitude 22 deg. 30 min. west.

On the 26th February the pack was observed to bend more to the southward, and it continued to do so for several days, so that notwithstanding much snow and thick weather, they were enabled to enter the Antarctic circle on the 1st March. On the 5th they reached the pack edge, and the ships were run into it about 27 miles, when they attained a latitude of 71 deg. 30 min. south, and a cask was thrown overboard containing a paper signed by Sir James Ross and all the officers, stating the fact.

The close and heavy structure of the pack prevented any further advance to the south, and the barometer falling rapidly at the same time, they were obliged to carry all sail to gain an offing as speedily as possible; and the season being now too far advanced to attempt any further examination of the pack, signals were made to the *Terror*, upon regaining clear water, of the commander's intention to proceed to the Cape of Good Hope. It came on, however, to blow a heavy gale while the vessels were still surrounded by icebergs, and a night and a day of fearful anxiety were passed. The utmost vigilance and activity were necessary to avoid the bergs, the heavy sea which broke against the perpendicular face of one of them having on one occasion fallen on board of the *Erebus*.

At length on the 11th March, 1843, the expedition recrossed the Antarctic circle for the last time, and proceeded on its way under a succession of strong south-west gales, but still passing a number of bergs, which obliged them to proceed under reduced sail during the long nights of this late season of the year. On the 21st and 22nd Bouvet Island was sought for in its reported latitude and longitude in vain. It is certain, however, that such an island exists, as it has been visited by vessels belonging to the Messrs. Enderby. It appears indeed from the log-books of these ships that there are several islands in the same vicinity, the number and position of which has not been yet accurately determined.

The expedition now experienced favorable winds and fine weather until the 4th April, when at 6 h. 20 m. A. M., the land was reported, and by noon they were close in with Cape Point, and at half-past seven the same evening, they were anchored close to her majesty's ship, *Winchester*, in Simon's Bay. The refitment of the ships, and refreshment of their crews; the repetition of the magnetic experiments, and the comparison of instruments, detained the expedition at the Cape till the end of the month.

Anchors were weighed on the 30th April. On the 13th May, the expedition was at St. Helena, and on the 20th, at the island of Ascension. On their way hence to Rio de Janeiro, being in latitude 15 deg. 3 min. south, and longitude 23 deg. 14 min. west, being nearly calm and the water quite smooth, they tried for, but did not obtain, soundings with 4600 fathoms of line, or 27,600 feet. This is the greatest depth of the ocean that has yet been satisfactorily ascertained.

On the 7th June, the expedition anchored in the beautiful harbour of Rio, and the magnetic and other observations having been completed by the 24th, they sailed the next day. Favoured by southerly winds, they crossed the line of no dip in latitude 13 deg. 20 min. south, and longitude 28 deg. 11 min. west, on the 3rd July. At length the shores of

Old England came into view at 5 h. 20 m. p. m. on the 2nd September, and the expedition anchored off Folkstone at midnight of the 4th.

It would have been highly desirable to have embodied in this concise report of the discoveries effected by the Antarctic Expedition, some account of the new and more important facts added to our knowledge of the physics of the globe ; but we must, for various reasons, content ourselves with adding two more to those already noticed in the course of the narrative. Having crossed the parallel of 56 deg. south, upon six different meridians during this arduous voyage, Sir James Ross deduces that about that parallel of latitude, or 56 deg. 26 min., there is a belt or circle round the earth where the mean temperature of the sea, obtained throughout its entire depth, forms a boundary, or kind of neutral ground, between the two great thermic basins of the ocean. This temperature is, according to Sir James, 39.5, which in the equatorial regions is found at a depth of about 1200 fathoms ; beneath which the ocean is said to maintain the same unwaning mean temperature.

If this be correct it results that, in opposition to the generally received opinion, the internal heat of the earth exercises no influence upon the temperature of the ocean ; and what is of equal importance, it suggests that this circle of mean temperature of the southern ocean being a standard point in nature, if determined with great accuracy, would afford to philosophers of future ages the means of ascertaining if the globe we inhabit shall have undergone any change of temperature, and to what amount during a given interval.

In connexion with the same considerations of a constant temperature at a certain depth of the ocean, we must conclude with the following curious and suggestive remarks, taken from quite a different part of the narrative.

It is well known that marine invertebrate animals are more susceptible of change of temperature than land animals ; indeed they may be isothermally arranged with great accuracy. It will, however, be difficult to get naturalists and philosophers to believe that these fragile creatures could possibly exist at the depth of nearly two thousand fathoms below the surface : yet as we know they can bear the pressure of one thousand fathoms, why may they not of two ? We also know that several of the same species of creatures inhabit the Arctic that we have fished up from great depths in the Antarctic seas. The only way they could have got from the one pole to the other must have been through the tropics ; but the temperature of the sea in those regions is such that they could not exist in it unless at a depth of nearly two thousand fathoms. At that depth they might pass from the Arctic to the Antarctic ocean without a variation of five degrees of temperature. whilst any land animals, at the most favourable season, must experience a difference of fifty degrees, and if in the winter, no less than one hundred and fifty degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer—a sufficient reason why there are neither quadrupeds, nor birds, nor land-insects common to both regions.

FINANCIAL RUSSIA AND ITS GOLD PRODUCE.

THE exceeding prosperity of the Russian finances, and the command of ready money possessed by the tsar* of that country, as evidenced by almost simultaneous investments effected in France, Great Britain, and Prussia; has, probably more than any thing else—more, even, than the mystery that envelops its vast population, its secret struggles for a representative government, or the workings of its gigantic despotism—attracted the attention of European nations to the progress and to the future prospects of that colossal power.

The position of Russia in Europe is, indeed, one of the most important questions presented by the future. The vitality of Great Britain and of France are concerned in it as a question of influence, of preponderance, and of equilibrium; but for Germany, upon which the empire of the tsars

* The orthography of this word has so varied of late, as to deserve a moment's attention. Formerly it was always written czar; but the custom of writing tsar, or tsar, has been gradually gaining ground, as being the only form which truly represents the Russian pronunciation. The Poles write it car, but pronounce it tsar like the Russian, their c being equivalent to ts, not as with us to k. The French now write tsar, but pronounce it gzar; the Germans can only express the word by their z, which has a harsh sound, composed of t and s united.

It has been pretty generally received that the word czar is an etymological abbreviation of Cæsar, emperor. But a fatal objection is met with to this etymology, in the old Slavonic version of the New Testament, where the title of Cæsar, is always represented by Kessar or Keçar,* while that of tsar is simply given to kings.

Karamzine, the most esteemed historian of Russia,† says upon this subject, "This name is not, as many persons suppose without reason, an abbreviation of the Latin Cæsar, but it is an old term peculiar to the Oriental languages."

It is the same word, apparently, which is met with as the final syllable attached to the names of the Assyrian and Babylonian kings, as Phalas-sar, Nabonas-sar, &c. In the Persian language, the word still represents the throne and the supreme authority. It was used by the Tatar and Mongolian khans, and by the kings of Kasan, Astrakhan, and Siberia. Hence it was that Hupel‡ thinks that it was derived thence, and that the Russian autocrats adopted the titles of the sovereigns whose territories they had conquered by the force of arms.

But it is to be objected to this that Muller§ relates that the citizens of Pskof, on the occasion of a deputation to Joann III., Vassilievitch, in 1477, gave this title to the Prince of Moscow. In 1505, according to Karamzine, the same princes assumed no other title; and, according to Hupel himself, Joann IV. assumed the title of tsar as early as in 1547, whereas Kasan was not definitely subjected till 1552, Astrakhan till 1557, and Siberia till 1582. It is, therefore, to the khans of the great Golden Horde, that we must refer the origin of this name, adopted by the princes of Moscow and the kings of Russia.

Peter the Great acknowledged the difference between tsar and Cæsar, by substituting the title of Césarevna for that of tsarevna, which had been given, up to that period, to the royal princesses. Catherine II. first adopted the title of césarevitch for the heir-presumptive. This termination of vitch (not witz nor wicz) in the feminine evna, or ovna, is patronymic.

* "*Isydé provélénié oth Keçara Augustus*."—"There went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus." (Luke, ii., 1.) And, "*Vozdavitie ibo Keçaref Keçarevi*."—"Render, therefore, unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's." (Matthew, xxii., 21.)

† *Histoire de l'Empire de Russie*, t. vi., chap. vii.

‡ *Staatsverfassung des russischen Reichs*, t. i., p. 260.

§ Muller, *Sammlung russischer Geschichte*, t. v., p. 461.

will bear down with its whole weight, the moment that no more obstacles are met with in Poland, it is a question of life and death, of independence and nationality. This threatening perspective has been more particularly made manifest of late by M. Thiers and M. de Lamartine. "Nature," says the historian of the Girondists (t. 1, p. 293, &c.), "has granted to it an immense, but ungrateful soil, upon the globe," yet this ungrateful soil is covering itself with inhabitants, and nowhere, except in some parts of the United States, has the progress of the population been more remarkable."

In the time of Peter the Great, scarcely a century and a half ago, Russia had only 16,000,000 souls, in the present day it has nearly 60,000,000; and it must not be supposed that this prodigious increase has been derived from new conquests, for, in the same interval, the superfluities of the empire has only increased one-fourth.

The same remarkable progress has also characterised the revenues of the empire. At the death of the great tsar, the total revenue did not exceed 26,000,000*l.* sterling; at the commencement of this century it rose to 140,000,000*l.*, and it is now not less than 500,000,000*l.*

These data are derived from a work just published by M. J. H. Schnitzler, the veteran statistician of the Russian empire, who, in 1829, published his celebrated "*Essai d'une Statistique Generale de l'Empire de Russie*," and who, faithful to his first attachment, after having consecrated to Russia all his youthful zeal, imposed upon himself the weighty task of studying this great subject, in all its possible ramifications, and of considering it attentively under every possible aspect. The result has been a newly published "*Histoire Intime de la Russie, sous les Empereurs, Alexandre et Nicolas*."

This work, although devoted to the consideration of the same period as that to which the almost simultaneously published work of the distinguished statesman Tourgueneff (M. Nicolas Tourghénief, Schnitzler calls him) refers, more especially in what concerns the crisis of 1825, still differs materially from the ex-statesman and supposed conspirator's work, inasmuch as M. Schnitzler does not admit the basis of M. Tourgueneff's argument, as opposed to the report of this commission of inquiry; that the secret societies had no concern with that ill-fated movement. M. Schnitzler argues, that the participation of Pestel, of Troubetzkoi, and others, both in the acts of secret societies and in the insurrection, attest the intimate relations that existed between the two; but he at the same time admits, that the first founders of the secret societies had no connexion with their subsequent progress and with the conspirators of 1825.

As we intend, however, to devote some space hereafter to the separate consideration of these important subjects, we shall confine ourselves, in the present instance, to one of more immediate interest, the great native resources of the precious metals, in connexion with their workings upon the financial system of the country.

Up to 1821, only two golden mines were known in Russia, of which those of Bexesof and of Krilatof in the government of Tobolsk were the richest, about forty pouds (each of forty Russian pounds), being furnished every year. But after the discovery of the great Ural mines, where a mass of native gold of an extremely pure quality, weighing twenty-five pounds, was obtained;* the rate of produce assumed quite a new aspect.

* *Essai de Statistique Generale, &c.* J. H. Schnitzler.

By 1824, fifteen different mines were opened in the environs of Ekaterineburg, and they furnished an average of 206 pounds 37 lbs. In the ensuing four years this produce so far increased as to be equivalent for the whole period to upwards of 2,000,000*l.* sterling, the price of the Russian pound being taken at about 62*l.* sterling. The value of the gold washings began now to extend itself into various quarters. The district of Bogoslov, in the district of Verkhoture, furnished, notwithstanding its northerly latitude, which only allowed of its being worked during a short period of the year, nearly a quarter of a pound (twenty zolotniks) out of every hundred pounds of alluvium.

It was at this period, also, that it was discovered that the gold washings of the Ural contained a considerable portion of platinum. During the years 1824, 1825, 1826, and 1827, 54 pounds, 6lbs., 88 zolotniks, of this valuable metal were collected. It was not, however, till 1828, that Russian money began to be coined in platinum.

At this period, also, twelve different mines of silver were in operation, more especially in the Altai and in Siberia, and these furnished annually about 3000 pounds. A great quantity of gold was also obtained from the chemical solution of the silver, and this latter produce was almost a pure profit to government, as all expenses were paid by the profit made upon the original mineral as it came from the mine.*

These important facts began to occupy the attention of men of science, statists, and geologists more especially, long before it was forced upon that of politicians, proverbially in the rear of the progress of practical science, however well versed they may be in court intrigue and international subterfuges. Yet not only have the great metalliferous accumulations of the Ural and Altai being yearly adding to the fame of these chains, but they have also been gradually contributing to place Russia in a financial position in advance of other European nations, and they are by many believed to threaten eventually most civilised nations with important results, by changing the relative value of gold as a standard.†

In Russia, as in the Brazils, it is to be observed that the great mass of the valuable metals is derived from local detritus or alluvia, usually called gold sand, which Schnitzler calls gravel, but for which, according to Sir Roderick Impey Murchison, to whom we are indebted for by far the most complete and perfect account of these deposits,‡ the term of shingle would be much more appropriate. It is further to be observed, that with very trifling exceptions, all such auriferous detritus in the Russian empire occurs on the eastern or Siberian side of the Ural.

Already in the reign of Paul and Alexander, it had been remarked that these gold alluvia were found to extend in a certain zone to the north and south of Ekaterineburg, throughout five or six degrees of latitude, yet notwithstanding the increased exploration and many researches in the northern and southern portion of the chain, the gold extracted did not exceed at that time the annual value of, from a quarter to half a million sterling. Sir R. I. Murchison adopts the latter estimate, Schnitzler the former.

* *Gornoi Journal* (Journal of the Mines). Saint Petersburg, 1825, No. 3, and 1826, Nos. 3 and 9.

† Anniversary Address to the Royal Geographical Society, by Sir Roderick Impey Murchison, 1844.

‡ Russia and the Ural Mountains; Geologically Illustrated. By Sir Roderick Impey Murchison, G.C.S., &c.

The reign of the Emperor Nicolas has, however, been distinguished by the important discovery, that portions of the great eastern regions of Siberia are highly auriferous, more especially the governments of Tomsk and Ieniscik, where low ridges, similarly constructed, geologically speaking, to those on the eastern flank of the Ural, and like them trending from north to south, appear as offsets from the great eastern and western chain of the Altai, which separate Siberia from China.

We derived lately a brief but graphic account from Sir George Simpson's work, of the rapid increase of population in these governments, produced by the mining colonies, and the rise of towns and cities in previously little frequented districts. It will be the less difficult to understand this rapid growth of such colonies, when it is known that these distant regions, which did not at first afford a third part of the gold that the Ural produced, by recent researches, have undergone so rapid and extraordinary an increase of produce, that in 1843 the eastern Siberian tracts alone yielded considerably upwards of two millions and a quarter sterling; raising the total gold produce of the Russian empire, according to Sir R. I. Murchison, to near *three millions sterling*.

If this great increment is sustained during a certain number of years, there can be no doubt it will ultimately reduce the standard of value. But it is by no means certain that this will be the case, and much doubt exists upon the subject even among those best qualified to form a correct opinion. Gold alluvia being but the detritus of veins which once existed in the adjacent rocks, it might be supposed, that in piercing these rocks the miner would find more copious stores of the metal. Experience, however, has shown that such is not the fact, and to whatever cause due, it is generally found that the veins which rise from great depths in the crust of the earth, are richly auriferous towards their *upper limit only*. Hence it is that nearly the whole of the ancient surface of rocks having undergone denudation and consequent destruction, the greater quantities of gold are found in the detritus on the flanks of the hills or in the valleys between them. So long, therefore, as these alluvia are unexhausted, so long may the miner extract from them, by mere maceration and washing, the ore which would be obtained at much greater cost from the solid rock.

But these alluvia having well-defined limits and an easily ascertained extent, they may certainly be exhausted; and such has been the case in most civilised countries, in which, as in our own isles, the valuable metals were abundant in olden times, but from which they have now entirely disappeared.

It is a difficult task, however, notwithstanding this fact, to arrive at any accurate conclusions with regard to the possible duration of the productivity of the Siberian mines. It has been most plausibly suggested that the north, and even the southern spurs of the great Central Asiatic chain, may even be repeated over and over again, like so many meridian ridges, across the greater portion of the whole of the Asiatic continent and that they may be always more or less rich in metalliferous products.

From the researches of Humboldt and his associates, we learn that rocks similar to those which are so auriferous in the Ural, re-appear in various parallels of longitude along the flanks of the Altai. Professor Hoffman also discovered, in 1843, a tract in Siberia in which the very richest gold alluvia occur in a region exclusively occupied by granite and schistous rocks.

Captain Newbold has ascertained that auriferous veins and deposits exist at various points in Hindostan, extending from north to south, and he strongly urges their further and more scientific exploration. Again we are told by Helmerson and others that some of the southern off-sets from the Altai, which extend into China, are auriferous, and one of them, the Tar-Bagatai, the northern part of which is in the Russian territory, has already proved highly productive. This last fact is of very great importance, for the Celestial empire, which has only just now been partially opened out to European enterprise, may very probably prove to have its own vast golden regions like Siberia.

Sir R. I. Murchison states, that in the Ural, as in the other parts of Siberia, greenstones, syenites, and serpentines appear invariably to have been the agents by which the metamorphic rocks have been rendered auriferous; now as the structure of the Taurus and its spurs, of the Amanus and the Lebanon and of the Kurdistan mountains is precisely similar, and gold grains have already been found *in situ* in the former, there is every reason to believe that there exists a very fine field for gold-searchers throughout all Western Asia. In a similar manner the distinguished traveller Adolph Erman has ascertained that rocks of a similar character extend even to the Alden mountains, not far from the shores opposite Kamtschatka, they are therefore in all probability continued on the opposite side, and the auriferous deposits may be thus found to extend into British America.

Count Keyserling has further stated that in the auriferous region discovered by Mr Hoffman, and which includes a district with an area larger than all France, all the subjacent rocks, when pounded up and analysed, afford a certain per centage of gold. This diffusion of gold throughout the matrix of rocks, does not, however, always promise well to the miner, for the expense of pounding the rock, and extricating the ore, is a very different and infinitely more expensive process than the washing of alluvia; nor do we feel inclined to attach any importance to this reported discovery.

Still there can be no doubt, from all the circumstances of the case, from the depth of the Siberian auriferous alluvia, the extent of countries which they occupy, and the distant regions in which they recur, that comparing the brief time since these rich resources have been brought to light, and the small number of points at which they have as yet been worked, with the length of time during which the one region of Brazil has continued to supply modern Europe with an almost undiminished quantity of gold, it would be extremely rash indeed at the present moment to attempt to set any limit to the auriferous capacity of the vast and slightly-explored regions of this new El Dorado.

It is obvious that in so far as regards our own national interests, that this great augmentation in the produce of precious metals of one country over another, should be met by increased activity of research on our parts, and that by qualified persons, more especially in Hindostan, in British America, and in New South Wales; in all of which mines have been recently discovered. It is obvious also that in what regards China, that false system of succumbing to the prejudices of the people, against which we have so often animadverted, should be supplanted by active and well-supported geographical and geological researches.

But it is also to be remarked that the amount of the precious metals,

or of the circulating medium, although an essential element of wealth, is by no means the sole one. It is in the amount of produce—of mines of coal, and of the *useful*, in opposition to the merely *precious* metals, of the land, of industry, of commerce, and of mind, in literature and the arts,—in all, in fact, that contributes to the well-being, and comforts, and luxuries of the greater number—and in the frequent demand and quick consumption of these, that a nation's prosperity really lies. Those countries which have been most remarkable for their produce of the precious metals, as Mexico, Columbia, Peru, and Brazil, have never attained a very high degree of national wealth. Not knowing what to do with the superabundance of gold and silver, the surplus over daily expenditure, is universally gambled away throughout the new world. In our country a precisely opposite state of things is often, and has been very recently seen, where the paper representation of a certain amount of positive wealth could only obtain a lesser equivalent in the circulating medium; while, on the other hand, the failure of one branch of produce affected the value of all others, and became the source of great anxiety and embarrassment.

The Russian is naturally active and skilful as a workman, but he wants perseverance and invention; and ever since the time of Alexis Mikhailovitch Russia has had to depend for the produce of all kinds of handicrafts and manufactures upon foreigners. The industry of the country, excepting in some of the most primitive branches, as agriculture, &c., is indeed mostly in the hands of strangers.

As it is with the arts, so it is with commerce. The Russian is a zealous dealer and an assiduous shopkeeper; but commercial enterprises are quite beyond his sphere, mercantile combinations are beyond his comprehension, and he has a horror of all hazardous speculations. Hence it is that commerce is also in the hands of strangers, nearly two-thirds of the whole maritime commerce of Russia being, according to statisticians, in the hands of Great Britain. Even that branch of commerce which Russia ought more particularly to make its own, that of Central Asia, has, as we have shewn in our notice of De Hell's "Southern Russia," been crippled and destroyed by extraordinary fiscal prohibitions, and by the foolish ambition of introducing only their own coarse manufactures into the trans-Caucasian provinces. A good deal of mystery envelops the Chinese trade, but from what we can gather from the latest traveller in those directions, Sir George Simpson, this does not attain a very high importance.

Still Russian commerce is decidedly making a progress. A college of commerce has been established at St. Petersburg, and many merchants have become shipowners, Mr. Brant, of Archangel being, it is said, the owner of no less than eleven vessels. The absurd social position of a merchant, by which he is placed in an inferior rank to the lowest commissioned officer—and all employés civil or military are commissioned in Russia—is also much opposed to the true interests of the country. With all these drawbacks, the total commerce of all Russia has quintupled what it was at the beginning of this century, and what is more, the exportation of produce exceeded, by the last returns, the exportation of the precious metals, but this could not be the case if the government investments were also included in the estimate.

The revenues of the Russian government are very inconsiderable when compared with those of some of the European governments, and the

nature of the sources from whence they are derived, says M. Tourgueneff, diminishes their value. One of the chief sources from whence the public revenue is derived is the consumption of spirits, of which government (that is the tsar) has reserved the monopoly to itself. Next in importance are the customs, the evil effect of which, in the modifications of the tariff, made with a sole view to protect national industry, have even a more pernicious effect in a young country like Russia than with older nations, yet they are always ultimately injurious to both. M. Tourgueneff and M. Schnitzler both admit this fundamental principle to the beneficial operation of all commercial transactions, one in which this country has lately set so great an example to the rest of the world.

Stamps and registration taxes are very high in Russia, and bring in a good revenue to government. An Oriental system of taxation, happily unknown in more civilised countries, still exists in Russia; it is the capitation tax, to which twenty-two millions and a half of the population is subjected. Property and income taxes are unknown; in Russia the poor pay for the rich. In this country, as far as human wisdom can effect that object, it is sought to make all burdens of that kind fall heaviest where less felt.

Adam Smith has said that paper money is like a highway through the air, which permits the landway to be converted into pasture. The Russian government has tried this, and in preference to effecting a loan has had several issues of paper money, but the equilibrium between the wants of the circulation and the sum in notes which was destined to meet it, found its level even before the time of Alexander, and the imperial wars entailed still further embarrassments to the Russian finances. After the peace of 1815, government began immediately to ameliorate its financial condition, and from one to two hundred millions of paper roubles were burnt to meet the depreciation in their value. Yet, notwithstanding this great reduction in the number of notes, the value of such as remained in circulation underwent a scarcely perceptible augmentation.

Before that time the silver rouble was worth four paper roubles, after the 150,000,000 of paper roubles had been withdrawn from circulation, it continued worth three roubles eighty kopecks. It was then perceived that the measure had failed, and that after a debt of 150,000,000, at six per cent., had been contracted without any return. The amount left in circulation was estimated at about 550,000,000.

An improvement has, however, been latterly effected, based upon the principles of public credit long ago adopted among the more civilised countries of Europe, and the paper-money is now made to represent the same sum in precious metals in deposit, but Russia, like Austria and some other countries, wants yet to feel that paper-money should, also, only represent such sums, as would be of inconvenient bulk in the metallic form. As to re-establishing an equilibrium between the paper and metallic currency, political economists appear to see no other way than coining a monetary unit, which shall be called a rouble, and which shall be represented by a paper equivalent of the same intrinsic value. It is to be observed that the introduction of platinum into Russia, for the highest coinages of the empire, gives a further advantage to the currency of that country over that of others, as it leaves more gold to be disposed of with the stranger.

But this does not throw into the hands of a government, not possessing

either a very considerable or a very flourishing revenue, so much gold for disposal as the use of paper-money, which always drives out to a certain extent that of the precious metals, and which has become the most common and almost the sole circulation in Russia. It is this, combined with the extraordinary produce of its metalliferous mines, which has, for the time being, placed a considerable superabundance of gold at the command of the Russian potentate.

It is evident that the application of such superabundance, to the purchase of stock in foreign countries, gives to one nation greater political power for good or evil, than if it was left to idly represent a certain paper-circulation at home. Gold must, also, always be the great sinew of the severest affliction that can befall humanity—war. But to the real, industrial, and commercial prosperity of the nation, it adds but little; of which the best proof is that it is little wanted there. To the real sources of national wealth—the produce of material objects of daily demand and consumption—it adds, only as a source of employment, and a means of occupation often, however, hurtful, as withdrawing the population from pursuits at once more legitimate and more beneficial, both to the people themselves and to the country at large.

Hence it is that we do not look upon the actual mineral riches of Russia with that amount of apprehension which some learned economists have indulged in, and for the same reason where, as with us, national wealth is founded upon other resources, we cannot regard any prospective change in the monetary standard as likely to effect to any great extent, the polity of this or of other nations, as France, for example, which are similarly circumstanced.

THE BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

THE fourth congress of the British Archæological Association has been held during the past month, at the ancient city of Warwick. There could not have been a more appropriate spot selected for such a congress than that city and its neighbourhood. Camden has stated that the town occupies the site of the *Præsidium* of the Romans, and although this is still a matter of doubt, yet in the absence of more decisive information, the fact of this city being the most centrally situated in England and Wales, goes far to give strength to the suggestion of that learned English antiquary. Certain it is, that the Romans had a fort here, in which they several times suffered defeat. Picts and Scots, Silures, Saxons, and Danes, all in succession fought for this the most central stronghold of all England. Ethelfleda, the fair lady of the Mercians, the daughter of our English Alfred, laid the foundation of its castle, and raised the city to that flourishing state in which it was found by the Normans. It is manifest that it was also fortified with walls and a ditch.

But apart from that proud monument of baronial grandeur—the most perfect and the most magnificent monument of its kind to be met with—Warwick contains within itself many objects of the highest antiquarian interest. It will suffice to mention the Beauchamp Chapel and its sepulchral monuments, Lord Leicester's Hospital, the Priory, the Hospital of Saint John's, and the modern chapels that have been erected by a singular taste over the ancient gateways of the city.

In the neighbourhood are Guy's Cliff, a whole historical romance depicted by cave and sculpture, by springs, by mysterious haunts and picturesque recesses; the splendid mansion that has arisen upon the Anglo-Norman relics of the Abbey of Stoneleigh; Kenilworth, which scarcely required the spell of the romancer to awaken reminiscences of the past; Coventry, where associations and relics of bye-gone times jostle one another at every step; Combe Abbey, lost to the lords of Harrington by the extravagance of Lucy Lady Belford, and with the spell of an honourable but deserted old age about it; the castellated mansion of the Astleys, with its relic of a fatal ambition; the unrivalled gothic hall of Arbury, and its high-minded occupants; and lastly, the charming Elizabethan mansion of the Lucys of Charlecote, a name that involuntarily leads one to that little quiet country town on the low meadowy banks of the Avon, where the greatest genius of his country, or of any country, was born, and where he lies buried.

Here was work enough for a congress of a week's duration. To explore all these most interesting and remarkable monuments—to unravel the romance of Guy of Warwick—to illustrate the history of its Earls—to depict the armour and the enamels of the castle, and the monumental brasses of the city churches—to unfold the mysteries of Coventry—to describe the tapestries of St. Mary's Hall in the same city—to ransack its most ancient and curious library—to decipher the monumental tablets of the old priory of Kenilworth—to inquire into the credibility of certain stories attached to the juvenile career of our immortal bard: and lastly, and by no means least, to give a definite tone and character to the efforts making by the local authorities and antiquarians, to preserve one of the most interesting relics of the country—the birth-place of Shakspeare.

After a first general meeting of the Association to open proceedings, and a public dinner, both presided over (in the absence of the president, Lord Albert Conyngham,) by Lord Brooke, M.P., and attended by Sir Charles Douglas, M.P., Mr. Collins, M.P., Sir William Betham, Ulster King of Arms, Admiral Sir Henry Dillon, Sir James Annesley, Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, Dr. Beattie, Mr. Arden, Mr. Wright, Mr. Halliwell, Mr. Francis Ainsworth, &c., the ordinary business of the association, more particularly in illustration of local antiquities, was proceeded with in morning and evening meetings, held in the grand-jury chamber of the county-hall. These meetings were exceedingly well attended by the ladies and gentry of the neighbourhood.

The first visit made by the Association, was, as in courtesy due, to George Guy Lord Brooke, representing in the home of his ancestors his father, the Earl of Warwick. The first visit was also due to the same place as the most perfect and striking monument of its kind in Great Britain. Upon this occasion every portion, and even every recess of this magnificent castle was laid open to the curious and zealous antiquaries. Guy's Tower and Caesar's Tower, closed against the intrusion of ordinary visitors, were, with the intervening battlemented screens and curtains, over-run by courageous archæologists. Some, unrestrained by damp and darkness, were poring in the dungeon depths over memorials of suffering—"*Master John Smyth: Guner: to his majestyes highness: a prisoner in this place: and lay here from 1642 till the*"—perhaps *till death*! Others were enjoying the unrivalled prospect obtained from the top of these gigantic towers. The park, the river, and the town of Leamington were at their feet, while far stretching in the distance were seen the spires of Coventry, Kenilworth, Guy's Cliff, and Blacklow Hill with its monument commemorative of baronial revenge, the Shropshire hills, the Saxon Tower on the Broadway hills, and fatal Edge-hill. Others again were threading the mazes of the mound which is supposed to be all that remains of the ancient keep raised by Ethelfreda; others were seeking the antique vase which has a house for itself; others again were strolling pensively across the lawn, or reposing beneath those cedars of Lebanon whose far-spreading branches and wave-like tops form a scene of unequalled vegetative splendour. But much time was not allowed for the contemplative or the indolent. There was still the spacious mansion and all its wonders in works of art, in

pictures, in armour, in furniture, in a thousand objects of art and vertu, to be seen and examined.

The great drawing-room, the red, the cedar, and the gilt drawing-rooms, Lady Warwick's boudoir—every one's favourite—chapel, library, passages, staircases, every thing was invaded and explored by crowds, inordinately zealous in the pursuit of curiosities. Nay, the very cellars were invaded, stout old ale tasted from an old leathern jack, and light satins and silks, deemed so luxurious at the tournament at Kenilworth, were here rustling against pillars well coated with the dust of ages: But so much to see, and the time occupied in the various sights, had not failed to awaken also an appetite of a more every-day character. Lord Brooke, whose kind attentions to his visitors was deeply felt by all, led the way to the great dining-room, where, looked down upon, from his spacious frame, by their noble entertainer's ancestor, Sir Fulke Greville, first Lord Brooke, the pleasure-wearied Associates and visitors partook of a collation, of the most refined and profuse description.

At Guy's Cliff, whither the Associates proceeded the first thing the next day, they were received by the Hon. C. Bertie Percy, who conducted them, with the greatest politeness, not only round the romantic precincts of this celebrated abode, but also through its richly-furnished and highly-decorated interior. The cliff, like that of Warwick Castle is a mass of new red sandstone rock, bared by the action of the waters of the Avon, and it appears to have derived that great celebrity for which it is famed in the pages of Camden, Dugdale, and Fuller, to the extreme rarity of such rock scenery on the banks of that meandering and shady river. It was in consequence of these circumstances that it became at first a repair of hermits, who dwelt, probably, in natural caves, which they enlarged, and subsequently a chantry for two priests, among whom was Rous, the Warwickshire antiquary, and ultimately a mansion with an attached chapel.

It was in the time of these "heremites" that Guy of Warwick is stated to have retired to this quiet contemplative spot. The colossal statue of this hero is a truly curious monument. It is attributed to Earl Richard, the same who enclosed "cage-wise" the beautiful spring at the foot of the cliff. This may possibly be the reason why Guy, who is stated to have lived in the time of King Athelstan, is here represented in armour of the time of Henry III., and similar to that observed in the Beauchamp brass monument in St. Mary's Church. The material of this curious sculpture is the sandstone of the neighbourhood, which is so easily disintegrated by the action of the elements, that many of the pinnacles of St. John's, Coventry, are already nothing more than bits of irregular-formed rock, and the truly beautiful tower and spire of St. Michael's, in the same city, is threatened with rapid destruction. Hence it is probable that, with the exception of the socket of the right arm, this statue has suffered really more from time and exposure, than from that wilful mutilation concerning which so many fables are related. A great deal might be said concerning some of the excavations made into the side of Guy's cliff, which in some instances resemble the oratories of the persecuted Christians in the East, but this is a subject which there is not space to enter upon.

Not far from this beautiful and secluded spot, on the side of a tree-clad eminence (Blacklow Hill) and amidst an undergrowth of bramble and briar, a small quantity of natural rock peeps out to-day. Upon the time-worn and lichen clad face of this, is an inscription of fearful import,—

1311.

P. Gaveston,
Earl of Cornwall,
Behead.

A little above this is a modern monument with an inscription of some critical severity: "In the hollow of this rock was beheaded, on the 1st of July, 1312,

by barons lawless as himself, Piers Gaveston, Earl of Cornwall, the minion of a hateful king, in life and death a memorable instance of misrule."

Passing this most remarkable spot, a drive of a few miles through a wooded and cultivated country, brought the archæologists to Stoneleigh Abbey, where a kindly and hospitable reception awaited them from Lord Leigh, himself an archæologist and lover of literature, and more particularly distinguished by his poetical works. Entering by an Italian lodge, a fine sweep of road led across the park, carried about midway over the Avon by an elegant stone bridge, and thence to the gateway, which is at once the most perfect and the most interesting remnant of the abbey.

In the first year of Henry II. there were, according to Dugdale, sixty-eight villains, four bordars, and two priests in the manor of Stoneleigh Abbey; there were, on the present occasion nearly as many learned men devoted to the study of past times, but they were not villains, nor like the Cistercian monks of olden Stoneleigh, William de Gyldeford and Thomas de Pipe, "men of no repute." Lord Leigh found many personal friends and acquaintances among his visitors, others were with a person of his high literary attainments equally familiar by name, and were alike made to partake of the same kindly reception, and of the same sumptuous hospitality.

Stoneleigh possesses many powerful claims to interest. The modern mansion which has arisen upon the ruins of olden time, is at once a tasteful and imposing edifice. The site like that of most monasteries is happily chosen—the classic Avon watering two sides of the verdant slopes on which it is seated. Woods, venerable and far spread, bestow an air of dignified quiet on the neighbourhood, and still remind the visitor of the times when the idle monks complained of the encroachments and predatory habits of the foresters. Within, a host of ancestral memorials, interesting and curious portraits, beautiful and valuable paintings, rich and elaborate furniture, casts, bronzes, and vases, rival with one another in their claims to attention. Even in the corridor, the noble chimney-piece, the massive brass dogs, the carved screen and painted glass left to many enthusiasts little time to think of more sensual enjoyments.

A charming drive through the old park, varied by the most exquisite woodland and water scenery, and connected with which Lord Leigh has some legend of another deer-hunting exploit of young Shakspeare's, led the Association to the rural village and church of Stoneleigh, whither their noble host and entertainer had proceeded by a shorter route to act as cicerone, to a monument full of interest—that of the titular Duchess Dudley and her daughter, which adorns a sweet little edifice of Anglo-Norman architecture, with a rich chancel arch, and a finely carved font, the latter, however, a removal from Maxstoke Priory.

The magnitude of the remains of that most splendid relic of feudal times—Kenilworth—and the numerous associations connected with the spot, forbid notice—but certain it was that as with most other visitors, even the beautiful examples of successive changes in domestic architecture—the Norman Keep of Geoffroi de Clinton, the gateway of Robert Dudley, and the residence of Cromwell's commissioner, and even the historic reminiscences of the captivity of the second Edward, of the home of John o' Gaunt, of Henry VIII., and Charles I., were comparatively left in the shade by that superior interest which has been shed upon the place by genius; and while the agent of Lord Clarendon was busy guiding the associates from relics of one age to those of another, the busy fancy of the listeners was still ever reverting to the visit of a maiden queen to her haughty subject, to the villainies of Varney, and the sorrows of Amy Robsart.

On Thursday, the 22nd, the Association wended its way down the richly wooded and fertile valley of the Avon; in the first place to Charlecote, the seat of Fulke Lucy, Esq., the existing descendant of Sir Thomas of that ilk. The edifice is in the Elizabethan style, which has been strictly preserved in the restorations and additions; and the front, with its detached gateway and rich screen, backed by the decorated towers and pinnacles of the mansion, had a pleasing and characteristic effect.

The young proprietor of Charlecote, and his relative the Rev. Mr. Lucy, received their visitors at the porch, and conducted them through an edifice as densely crowded with objects of vertu, art, and antiquity as were once Fonthill or Strawberry Hill. Indeed, one of the most valuable relics of the former place, the beautiful mosaic table valued at 1500*l.*, is now in the centre of the hall at Charlecote, where is also a view of the house and gardens as they were in Shakspeare's time, and in the library, which has been lately ably fitted up by a Warwickshire artist, are the chairs, cabinet, and couch presented by Queen Elizabeth to Earl Leicester, and thus honourably preserved from the ruin of their former abode, by that attention to relics honoured by time and associations, which should ever be the characteristic of noble and gentle blood, a race which, whatever may befall the halls and castles of their ancestors, it is to be hoped, even as simply the hereditary conservators of the monuments of past times, may never be lost to this country. It is impossible to notice a moiety of the rare and curious objects contained in this mansion; a small vessel, with sculptured athlete, brought from Rome; Teniers's marriage, by himself; an exquisitely beautiful portrait of a female holding a cup, artist unknown; and a gold cup of beautiful workmanship attracted universal admiration. As a relief to this prolonged visit, the Association was invited by their hospitable young host to taste of certain venison pasties, which deprived all present of any feelings of wonder that Shakspeare should have attempted to appropriate the material for such pasties for himself and his boon companions. At the same time that the forest of antlers observed in the drive through the park, had satisfied the literary archæologists that there were a few bucks there, for it was in their memory that Mr. Collier had learnedly sought for proofs of the existence of deer in the same park in the time of Sir Thomas Lucy, having arrived at the very logical conclusion that if there were not deer in the park at that time, it would have been difficult for the juvenile bard to have stolen any.

The Association was received at the Town-hall by William Sheldon, Esq., the mayor of Stratford-upon-Avon, the other members of the corporation, and by Dr. Thompson and other members of the "Royal Shakspearian Club" of the same city. This, with many of the noblemen and gentry of the neighbourhood, among whom we were happy to observe the descendant of Sir Thomas Lucy, visitors from Warwick, Leamington, Coventry, &c., and the Associates, made up a meeting that nearly filled a room sixty feet long by thirty wide.

The known resolve of the Archæological Association, not to leave Stratford without some definite steps being taken to rescue Shakspeare's birth-place from desecration or destruction, by forming a nucleus for a wide-extending subscription (for the bard of Stratford belongs to wherever the English language is spoken), and in which step they had received a commission of co-operation on the part of the Shaksperian Society of London; brought forward the "Royal Shaksperian Society of Stratford-upon-Avon," whose labours had hitherto been carried on in a dim obscurity, to state that they had already commenced such a subscription, and that it was going on promisingly—that they had entered into arrangements, not only for the purchase of the birth-place of Shakspeare, a humble cottage of only five rooms, but also of the adjoining houses; and that they had to submit to the Archæological Association a motion, requesting their co-operation, and that of the Shaksperian Society of London, with their club. This proposition was, accordingly, upon so happy and promising a prospect being held out, to it, cordially received by the Association; but it is still to be hoped that the keeping of one of the most heart-stirring relics which this old country boasts of, will be intrusted not to a retired beadle or sexton of Stratford-upon-Avon, but to some literary veteran more distinguished by genius than by worldly prosperity.

From Stratford, the Association, instead of returning by Charlecote, and the wooded valley of the Avon, took their way over the higher lands towards Snitterfield, a residence of Mark Phillips, Esq., one of the late representatives of Manchester; and where were the remains of a very extensive Roman

encampment, the fosse of which, although degraded by running waters at one point, is still very evident. From its position, this would appear to have been an out-station to Alcester on the Ickneild Street, or a connecting point between that undoubted station, and the one at Warwick.

On Friday the 23rd, an excursion was made to the noble mansion, which, like Stoneleigh, has been erected upon the ruins of an old Cistercian monastery, fragments of the cloisters of which, decorated with Norman arches and pillars, still remain. The mansion itself, forming three sides of a quadrangle, is of several periods, the oldest apparently Tudor. The collection of paintings within contained many fine pictures and many portraits of high historical interest. The Rembrandts and the Vandycks were especially numerous, but the portraits and busts of Elizabeth of Bohemia, from the romantic interest of her history, and the literary associations connected with her career, attracted by far the most attention. Comb, or Comb., Abbey (from *Cumm*, a vale or hollow), was the only mansion visited by the Association, the noble proprietor of which (the Earl of Craven) was not present to honour the Association by a personal and hospitable reception.

This succession of delightful visits and intellectual excursions was, however, destined to conclude with a reception of surpassing kindness and hospitality, met with the ensuing day at Arbury Hall, the seat of the distinguished Conservative member, C. Newdigate Newdegate, Esq. The castellated mansion of the Astleys, which is attached to the same grounds, was made the object of a first visit, and the Association was conducted through the interior by its present tenant, Viscount Lifford, a nobleman who is himself distinguished in literature, and zealous in antiquarian pursuits. This naturally lent an additional interest to the examination of the stone bridge with pointed gateway, the embattled parapets and thick old walls, and the memorials connected with the ambitious father of the unfortunate victim of his ambition—the Lady Jane Grey. The church adjoining contained also many monuments of historical and archæological interest.

Arbury Hall, a splendid specimen of that “compendious style,” as it has been called, of Gothic architecture, the taste for which was introduced into this country by Horace Walpole; with its richly decorated roofs, after Henry the Seventh’s chapel, its valuable collection of paintings, rare furniture, and numerous objects of art and vertu, baffles description. The interior is only rivalled by the exterior, where rocks and grottoes, shaded by luxuriant foliage, and water trickling over pale green ferns, old barrows surmounted by aged trees, their far-spreading branches reflected in the glassy mirror-like waters beneath, formed a scene of positive enchantment. Nothing could exceed the hospitality shown by the worthy proprietor of this noble residence to the Association; a reception which he was further kind and tasteful enough to remark in his address to the Association, he considered due from the hereditary conservators of time-honoured monuments throughout the country, to those who also laboured in their preservation and illustration, from simple sentiments of respect, from the pure love of antiquity, and from zealous and ardent feelings of love, for the literary, intellectual, and artistic excellence of past ages. And with this cordial and dignified reception—one so characteristic of the truly Conservative English gentleman—the pleasures and the labours of the congress were brought to a close.

MR. LUMLEY AND GUISEPPE VERDI.

Now really it is a very spirited thing in Mr. Lumley to fetch Guiseppe Verdi all the way from Venice, to make him write an opera expressly for Her Majesty's Theatre, and to stick him in the orchestra on purpose to conduct it. Show us any other manager who would have done as much. We have been contented to take our operas mostly *viâ* Paris, and if a work came from Italy to London direct without making a half-way house of "Les Italiens" it was thought no small feat. But here we import not the opera, but the composer, bring the *maestro* home, settle him in London apartments, and there bid him evolve, create, and fashion for the sake of the "British public."

Mr. Lumley has an objection to circumferences, save that formed by the boxes of his house—especially when full. He wants to make the Haymarket the central point of operatic production. This shall be the land of *cavatinas*, and *cabalettas* and *strettas*, and what you will. The muse of Italian song shall reign in the vicinity of the park and the clubs, and regulate her measures by the Horseguards' clock. The publishers of "La Fama" and "Il Pirata" shall transfer their offices here, and expresses shall come from Milan to the Haymarket to ascertain if there be any thing new in the way of Italian opera.

Never mind the intrinsic value of Verdi's "Masnadieri." Granted it is no great affair. There are some very pretty airs for Jenny Lind, which she by her own exquisite singing renders effective, but altogether there is but little in the melodies, and we are, as usual, overdone with unison. Better luck next time, oh, beloved Guiseppe! We welcome thy coming,—but we think thou hast not exactly put thy best foot foremost.

The real thing is the principle of making London an operatic centre, and for attempting to do this Mr. Lumley cannot be too highly commended. Every effort that he makes is marked by a noble ambition. He does not merely wish to see his theatre the arena for the aristocracy of England, but the focus to which the rest of the world shall point. The production of "I Masnadieri" is really a great event in the history of operatic policy.

It is certainly a wondrous thing to see how the Chevalier Maffei has turned Schiller's big play of "The Robbers" into a *libretto* rather under than above the usual size. The only miracle to be compared with it is that by which a whole pailful of spinach is brought within the dimensions of a small vegetable dish. Of course those uncouth individualities which make up the robber-band of Schiller—your *Spiegelberg*, and your *Schwarz*, and your *Roller*, who so fantastically combine rough comicality with fearful butchery—something like a court-jester at a feast of cannibals—of course, all these fearful merry-men are sucked up into the general abstraction of "Chorus," just as the horns of the snail are drawn into the mass of indistinct flesh. But the course of the story has been preserved remarkably well, and great has been the acuteness of Maffei in catching a thought or sentiment of Schiller's and pinning it down in his recitative.

The ballet proceeds gloriously. Who has forgotten the *Pas de Quatre*? Who does not remember the *Pas de Déeses*? No one is in plight so unhappy. Read Rosati for Lucile Grahn and then you have all the old glories again—the never-fading Taglioni—and the buoyant Cerito—and the languishing Carlotta—and the *bouquets*—and the shouts—and the *encores*. In short, you have every thing.

